



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

HF
3119
J672
v. 20
no. 1
c. 1
ROBA

ASIA

(THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE ON THE ORIENT)

and the Americas

Vol 20 #1
JANUARY, 1920



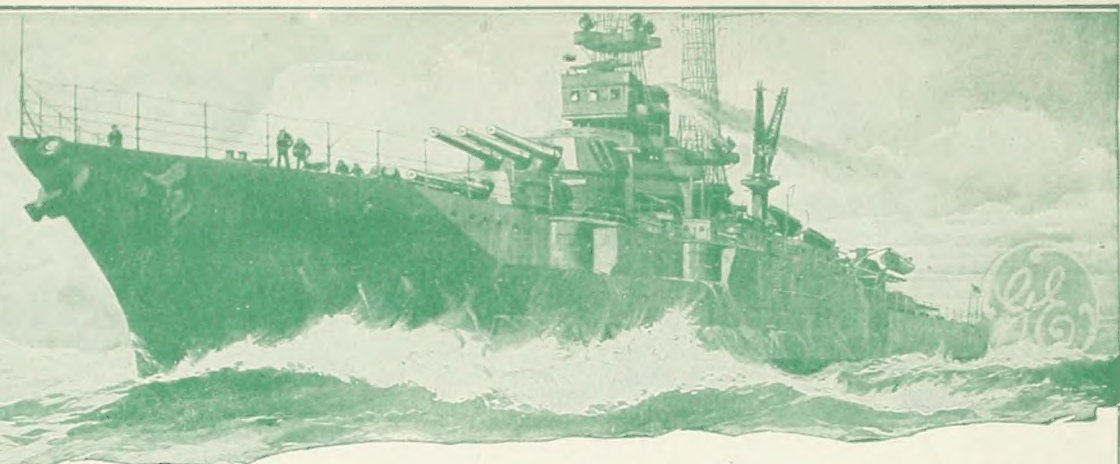
NEAR EASTERN NUMBER

A Mandate—Does America Qualify?
Men and Things As the Turk Sees Them
Zero Hour in the Near East
Off the Map in Afghanistan



Price 35 Cents

47



The Electric Ship!



ELECTRIC drive for great ships became a fact with the successful trials of the New Mexico, flagship of the Pacific Fleet, the first battleship to be propelled by electricity.

"This," says Secretary Daniels, "marks an epoch in naval progress." It is another great advance in the mastery of the sea.

Ten years ago electric propulsion for vessels was being discussed by eminent engineers. But it remained for W. L. R. Emmet, consulting engineer of the General Electric Company, in co-operation with the Bureau of Steam Engineering, U. S. Navy, to apply it to large ships.

Five years ago G-E electric drive was installed on the collier Jupiter, while one of her sister ships was equipped with geared steam turbine drive and another with direct-connected reciprocating engines. The results proved the unquestionable superiority of electric drive.

And so electric drive was adopted for the super-dreadnought New Mexico, with 32,000 tons

displacement and a speed of 21 knots. Steam from her oil-burning boilers drives two Curtis turbo-generators, which generate electric current and feed it through a central control to four 7,000 horsepower motors, each coupled to a propeller. Two thousand additional horsepower is generated for lighting, steering, turret machinery, ventilation, winches, windlasses, cranes, radio, telephony searchlights, laundry, refrigeration, baking, machine shop—making the New Mexico an electric ship indeed!

The New Mexico is the first of thirteen new dreadnoughts and six battle cruisers, all to be electrically driven.

And she forecasts the coming of faster, safer, more economical merchant vessels.

The building of electric propulsion machinery for ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine is but one of the many activities of the General Electric Company in its service to the Government, to transportation, to industries, to science, to cities, and to the home.



INTERNATIONAL
GENERAL ELECTRIC
COMPANY, INC.

Distributors for the
GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
outside of the United States

General Sales Offices
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Schenectady, N. Y.
83 Cannon St., London, E. C.-4

REPRESENTATIVES IN THE FAR EAST

Japan: Shibaura Engineering Works, Tokyo;
Tokyo Electric Co., Ltd., Kawasaki
China: Andersen, Meyer & Co., Ltd., Shanghai

Philippines: Pacific Commercial Company, Manila
Dutch East Indies: International General Electric
Company, Inc., Soerabaya, Java

General Representative in the Far East outside of Japan: International General Electric Company, Inc., Shanghai

Contributors and Contributions

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS writes of Turkey with a background of broad experience. As correspondent of the New York *Herald* and *Century Magazine* he has traveled extensively in Europe and Asia. He reported the wars of Turkey with her subject peoples, Italy and the Balkan States and, more recently, Turkish attacks on the Suez Canal during the World War. Besides his newspaper and magazine contributions, Dr. Gibbons' recent writing has included his books in the "New Map" series covering Europe, Africa and Asia, and his "*Foundation of the Ottoman Empire*."

H. A. NOUREDDIN ADDIS claims descent from Irish, European and Asiatic ancestors. He was born in this country, but is familiar with the Turkish Empire, and professes the Muslim faith. He writes us concerning the Kurds, whom he pictures in the story published in this issue: "I do not set myself up as a champion of the Kurds. But, while realizing that a great deal is true of what their nearest neighbors, viz., the Turks and Armenians, say of them, still I hardly think that in the estimation of the world the race gets a square deal. The Turks have a well-known saying '*Kurdan eveliye gelmez*'—'No saints come from among the Kurds'—yet I believe that the race which produced the great Selah-ed-Din of the Crusades cannot be without some merit. They have been a wild mountain people throughout history, a people that has successfully resisted all attempts at enslavement, whether by Persians, Arabs, Armenians, Turks or Rumanians. Their wild and blood-thirsty characteristics are much the same as developed by mountain-folk the world over; for example, Albanians, Scotch Highlanders, and our own mountaineers of Tennessee and Kentucky. No, I'm not overly in love with these people, certainly, but I think they have a case that should be favorably presented once in a while."

BOARDMAN ROBINSON, at one time cartoonist for the New York *Tribune*, was sent to Russia during the war to make a series of studies for the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

ANTOINETTE ROTAN PETERSON has published fugitive verse in various magazines. Mrs. Peterson is the wife of Dr. Frederick Peterson, whose book of poems purporting to be the work of one "Pai Ta-shun" has delighted many lovers of oriental imagery.

A. C. JEWETT, who contributes the first of a series of articles on a country little known to the outside world, is practically the only American who has been in Afghanistan since 1840. For eight years he was in the employ of Habi-bullah Khan, late Amir of Afghanistan, as chief engineer in charge of the installation of a hydro-electrical plant. In view of the recent difficulties along the Northwest Frontier of India between the Afghans and the British, and the serious situation that has developed there, readers of ASIA will appreciate an insight into the general conditions of life among the Afghans.

SEN KATAYAMA is one of the first Japanese Socialists. Before laws were enacted in Japan forbidding labor unions, he was instrumental in helping labor to organize, and ever since has strongly supported the interests of the worker. At present he is in this country, where he will probably remain for an indefinite period, his position rendering him more or less suspect to the conservative elements in his home government.

ASIA

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE ON THE ORIENT

VOLUME XX

NUMBER 1

Contents for January, 1920

	Page
An Old Fort of Afghanistan.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Men and Things As the Turk Sees Them.....	5
<i>By Herbert Adams Gibbons</i>	
The Weaver.....	13
<i>By H. A. Noureddin Addis</i>	
<i>Illustrations by Boardman Robinson</i>	
The Old Tea Master of Kyoto. A Poem.....	20
<i>By Antoinette Rotan Peterson</i>	
Off the Map in Afghanistan.....	22
<i>By A. C. Jewett</i>	
The Japanese Laborer.....	31
<i>By Sen Katayama</i>	
Craftsmen of Old Japan. A Pictorial Insert....	33
Mongolia—Texas of Asia.	44
<i>By Luther Anderson</i>	
Wake Up, Old Giant! A Cartoon.....	50
Beneath the Crags of Kashmir.....	51
<i>By V. C. Scott O'Connor</i>	
Weaving the Orient into America.....	58
<i>By M. D. C. Crawford</i>	

THE NEAR EAST

Focusing on Mandates....	<i>By Louis D. Froelick</i>	65
Zero Hour in the Near East.	<i>By Jackson Fleming</i>	69
The Sultan Looks Westward.....		75
<i>By Philip Marshall Brown</i>		
A Mandate: Does America Qualify?		
The Philippine Test.....	<i>By Paul Monroe</i>	77
The American Idea in the Near East.....		82
<i>By Talcott Williams</i>		
Halideh Hanoum.....	<i>By Gertrude Emerson</i>	86
Is the Caliphate in the Melting Pot?.....		90
<i>By Frederick J. Bliss</i>		
Turks—and Turks.....	<i>By Theron J. Damon</i>	95
New Trails in Trade.....	<i>By Lewis Heck</i>	100
ASIA'S Travel-Log.....	<i>By Virginia Lee</i>	110

ASIA, the American Magazine on the Orient, is published monthly under the auspices of the Association by the
ASIA PUBLISHING COMPANY

627 Lexington Avenue, New York City
Cable address, "Amasiat."

John Foord, *Editor* Louis D. Froelick, *Publisher*
Editorial Staff
Howard Wheeler Gertrude Emerson Lowell Thomas
Elsie F. Weil Reginald E. Looker
Marjorie Kinkead, *Art Editor*
Raymond A. Babcock, *Director of Advertising*
Ernest Fischer, *Circulation Manager*
Roscoe G. Kincaid, *Treasurer*
Western Office, Lyton Building, Chicago, Ill.

ISSUED MONTHLY, 35 cents a copy. Subscription price, \$3.00 a year in the United States and Possessions, Mexico and Shanghai; \$3.50 in Canada; elsewhere, \$4.00. BACK NUMBERS not over three months old, 35 cents each; over three months old, 50 cents each. ANNUAL INDEXES will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them. Instructions for RENEWAL, DISCONTINUANCE, or CHANGE OF ADDRESS should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given. Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1919, by Asia Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

LUTHER ANDERSON, a former professor in the Imperial University in Peking and newspaper correspondent, completes his interesting study of the semi-nomadic Mongol in his northern Asiatic plains.

V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR is an Englishman long connected with railroad and finance administration in India. He has traveled much and is the author of several charming books of life and travel in out-of-the-way corners of the world.

M. D. C. CRAWFORD is curator of costumes at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and design editor of *Women's Wear*.

LOUIS D. FROELICK is the Publisher of ASIA.

JACKSON FLEMING, an American political writer, has just returned to this country from a year in the Near East, where he was sent by ASIA to make a series of studies regarding conditions as he found them. The difficulties of getting information from this part of the world past the censors are sufficiently well known. Mr. Fleming's present account is, therefore, valuable as the latest uncensored story on the political outlook of the Near East. (We regret that through an error in editing, the word Constantinople appeared in place of Beirut in Mr. Fleming's article, page 1083, in the November issue.)

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN is professor of international law at Princeton. Mr. Brown was Second Secretary of the American Legation in Constantinople in 1901-1903 and Secretary of the Embassy and Chargé d' Affaires in 1907-1908. He was a member of the American Peace Delegation as advisor on Near Eastern affairs.

PAUL MONROE, Ph.D., LL.D., director of the School of Education, Teachers' College, Columbia University, was sent as Commissioner to the Philippines in 1913 by the Bureau of Insular Affairs to report on the condition of the island school system. Dr. Monroe regards modern education as a vital force of newly discovered power for lifting a backward people quickly to a fine capacity for progressiveness.

TALCOTT WILLIAMS was born in Turkey and has had an unusually long and intimate acquaintance, through educational work, with Near Eastern affairs. For a number of years he was correspondent and editorial writer for leading newspapers of the country. He is director of the School of Journalism, on the Pulitzer Foundation, at Columbia University.

GERTRUDE EMERSON is an associate editor of ASIA. She has lived in the East and is a contributor on oriental subjects to various magazines.

FREDERICK J. BLISS, Ph.D., resigned as Dean at the University of Rochester in 1914 and proceeded to Syria to study the heretical offshoots of Islam in order to supplement his book, *The Religions of Syria and Palestine*. In April, 1919, he was invited to act as advisor to the Archaeological Commission appointed by General Allenby to report on the actual state of the monuments and ruins with a view to their preservation. Dr. Bliss was born in Syria and has spent many years in archaeological research there.

THERON J. DAMON has spent most of the last thirteen years in Constantinople, and as a teacher and newspaper correspondent has been a close observer of events in the Near East.

LEWIS HECK has been in the Near East in the consular service and later at the American Embassy at Constantinople almost continuously from 1909 through the busy years when the United States had charge of the interests of ten nations. He was appointed Turkish Secretary of the Embassy in 1916, and after the Armistice was put in charge of American affairs as Commissioner. He is now connected with the Department of State at Washington.

The American Asiatic Association

THE PURPOSE of The American Asiatic Association is—

"To contribute to a satisfactory adjustment of the relations between Asiatic countries and the rest of the world by the removal of sources of misunderstanding and the dissipation of ignorant prejudices; and to co-operate with all other agencies, religious, educational and philanthropic, designed to remove existing obstacles to the peaceful progress and well being of the peoples of these countries."—*Section 5, Article II, of the Constitution.*

In publishing ASIA it will be the policy of the editors to regard with sympathy the attitude and activities of all Eastern countries. Nevertheless, the independent privilege of criticism will be steadfastly retained. No hampering restrictions will be placed on contributions on important subjects, regardless of the source from which they may come, Asiatic or American; and articles considered able and having value, whether they tend to inspire controversy or not, will be considered as beneficial to the promotion of knowledge and the removal of misunderstandings, and will be published in spite of the fact that the editors may not agree entirely with the opinions expressed.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT

Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd C. Griscom, U. S. A., former U. S. Minister to Japan, Turkey, and Persia.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

Eugene P. Thomas, President of the United States Steel Products Co., N. Y.

Alba B. Johnson, Philadelphia.

John B. Cleveland, of Lockhart Mills, S. C.

Charles M. Schwab, Chairman of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

Ellison A. Smyth, President Pelzer Mfg. Co., Pelzer, S. C.

Robert Newton Lynch, Vice-President Chamber of Commerce, San Francisco.

TREASURER

Joseph Read Patterson, General Manager in U. S. of Arnhold Bros. & Co., Ltd., China.

SECRETARY

John Foord, Editor of ASIA.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

James R. Morse, President of the American Trading Co., N. Y.

John W. T. Nichols, of the Minot, Hooper Co.

Albert Cordes, Export Broker, N. Y.

H. T. S. Green, President of the International Banking Corporation, N. Y.

D. A. de Menocal, Vice-President, The First National Bank of Boston.

I. Osgood Carleton, Carleton & Moffat.

E. P. Cronkhite, of Smith, Hogg & Co., N. Y.

Maurice A. Oudin, Vice-President, International General Electric Co., N. Y.

George G. Allen, British American Tobacco Co., N. Y.

Martin Egan, New York.

Howard E. Cole, Standard Oil Co., N. Y.

John H. Rosseter, Pacific Mail Steamship Co., San Francisco.

What Is Happening Inside Russia?

Why has the Bolshevik regime lasted more than two years?

Is the Bolshevik army a real fighting power or a shambling crew? For defence or a great drive on Europe?

Are the peasants really supporting the Bolsheviks?

Why do people work in Russia if they can own nothing?

Are children brought up by the State instead of by their parents? Do men and women marry?

Is Eastern Siberia to be cut off as a new State under permanent Japanese domination?

Are Great Britain's large trade operations in the Baltic States a preparation to control trade routes into Russia in competition with Germany?

Will the Allied Powers trade with Bolshevik Russia?

ASIA

The American MAGAZINE on the Orient

next month in its special Russian number will answer some of these things you have been asking yourself. Among its contributors will be:

The Hon. Paul S. Reinsch, who recently resigned as Minister to China.

The Hon. Norman Hapgood, who requested that he be not reappointed Minister to Denmark in order that he might answer the charge of being linked with the Bolsheviks.

Eyewitnesses of what is now going on in Russia under the Bolshevik regime.

BE SURE TO GET THE FEBRUARY ASIA

If you bought the current number of ASIA at your news stand, leave an order for forthcoming issues. Your dealer has but a limited supply and sells out quickly. To be sure of receiving the magazine each month you may prefer to have it reach you by mail, through becoming an associate member of the American Asiatic Association.

FIVE GREAT SPECIAL ISSUES

In addition to the Russian, there are to come Philippine, Indian, Central Asian and South Sea special numbers of ASIA. These issues will contain numerous articles, extensively illustrated, covering the military, political, economic, historic and picturesque aspects of the countries or regions concerned. Our readers will explore fascinating new territories.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP FEE \$3.00, INCLUDING ASIA FOR ONE YEAR.
THIS PRICE WILL SOON BE ADVANCED TO \$4.00. TO JOIN THE
ASSOCIATION, SIGN AND MAIL THE APPLICATION FORM HEREWITH.

John Foord, Secretary,
American Asiatic Association,
627 Lexington Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

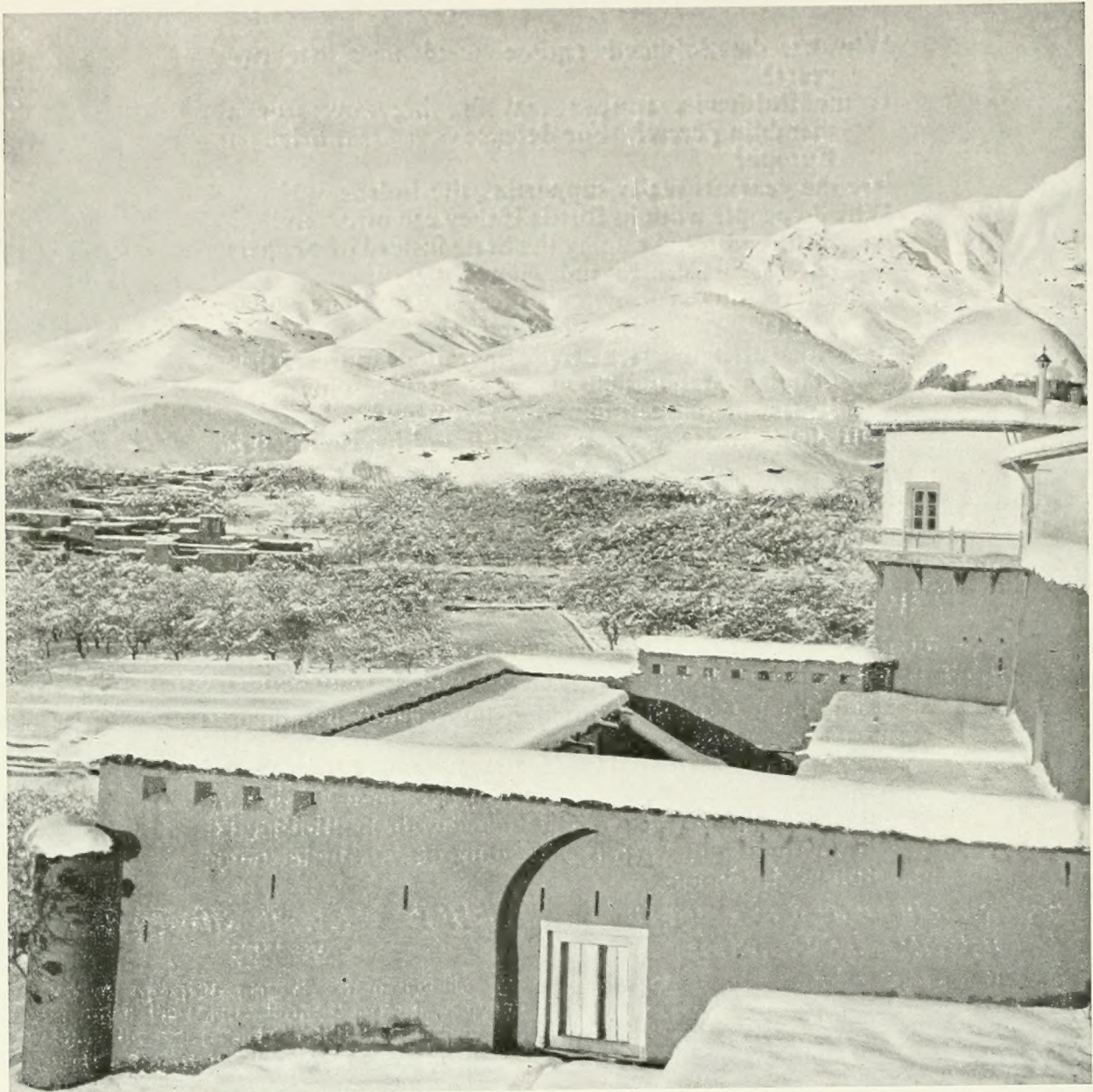
I desire to become an associate member of the American Asiatic Association, and enclose \$3.00 in payment of annual dues, of which amount \$2.75 is for one year's subscription to ASIA, the American Magazine on the Orient.

Name

Address

Business or Profession.....

Associate membership (including subscription to ASIA) annual fee in the United States and possessions, Mexico and Shanghai, \$3.00; Canada, \$3.50; foreign, \$4.00. (Please make check payable to the American Asiatic Association.)



A. C. Jewett

THE OLD FORT AT JABL-US-SIRAJ, AFGHANISTAN, IN MIDWINTER

This Little Known Country, Which Occupies a Strategic Position on the Northwest Frontier of India, Has Been Agitated by Political Intrigues since the Assassination of the Late Amir, Habibullah, Who was Friendly to Great Britain. Under the Present Amir, Amanulla, Who Issued a Proclamation That He Intended to Make Afghanistan "Internally and Externally Independent," There Have Been Continual Skirmishes Between British and Afghan Troops

MEN AND THINGS AS THE TURK SEES THEM

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

AT the end of the first century of their Empire, the Osmanlis gained a decisive victory in the Balkans over the Crusaders from the West. But they were unable to put up a good resistance against invaders of their own race from the East. When Timur the Lame came to Konia, Nasreddin and his wife were agreed that it would be wise for the *hodja* to pay his respects to the conqueror. The only difference of opinion was concerning the offering that should be made to Timur. When Nasreddin stood in the presence of the greatest of Tartars, he carried a basket of figs. Timur, who was proud of being a good shot, amused himself by using Nasreddin as a target. As each fig splashed in Nasreddin's face, the *hodja* cried, "Allah be praised!"

"You fool," said Timur, "I do not see why you praise Allah."

"My wife wanted me to bring apples," answered Nasreddin.

Every Turkish child knows this story about the most famous wit of the race. Many generations have chuckled over it. They see only the funny side of it. Being a Turk, Nasreddin was neither angry nor humiliated. It was Timur's right to throw the figs. It was Nasreddin's duty to make the best of the fix he was in. He preserved his equanimity and his dignity. Nothing ever happens that could not be worse. The wise man realizes this truth and gets comfort and strength from it. He does not "kick against the pricks."

During the war and since, we have considered ignorance of the psychology of other races one of the most serious defects of German character. But do not all nations fail in their appreciation of the mass psychology of other nations? The difficulty of applying the Golden Rule comes from the fact that we do not know whether others really want us to act towards them as we would have them act towards us. Most often they do not. Our idealism breaks down in application because the line of conduct we follow is misunderstood and resented by those of different background and traditions and mental attitude. Whoever has tried to do social service knows that the Golden Rule must be modified. Judging the reactions of others by your own reactions is hunting for trouble.

The problems of liquidation and reconstruction arising from the world war begin to appear so complicated that the League of Nations idea is losing favor with the American people. But reservations to the Treaty of Versailles will not enable us to

avoid the aftermath of our intervention in Europe. When we realize that we simply cannot let the rest of the world drift into famine and bankruptcy and anarchy without danger to ourselves, there will be a revulsion of feeling. With zeal and a good heart we shall do our share in the task of establishing a new order in Eastern Europe and Asia.

Inevitably the United States will play the role of mediator between Turks and Greeks and Armenians and Kurds and Arabs and between Great Britain and France and Italy and Greece in the formidable problem of finding a new status for the lands and races that formed the Ottoman Empire. The touchstone in this business is the Turkish policy we adopt. European diplomacy has failed signally in the effort to decide upon a Turkish policy. We are free from the handicap of international distrust and rivalry. But we shall fail, too, unless we study men and things as they appear to the Turk.

The case of the Turks is peculiarly difficult. If we want to avoid inaccuracy and hopeless contradiction, it is necessary to separate the Turks of the Ottoman Empire into three classes. In Asia Minor we find a compact mass of some 4,000,000 peasants, of fairly pure Central Asiatic blood, the descendants of Turkish tribes that migrated into the peninsula from the eleventh to the fourteenth century. They contain Greek and Armenian elements, but these have been thoroughly assimilated. And there are Circassian and Balkan *mouhadjir* elements that are gradually being assimilated. Engaged in agricultural and pastoral pursuits, the Anatolian Turks have the sterling characteristics of honesty and sobriety and industry that one generally finds among peasants the world over. Their defects are those of the ignorant and superstitious, and the negative influence of Islam has worked against the development of initiative and enterprise. Like all Mahommedans, they refuse to tolerate the assumption of equality on the part of Christians. But they are not fanatical, or at least fanaticism does not show itself, as it does among the Arabs, by intolerance and hostility to Christian neighbors and foreigners in general. Despite the horrible record of massacres during the past generation, the Anatolian Turks are not instinctively cruel.

My wife and I were once going through a high mountain pass. A riderless donkey beside the path attracted our attention. We saw what seemed like a heap of clothes beside a boulder. I had our boys investigate. They reported that it was a sick man. We questioned him and found that he had been

seized with fever and had not been able to keep up with his caravan. So his companions had abandoned him. We gave him some grapes to quench his thirst, stuck him on his donkey, and one of our boys walked beside him for several hours. When we reached the plain, we found the sick man's friends camping for the night. They greeted us all cordially. An old green-turbaned beggar, after getting a cigarette from me, told the story of how Nasreddin threw away a bag of oats he got tired of carrying. The next morning he was overtaken by another traveler who brought him the bag, and hinted at a reward for the restoration of what Nas-

late the Arabs or Kurds or Albanians. But converts from other subject races became Turks by renouncing Christianity. The Ottoman invaders founded and developed their race on the seacoast of Asia Minor, in the islands and throughout the Balkans by conversion. They were successful in winning adherents among two classes of the indigenous population: the big landowners, who had everything to gain by joining the Turks, and the lowest stratum of the population, which weakly followed the line of least resistance.

The latter lost by the change. They received the evils of Islam, paralysis of the will and stagna-



© Donald Thompson

DERVISHES WHO WERE ACTIVE IN TURKISH DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST THE ALLIES

The Turks, Who Were Unsuccessful in Their War Appeal to Unite the Moslem World under Pan-Turanianism, Are Now Rallying Moslems of All Classes at the Threatened Partition of the Empire

reddin had lost. The hodja turned on the too zealous stranger, and said, "Even a donkey is wise enough to lighten his load. Because you and not I have been more stupid than a donkey, why should I be grateful to you?" Everybody laughed, including the man who had been left to die. Our boys translated to us with tears running down their cheeks. It was too good! Turkish character was just beginning to unfold itself to us.

In the Balkan peninsula and along the Ægean Sea littoral of Asia Minor the "Turks" have little in common with the Anatolian Turks. We must remember that the Ottoman Empire is a theocracy and that nationality is a matter of religion and not of race. The Osmanlis were never able to assimilate

the Arabs or Kurds or Albanians. But converts from other subject races became Turks by renouncing Christianity. For centuries these converts of the lower class have lived in juxtaposition to Christian elements without seeing their lot bettered. In the Balkans, the cross has gradually won back the ground it had lost to the crescent. Some of the "Turks" have remained under Christian rule. Others have followed the waning crescent. These are known as mouhadjirs (refugees). From Herzegovina, Bosnia, Serbia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Greece and the islands, they have moved several times and are now settled in Eastern Thrace and the Ægean littoral of Asia Minor. Refugees are almost invariably the lowest element of a population, either too ignorant to

resist a sheep-like movement or having nothing to lose by abandoning their homes. The mouhadjirs and the Turks of doubtful origin among whom they have come nurse a resentment and hatred against Christians, natives and foreigners alike, which knows no bounds. The Christians, of course, are not without fault. Where the under dog has suddenly become the upper dog, mild and generous treatment of former oppressors is hardly to be expected.

The mongrel Turks are frequently no more than squatters in small towns and the country-side. In hundreds of villages in Thrace and the Sea of Marmora and Ægean Coast regions, they have forcibly dispossessed Greek owners of farms and shops. But they have not shown the qualifications of success, and houses and fields alone do not bring prosperity. Many formerly prosperous regions, from which the Constantinople Government collected important sums in taxes, have gone to seed since the coming of the mouhadjirs. They are not attached to the land. They would trek again without loss to themselves and with great good to the country. The indigenous mongrel Turks are in hopeless economic slavery to Greeks and Armenians, working for them in the big cities where industry and commerce flourish, and owing them money in the country. All they have of superiority is their religion. By laying stress upon this they betray their renegade origin and show how untrue they are to Turkish character. The real Turk does not have to impress his religious beliefs and his sense of superiority upon others. He does not care what others think about what he thinks any more than a well-born Englishman. You can tell the mongrel Turk every time. He is what the Oxford man would call a bounder.

Love of *baksheesh* (gratuities) betrays the falsely named Turk. Eagerness to do something for you or business with you is another sign of the mongrel Turk. Some real Anatolian Turks are merchants and sit in the bazaars. But they will not go out of their way to make a sale and they really do not care if you buy or not. Often they ignore strangers; sometimes they rebuff them. When you run up against this type in the bazaars, where all the Jews and Gentiles are after your money with an insistence that we call oriental, it is like a dash of cold water in your face. Once in a little open shop I saw a rug that attracted me. I started to enter. But the crouched figure on a mat put out a long-fingered left hand, grasped firmly my ankle, and removed my foot outside the threshold. I thought there must be some superstition about which foot went first. So I tried the other. The same left hand proved again its strength. All the while the merchant did not speak or look up. His right hand was stringing beads and he was



c. Donald Thompson

TURKISH OFFICERS OUTSIDE THEIR WAR OFFICE

The Turkish Dominant Class Has Been Recruited from All the Subject Races in the Empire and Europe

smoking a *narghilé*. He simply didn't want to bother with me, and my shoe told him that I was a *franga* (European). Later I got to know that old bird and we laughed over stories together. But he never asked me to buy anything and I did not want to risk his friendship by making a second try for the rug. There are other things in life than selling and buying. And much more important! But the mongrel Turk, like the Christian, does not understand this. It isn't in his blood.

The third class of Turks is not the product of a race or a religion, but of a system. With the possible exception of the Americans, we can find no people with so mingled a background of blood and so confusing a background of culture as the Turks of the ruling class. If there is little in common



© Donald Thompson

AN OLD TURK SHRUGGING HIS SHOULDERS AT THE WORLD

The Turks, with Their Easy-going Philosophy, Have Followed Their Old Song:
 "I Have No Father, No Mother, No Home. Who Cares Where I Go or What
 I Become?"

between the real Turks of Anatolia and the mongrel Turks of the seacoast and Thrace, there is practically nothing in common between the real Turks and the Turks of the higher classes. In Constantinople and in the provinces, the military control and civil administration and to a large measure the big estates are in the hands of a baffling type of humanity, which is neither Asiatic nor European, Moslem nor Christian. As the church is an integral part of the state, this curious type of Turk comprises ecclesiastics as well as government officials and army officers. The dominant class in Turkey has been recruited through centuries from all the races of the Empire. Its blood is as much Christian as Mahomedan, and owing to the harem system there has been no opportunity for the development of any marked racial characteristic. In the Turkish administrative system ancestry counts for nothing. Christian or Jew may become Turk by professing Islam. One's origin is never held up against one and does not prejudice advancement.

How many of the big men of Turkish history, whom we have supposed were real Turks, belonged to Christian subject races, to Russia, Poland, Hungary, Italy—even France and England! Poland especially has furnished the Ottoman system with

its most captivating figures, and Armenians, Greeks and Jews have never been absent from high administrative posts. The army was full of Albanians and Arabs. I remember in the last great Turkish campaign, the disastrous "On to Sofia" push of October, 1912, which ended in the retreat to Constantinople, that only one of seven generals was a Turk. Take the names most famous in recent Ottoman history. Mahmoud Shevket was an Arab, Enver a part Pole, Djavid a Jew, Nazim a Circassian, Noradounghian an Armenian, and the old Cypriote, Kiamil Pasha, eight times Grand Vizier, was popularly supposed to be a Jew. The Grand Vizier throughout the recent war was an Egyptian prince. His coadjutor, Talaat, was a simple telegraph operator twelve years ago. The Turkish Ambassador to the United States was a renegade Pole. The principal "Turk" of the

Ententophile opposition, Cherif Pasha, was a Kurd. So you have it. And it has always been that way—from the beginning. To call the Turks of the Administration real Turks and identify them with the Anatolians of Central Asiatic origin is to fly in the face of history.

The student of Ottoman history is profoundly impressed with the unique development of the Ottoman system. The way a dominant class was created and has been maintained, neither backed nor fed by a dominant race, is without analogy in modern history. What other empire, existing through centuries, has failed to develop a common nationality or at least a dominant race? By all the rules of history the Turks should either have become a dominant race (within narrower limits than those of the Empire at its zenith) or have disappeared and given place to others. The reason for the duration of the Empire is twofold: the happy blending of the Turkish attitude towards life with Mahomedan precepts, and the constant protection of Europe.

The Turks have always been an easy-going and adventurous people, adapting themselves to circumstances, without ambition or zeal, and unfettered by family ties. They took life as it came,

making no special effort and not worrying themselves about the past or the future. Nasreddin is the hero of a hundred stories. Each teaches the same lesson as that of Timur and the figs. Mahomedanism was the ideal religion for the Turks. It imposed upon them no sense of responsibility for themselves or for others. Under Islam they could develop a system of government that would give those who wanted to make an effort privileges up to the extent of the effort they were willing to make and at the same time kept them free from irksome obligations. An eighth-century Turkish song reads: "I have no father, no mother, no home. I ride with my sword for companion. Who cares where I go or what I become?"

This delightful philosophy attracted all sorts of adventurers to the fortunes of the first Ottoman Sultan and has kept on attracting them ever since. From Osman to Abdul Hamid the men around the Sultan have thought only of their individual fortunes and have been willing to risk their lives on a turn of the cards. Naturally a great administrative system developed. Traditions and laws became fixed. But the personal equation was always the dominant motive power. Each tried to get for himself as much as he could with as little bother as possible. Devotion to sovereign or country or ideal was unknown. There was not the ambition to exemplify in one's own life fidelity to traditions, to make a name in history, to found a family. Undoubtedly these motives, common to the human race, actuated many men in the beginning of their service. But those with constructive ambition either yielded to the system or were broken by it. None ever succeeded in bucking it or changing it. The life of practically every heroic figure in Turkish history ended in failure.

Contrary to common belief, during the centuries that Europe failed to make any serious effort to overthrow the Ottoman Empire, the Turks did not act intolerantly towards the races under their domination. No European nation was as faithful to the principle of "live and let live" as the Turks. In periods of invasion and conquest, the Ottoman Sultans and their hordes devastated great regions and acted with cruelty towards the people through whose country they went. But it is open to question that they were guilty of more horrible deeds than any other invaders. The history of invasions by armed forces from the outside is pretty much the same story. We have had recent evidence of this. Putting the Turks in a class by themselves for cruelty and destruction in invasions is prejudice or ignorance. And only prejudice or ignorance is responsible for the stories that gained credence in Western Europe of barbarous treatment of Christians under the Turkish yoke after the conquest was completed.

At this point I know that some of my readers will begin to get excited and call me Turcophile. But if we go to history only for comfort in our errors and for the confirmation of our biased notions, we are not going to get much help to solve the perplexing problems of remaking the world. The truth about Ottoman rule is that the Sultans who founded and expanded the Empire showed a tolerance towards subject peoples quite unusual in Europe of that day. If they had exterminated the Christians or expelled them, how explain the millions of Christians in the Ottoman Empire today? If it was impossible for Christians to engage in agricultural pursuits and commerce with any feeling of security for life and property, how explain the enormous amount of property owned by Christians and the preponderant position of Christian elements in the commercial and industrial life of the Ottoman Empire? Far from exterminating or driving out the people of the land as Israel was ordered to do in Canaan or as our ancestors actually did both when they crossed to England and later migrated to America, the Turks recognized the Christian elements of the lands into which they came as *millet*s (nations) and allowed them a large measure of autonomy. Why? We find the answer in Turkish nature, and in the Ottoman system of government. Mahomedanism did not react upon the Turks as upon Caucasians. If others did not want to accept the true Prophet, why should the Turks worry? Let the *raias* (non-Mahomedan subjects), the *ghiaours* (infidels) manage their own affairs and settle their own quarrels among themselves. Since the Mahomedan law made no provision for the economic and social life of *ghiaours*, this was the easiest way out of the difficulty.

Hence the two derogations of sovereignty and authority in the Ottoman Empire, the *millet*s for native Christians and Jews and the capitulations for foreigners. We have come to consider the "privileges" of non-Mahomedans in the Ottoman Empire as rights and concessions wrung from the Turks by the Great Powers. For political purposes the Powers have laid stress upon provisions which they claim they had inserted in treaties in order to protect native Christians and their own subjects in the Ottoman Empire. This is an absurd distortion of the truth. At the time these provisions were originally made, the Turks were a strong military power with whom the European nations were eager to ally themselves against Christian rivals. The Sultans agreed to *imperium in imperio* very gladly. These seemed to the Turks a very good way to avoid interfering where interference would bring no profit.

The Ottoman system of administration was always a blight. It led to internal paralysis and decay. Over vast territories of Asia and Europe

and Africa, which had known Latin and Greek and Arabic civilization, the Turks ruled with no consideration for the past and no thought of the morrow, and with the ideals of the freebooter. As long as there were new lands that could be conquered, the system worked admirably. Riches and prestige came to its members in a succession of successful campaigns. Once mulcted, the victims of previous conquests were let alone to rebuild their fortunes. And there was no distinction between Christian and Moslem victims. Reading the history of Ottoman conquest will convince any fair-minded student that the Turks acted towards the Arabs and Persians as they acted towards Anatolian Christians and the Balkan races.

When the tide of conquest was turned, and the Turkish hordes began to recede, the Ottoman system should have broken down and disappeared. But the European powers were too busy fighting each other and with their own internal political and social evolution to give the death-blow to the Ottoman Empire. After the Congress of Vienna settled (for a very few years) the political boundaries of Europe, the Ottoman Empire began to disintegrate internally. Under the influence of the military campaigns and nationalistic propaganda of the Napoleonic period, the Balkan races and the

Arabs of Egypt and Syria rose against the Ottoman system. Russia resumed her encroachment upon Ottoman territory at both ends of the Black Sea. The Turks had not become a dominant race. They had assimilated none of the conquered races, Moslem or Christian. The so-called Turks around the Sultan were powerless to hold the Empire together. No racial unit in the Empire was interested in maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman state. But Great Britain all through the nineteenth century, and France and Austria for awhile, decided that Turkey must remain a unit for the simple reason that none was willing to have Russia inherit any part of the Ottoman Empire. In 1854 France joined Great Britain in the Crimean War to defend Turkey against Russia and her own subject races. In 1878 Great Britain threatened another war to prevent Russia from liberating the Christian races of the Balkans. Later, Russia and Austria each upheld the authority of the Sultan against each other, and adhered to the traditional British policy because each feared the other's chances of extending political influence over the Balkan races.

Since the expansion of the Ottoman Empire stopped, with its opportunities of wealth and advancement through successive conquests, the ruling class of Turks has lived as a parasite. Deprived of opportunities outside, it has had to subsist as best it could by corruption and extortion and oppression, with the Ottoman races as the victims. Armies were recruited from the Mahommedan elements, and the Christian elements, in return for escape from military service, paid heavier taxes. But the outlying portions of the Empire resisted locally and with success both political control and, in large measure, the mulcting in manhood and taxes of the Constantinople Turks. The Ottoman system had little real authority in Albania, in the mountainous parts of Armenia, in Kurdistan and in the Arabic-speaking portions of the Empire. Taxes were collected spasmodically and recruitment for military service was a matter of hazard and occasional opportunity. The Constantinople Turks never did much harm outside of the regions they could reach by sea, and later by railways. By reading the excellent narra-



Thracian Peasants

THRACIAN PEASANTS MINGLE WITH ALL RACES IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The Old Ottoman Empire Was Composed of Many Unassimilated Races,
Having Little in Common with the Anatolian Peasants Who Form the
Real Backbone of Turkey



© Donald Thompson

MERCHANTS WHO WOULD BE AFFECTED BY THE BREAK-UP OF THE OTTOMAN SYSTEM

If the Ruling Class Object to the Proposed Termination of Their Graft and Bullying, the Anatolians Are Likely to Accept with Resignation the Completion of Greater Greece and the Separation of Constantinople and Armenia from the Empire

tives of travelers in the Ottoman Empire, who observed conditions on the spot between 1815 and 1880, we are able to realize how slight was the bond between Constantinople and the provinces outside of Thrace, Macedonia and Asia Minor. Under Abdul Hamid—and not until Abdul Hamid—the Ottoman system began to interfere seriously with the tranquility of the hitherto practically independent portions of the Empire. Transportation by steamship and rail increased the authority of Constantinople. Granting concessions to Europeans brought money into the treasury and secured the influence and backing of European powers in extending and upholding the *mainmise* of the ruling class of Turks upon their unhappy subjects.

No race, Moslem or Christian, would have stood for this had they been allowed to settle their own affairs. They could have defied and overthrown the Ottoman administrative system; but all the big European powers, acting in concert, consistently opposed the efforts of subject races to free themselves. Had the ruling class of Turks not been aided by European states and European armies, their fate would have been sealed by the Egyptians and Arabs or by Russia aiding the Christian subject races. All the races of the Empire, including the Anatolian Turks, would have escaped the worst horrors of Ottoman history, imposed upon them and upon their lands by misrule and military recruitment, by massacre and bloodsucking.

The Armenians and Greeks and Arabs are not the victims of the fanaticism or aggressive nationalism of the Anatolian Turks. The compatriots of Nasreddin are incapable of the initiative, much less the effort of execution, of the Armenian massacres, of the Greek persecutions, of the suppression of the nationalist movements among Arabs and Albanians. It is not in a race with twelve centuries of the instinct of non-interference to have planned and carried out these things. They ask only to be let alone and are willing to let others alone. Their vitality has been drained by the constant levy on their manhood for the Turkish armies. In all the wars and rebellions of the past two generations the Anatolian Turks have suffered most of the losses and have had to receive back discharged soldiers who have spread tuberculosis and syphilis. The Ottoman administrative system has not spared the Anatolian Turks more than other elements and has favored only those of them who rose in the army or who entered government service.

The Anatolian Turks joined in the massacres in their own localities and the Ottoman regiments recruited from Anatolia did their full share of the dirty work. Armenian sufferers will think that I am splitting hairs by drawing distinctions and dividing responsibilities. But how else are we to arrive at a constructive policy to bring about better conditions in the Near East and to save what is left of the Armenians? If we separate the Turks of

the administrative system and the mongrel Turks, indigenous and refugee, of the seacoast regions from the real Turks of the interior of Asia Minor, the ethnographical problem of frontiers for new states is more simple and the danger of perpetuating the parasitical Ottoman Empire is removed. From the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora to Angora and Konia, following the Anatolian railway, we are in the land of the Turks to whom Nasreddin belongs. Limited to their own country, they may keep the Sultan, whose family sprang from them. But they ought not to be burdened any longer with the Turks of the old Ottoman administrative system, who are not of them and have nothing in common with them. And they ought not to have to take in the regions of the Ægean coast in which the type of so-called Turk lives in constant conflict with Greeks and foreigners. The Constantinople Turks would exploit them. The Smyrna Turks would corrupt them.

Nothing better could happen to the Anatolian Turks than separation from the Armenians and Arabs. With the Armenians, the gulf of blood that has been spilt is impossible to bridge. Only a small portion of the Moslems of the Armenian *vilayets* is of pure Turkish origin. Here, as on the Ægean seacoast and in Thrace, we have a number of races lumped under the general name of Turk in the tables of population. In Armenia proper these "Turks" are Circassian mouhadjirs after the war of 1878, Lazes, Persians and Kurds. The Turanian part of the population has not had the history and the surroundings of the Anatolian Turks. In Lesser Armenia (Cilicia), the Moslems indiscriminately called Turks have an important Arabic element (as Emir Feisal of the Hejaz told the Council of Ten at the Peace Conference), with Yuruks, Circassians, Afghans—all unassimilated by the Turks and all sufferers at the hands of the Turks of the administrative system.

In considering the problem of the Ottoman Empire, from the standpoint of the Turks, we make the double mistake of regarding the Turks as a united race, stretching from Adrianople and Smyrna to Adana and Diarbekir, and attributing to them our conceptions of patriotism and nationhood. It is not surprising that we should have fallen into this error. Throughout the nineteenth century, British diplomacy fostered this conception to justify its Near Eastern policy. The crumbling administrative system of Constantinople seized upon the acceptance by Europe of the belief that the Turks were a homogeneous and dominant race in the Empire to stay in the saddle by intrigue when their military power no longer prevailed against external and internal foes.

Pan-Islamism—the union of Mahommedans the world over; the universal Caliphate—recognition of the authority of the Sultan of Turkey as successor of the Prophet; Pan-Turanianism—alliance of the Turks with Tartars and other Turanian races of Russia and Central Asia—became successive fetishes to keep the European powers frightened and to save an organism whose defense lay in the gullibility and mutual distrust of the European chancelleries.

The failure of the Young Turkish movement ought to have taught the lesson that the Turks are not a united or dominant race, that their Sultan does not command 300,000,000 Moslems, and that the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire makes neither a racial appeal to the Turanians nor a religious appeal to the Mahommedans. If this truth was not evident in 1913, are there still people blind to it after the five years' test of the world war? From the irresolution of the Peace Conference and the revival on both sides of the Atlantic of the old formula of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, it would seem so. Perhaps the traditions of European diplomacy are too deeply rooted.

The intervention of the United States in the Near East will fail miserably if we are tricked into regarding the dominions of the Sultan as a political entity, because of interested advice from European powers or because of the feeling that we must apply automatically the principle of self-determination. Are we to be the instruments to destroy the age-old aspirations of Armenians and "unredeemed" Greeks in order to allay unjustified apprehensions of Mahommedan unrest or to meet an unfounded conception of what the Turk is and thinks?

The real compatriots of Nasreddin will accept the completion of Greater Greece and the separation of Constantinople and Armenia from the Empire with cheerful resignation. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them will not lose a moment of sleep over this further diminution of the inheritance of Osman. We do not need to consider the feelings of the official class whose opportunities for graft and bullying will disappear and whose parasitical existence—too long prolonged already for the peace of the world—will terminate. The mongrel Turks will adjust themselves to Christian rule or migrate once more, as they know how to do. There is plenty of room for them in Central Asia Minor.

As for the Anatolian Turks, if there must be a new master, they will come into his presence with the basket of figs as Nasreddin went to Timur. Should we decide to leave them to themselves, they will thank Allah for their blessings—and go on living as they always have lived.



THE WEAVER

By H. A. NOUREDDIN ADDIS

Illustrations by Boardman Robinson

MOVE the rug a little closer for the effendi, Reshad—and turn me so that I can see him as I lie. Nouredin Bey, the young Osmanli doctor, says that I must not exert myself, and I shall want to look into the effendi's face from time to time.

How deftly thou hast learned to work with thy one hand, Reshad, and thou art gentle as a woman with thy wounded chief. And now thou canst sit outside and smoke thy pipe, old friend, and I shall call thee if I need thee; for the tale which I shall tell to the effendi is an old one to thee—thou hast helped me live it. . . .

And now, effendi, I must take you back to an evening in my boyhood, when I sat with my father before our tent. He was leisurely inhaling the fragrant smoke from his narghilé, and I was playing with a long, soft-furred kitten that one of our fellow-villagers had brought me from Turkey. Suddenly my father looked up at me with a curious smile. "The time has come, my son, for you to learn the dyer's craft," he said simply.

All day long I had worked at the loom with my sisters, trying to get a rug finished against the departure of the Armenian rug buyer who had arrived from Stamboul a few days before.

The loom is a hard master, or, rather, it can be a hard master, when one is driving one's fingers as fast as they can fly from dawn till dark, only pausing long enough from time to time to beat the weft hard down—a cruel, insatiable master. But I was young, and in the hour or two that passes after

the evening meal before the family must retire, a boy can become surprisingly refreshed.

"All right, father," I replied, for I was ever eager to learn the secret craft which had descended in our family from father to son through uncounted generations. Besides, a day or two away from the loom would be a holiday for me, in spite of the fact that I should but exchange one form of toil for another. "But," I continued, reflecting, "I must not leave the rug we are working on now, otherwise the Armenian will not buy it now, and we need money badly."

"Yes," assented my father, nodding slowly, so that his white beard brushed against his chest, "you are right; Ahmed. But remember, as soon as this rug is finished you must learn the secret processes. I have a feeling that I may not be with you long, my son, and I wish you to learn the art thoroughly before I pass into the Mercy of Allah."

"I am eager to learn," I replied quickly, and with truth. "But you must not speak of death, father. You will be spared to us many years yet, *Insha'llah!*"

"*Insha'llah!*" echoed my father. But his tone lacked conviction—nor did it carry even the hopefulness that the pious ejaculation warranted.

In the busy days that followed this conversation I had all but forgotten my father's words, so busy was I with the rug upon which we were working. And in the light of Allah's favor we were enabled to finish it before the Armenian's departure, and receive a larger price than for any rug we had pre-

viciously sold. It was woven in imitation of the ancient Ghiordes pattern, composed of floral and geometrical designs in delicately blended colors—soft, yet warm in tone—and it was tied with the Turkish knot and left slightly loose.

It was a wonderful rug, although I should be the last to say so, and the marvel of our rug-weaving neighbors. Once, and only once had I seen a rug of the ancient Ghiordes design. But here I had faithfully reproduced it, in design, in tone, in coloring, with the accuracy of a mathematician. I was hailed as a wonder—a prodigy. Even the Armenian buyer became enthusiastic and said that I should take those talents of mine to Stamboul, where such gifts are appreciated.

Thus it was that in the excitement of our good fortune the dyeing was lost sight of, and I immediately set about making another rug—another imitation of the antique Ghiordes; that rug, which after all these years still stands unfinished in the loom. My father, too, must have forgotten to remind me of my lessons in the dyer's craft, for he was no less anxious than myself to see the new rug under way.

* * * *

Some days passed. Just how many, I cannot say, but time enough for us to weave as much of the rug as still stands in the loom. Then one night the Turkmans came. The Turkmans came, and as we Kurds live a wild and hazardous life one would naturally suppose that such an occurrence would seem but an incident; but among the survivors of that night of slaughter it is yet spoken of with hushed and terror-stricken voices.

The sound of my father's voice, awed and broken, as he called me from my bed still rings in my ears. It was as though someone had spoken from a great — incalculably great — distance. "Ahmed," he called, "out of your bed, son! The judgment of Allah is upon us!"

In those days I was but a boy, a mere child, even younger in habit of thought than in years. From the day on which my awkward baby fingers succeeded in tying their first clumsy, ill-shapen knot in the silky woolen threads I had sat at the loom. I was a weaver, not a fighter. My craft was the craft of peace, not war. Yet, in the instant of my awakening, I knew what was passing, sensed it intuitively.

"Allah!" I cried, leaping from my couch on the floor, and standing where I could see, through a flap in our goat's-hair tent, the awful scene which was being enacted there in the streets of our village. "With Thee I take refuge, Oh, Allah!"

I sank to the floor. The blood-stained swords as they flashed keen and true in the glaring torchlight—the ring of steel on steel, the cries of blood-maddened men, the shrieks of the wounded, all these

were new to me, new and strange as another world.

My father seemed suddenly to take on the appearance of feebleness. Many years might have been added to his life in those awful moments as I sat staring, irresolute—my innermost soul in revolt against that orgy of revelation. "Ahmed, my son," he said, touching me as I sat, and the trembling of his withered hand thrilled and pulsated through me, while in that instant's hesitation came to me the sudden realization that my father was an old, old man.

What a strange thing is the human brain! And how unaccountable, how inexplicable its vagaries! The Turkmans were in our village. From where I sat I could see them — could hear their yells of murderous triumph — and ever again as the moments passed I could see some horrible tragedy enacted. My first thought was of the rug, that which to this day stands unfinished in the loom. Would they destroy it or, worse still, carry it off? Then of my father; could that aged man be my father? If so, I could never learn the dyer's art from him. The end was too near. And in all the world there was nothing that I so much desired as to learn my father's craft.

Again I heard my father's trembling voice—understood that he was speaking—speaking to me. "The sword hangs there, Ahmed," he was saying. "It is the sword of our ancestor, my son — our ancestor as well as that of our chief, Remzi Bey. We are of the chief's family, although distantly related now—and to our unforgettable shame would pass this night were not the sword of Shir Djelaleddin raised in defense of his blood."

It was not fear that held me in an iron grasp that night. And when I say it was not fear I speak without pretension, entirely free from any desire to boast or brag. In the years that followed I have sensed the varying emotions that swell up in the human heart during stress of danger—yes, even fear have I known—I, Ahmed, son of Moustafa, son of Mahommed Abdullah, of the line of Shir Djelaleddin. I have known fear, and it was not as the emotion that I felt that night so long ago, when my aged father pressed upon me the sword of our conquering ancestor. Why should I not admit it if it were true? Have I not earned the right?

"Here," continued my father, tendering me the blade, "take the sword, my son. Like me, you are a man of peace—but, like me again, I know you will not fail your kindred in their hour of trouble. I am old, Ahmed, my boy, my day is past."

"Yes, father," I replied. I tried to move, but could not. My limbs sprawling there on the floor of the tent refused to function. My nerves would not carry out the mandates of my will.

My father noted the struggle. For a moment he watched, silent, alert, sanguine. Then a change



SUDDENLY FROM A SQUAT, STRAGGLING BUSH THAT GREW BESIDE THE TRAIL THERE AROSE A FIGURE. DAYLIGHT WAS JUST BREAKING, AND IN THE HALF-LIGHT THE FORM ITSELF SEEMED TO TAKE ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ITS SURROUNDINGS

came over him. The lines of his aged face fell into more severe angles; his eyes flashed fire, and the muscles of his old body seemed to tense as his head went back like a youth's. "Coward!" he raged. "Coward! Ah, that the blood of Shir Djelaleddin should flow in veins such as thine!"

Crying loudly a high-voiced imprecation, my father seized the sword hilt and dashed from our tent. I followed him with my eyes. One Turkman, two, fell under the sudden impact of his raging strength. It is not without reason that we Kurds have been called good warriors. And I observed the progress of my father as he dashed forward into the thick of the fight. Still I could not move.

Once again I found my agitated mind wandering off into little incongruous speculations as I watched

the advance of my father in the unearthly torch-lights that gleamed and glittered on his patriarchal beard, and hard-set, aged face. He had gone to his death; that was certain. I had seen the unmistakable imprint of premonition upon his face in the moment of his departure. I had looked into his face and read death's message there. Now I could never learn the dyer's art. The end and aim of my boyhood's existence had come to naught. I was a good weaver—I remembered that. Besides, I liked design, and it was said that my memory for designs was unequalled among all the weavers of Persia. Men who had travelled said that. Even the Stambollu, the Armenian rug buyer, had endorsed the general opinion. But that was not the end. The craft of the dyer was the end. For the man who

is complete master of that jealously guarded secret is always one of prime importance in a village of weavers. My father had gone to his death; and I could never now aspire to that honor.

* * * *

Next morning Remzi Bey, our chief, with a large following of warriors, came into the village. He came direct to our tent, and there sitting upon our divan held council with those of the old men who had managed to survive.

All morning as the minutes passed the roll of the dead mounted higher and higher; higher also mounted the count of missing goods and livestock that the Turkmans had taken. And throughout the village echoed the cries of women as they mourned their dead, while here and there intoning in sonorous Arabic rose the voices of readers of the Qu'ran as they performed their last solemn duties toward the victims. They were reading beside my father there beyond the *kilim* which divided the tent, but still I sat dazed and weak, unable to think or reason.

"And this boy — this Ahmed?" queried Remzi Bey, indicating me as I sat there silent and inattentive. They were discussing the possibility of enlisting some of the young men from our village into the tribe's fighting forces. "What can he do? Cannot he be made into a warrior?"

The man addressed shook his head. "No," he replied with decision, "Ahmed is a coward, a . . . (here he applied to me a vile epithet). He will not fight. See! He sat here and allowed his aged father to go out and be killed before his eyes. Is it with such material that you would augment your fighting strength?"

"Hold!" interrupted another old man. He, like the entire Kurdish race, valued warlike qualities above all others, but he had seen and praised my work at the loom—and he was a man who knew good work. "Ahmed is a weaver," he urged, "a rug-designer of the most wonderful ability. Each man is gifted by Allah in his own way. One is a man of war; the other, a man of peace. Let Ahmed go on in his chosen way, for in that alone lies success for him."

So they decided that I should not go—that I could not accompany Remzi Bey and his warriors. And I sat there and listened calmly, collectedly; heard myself discussed fully and freely in terms that were in no wise chosen with a view to sparing my feelings. But what they said made little difference to me. And when I emerged from the strange lethargic spell into which the terrible spectacle had plunged me, it was no longer as Ahmed the weaver, the companion of girls—"the woman," one of the men had called me—that I spoke.

"Yes, brothers, I will go—yes, even into the plains of Turkestan will I follow these murderers." I stood up now, erect, my hand on the sword which

they had removed from the grasp of my dead father a few hours before; for I was no longer Ahmed of the woman's heart. I was Ahmed, the warrior, the avenger—a man in whom a new soul had been born. "And there will I make them pay for the blood they shed, drop for drop—an eye for an eye, a life for a life. Aye, doubly shall they pay, and trebly—and drop by drop, cut for cut, will I wrest from them the tale of bloodshed."

"Ha!" cried an old man who had long sat, his eyes cast down, fingering his long gray beard, "the woman speaks."

"And bravely," echoed another with a laugh.

"Such words are safer now that the danger is past," retorted the other.

"Let us hope that these words come not to the ears of the Turkmans," jeered a third.

"By Allah," I cried, angered now that my actions should be so misjudged—and more than all angry with myself that I had made such judgment possible, "By Allah! You shall see. You shall see."

Next day the fighting men rode off to the north on the trail of the Turkmans. Remzi Bey was in command, and Hakki Bey, the chief's cousin, his second. But I did not accompany them. I was left behind to help the women at the looms.

When I had seen them disappear in the distance, and had turned to take up my task where I had left it off two days before, I began to think. Now for the first time I felt the heat of anger pass away leaving me cool and collected, able to sense in its entirety the indignity, the insult, that had been put upon me. Then, too, I found waking to consciousness in my brain a certain awareness of duty—the duty that each man owes to himself, his family, tribe or country—the duty of self-protection amplified, glorified into the highest altruism.

Those warriors—those chosen men, armed and ready to fight unto the death, who had ridden off under command of Remzi Bey and his cousin—each man was going forth to do battle for my tribe, for my family, for myself. In warm, pulsating jets of blood would they wreak vengeance for my father's death. "Allah!" I cried softly as once more the hot blood tingled through my veins, "I will go!"

* * * *

A tale of my solitary wanderings would contain little or nothing of interest. It is enough to say that day after day I pressed forward following the trail of the Kurdish horsemen, the sword which had come down to me from the days of Shir Djelaleddin at my side.

The trail avoided the city of Hamadan by a detour, and again it led past Sinna in the same manner. Remzi Bey did not wish to take his men into a city of any considerable size. Men accustomed to the wild free life of mountain and plain, as are the Kurds, often become difficult to handle when in

large cities. Remzi Bey knew what he was about. In the villages through which I passed the natives gave me information as to the two bodies of horsemen, pursuers and pursued, which I was following. Evidently the Turkmans were holding their advantage over their pursuers, and I was not gaining.

Thus it continued until after passing the city of Sinna, and there, near the borders of the Caspian Sea, a hostile tribe, aroused at some depredation of the Turkmans as they passed through, showed signs of fight when Remzi Bey's men appeared. It transpired that their differences were settled without bloodshed, but this delayed the Kurds so long that I was able by traveling at night to reach their camp before the following morning.

As I came up a sentry seized me, dragged me from my saddle, and called his neighbor for assistance. They led me into the light of a camp-fire, "*Vallahi!*" cried the first. "It is the dyer's son—the weaver—the man of peace!"

"How didst thou leave the rest of the women, my little lamb?" mocked the second.

I became angry. "Take me before Remzi Bey," I cried, touching my sword-hilt, "and do so at once, or—"

"Nay, threaten not!" warned the first of the sentries.

"By Allah!" I cried, struggling to free the sword-hand which the second sentry had seized as a matter of precaution, "Not alone will I threaten, but I will act as well if you do not take me before the chief!"

"Calm thyself, child," admonished the first sentry laughing as he spoke. "Remember thou art not dealing with the girls at thy loom."

Allah, how that laugh infuriated me. Not the words—but the manner; then that laugh! With a sudden motion I shook off the hand of the other sentry as he held my sword-arm, and before either could divine my intention I had drawn the blade and struck. And that, effendem, was the most cowardly blow ever struck by Ahmed, son of Moustafa, son of Mahommed Abdullah. Remember, I have not been a cruel man—hard, perhaps—and often thoughtless—but cowardly and cruel—never. I struck, and the hand that held my arm dropped severed at the wrist, the twitching stump spouting blood like a fountain. You can see without the tent if you doubt my statement. For at this very moment Reshad Ali sits there with bowed head, stricken with grief, awaiting my call. Reshad Ali is my most devoted companion now, as you could see when he was with me a moment ago—and if you ask he will tell you the story of the loss of his arm.

During the commotion that followed, men came running from every direction. They were newly awakened from sleep, and little inclined to use such reason as Allah may have seen fit to give them.

Consequently I was in grave danger of losing my life, but fortunately Remzi Bey was awakened by the unusual noise and came out of his tent to see what was taking place.

"Bind him!" commanded the chief, speaking of me, when he had learned that I was the cause of the trouble. "We will determine the extent of his punishment later. And especially will the condition of Reshad Ali have its bearing upon his fate.

"But," he continued, looking me searchingly in the face as he spoke, "this is indeed an unexpected deed for thee to do. How is it that thou hast dared use the sword of Shir Djelaleddin?"

"The blood of Shir Djelaleddin is in my veins, Beyim," I replied simply. "The man insulted me. I am sorry, but I could not act otherwise."

Remzi Bey still regarded me closely from between narrowed brows. "Very well," he said quietly, after a moment's pause. Then to his men: "See that his bonds are secure!"

* * * *

We were now in Turkman territory. That is to say we were in that part of the kingdom of Persia which is mainly given over to the occupation of wandering tribes from Turkestan and Bokhara. Like ourselves they were of nomad habit—a pastoral people. And here it seemed that the trail of that particular band of Turkman warriors that had raided our village disappeared.

For some time we waited, undecided as to what direction we should take. I say "we," although as prisoner I had but little share in the deliberations. And while we waited, Hakki Bey, being younger and more active than the chief, his cousin, rode about here and there with the young men trying to find some trace of the band we pursued.

Finally one morning they rode away as usual, only this time nearly all the Kurdish horsemen rode with Hakki Bey, leaving in camp with the chief only the ailing and wounded, together with a handful of elderly warriors and myself, the prisoner. Hakki and his men had been gone some hours, in fact we had already begun to expect their return—and that is why we gave so little attention to the sound of approaching horsemen—when suddenly a band of Turkmans burst into view. They outnumbered us three to one—and we were, as I said, composed of sick, wounded, elderly men and a prisoner. It was an inspiring sight to see the aged warriors run to their horses and place themselves in readiness for battle. But at a signal from Remzi Bey they waited, while he rode forth alone to meet the enemy. No doubt the chief had chosen the better way, but there were mutterings and grumblings from behind snowy beards as the old fighting men of the Kurds observed the signs with which Remzi Bey announced our surrender.

"But they would surely have overpowered us,



"LOOK, BEYIM!" I HEARD A TIMID VOICE SPEAKING FROM THE GREAT ON-CART. I LOOKED, AND SAW A STRING OF LARGE BLUE BEADS. BUT WHAT I REALLY SAW WAS AN OVAL FACE, A PAIR OF BLUE EYES, AND HAIR THE COLOR OF RIPE WHEAT.

and killed us all," protested the chief, when a short time later, removed from our horses, which had been parceled out among the Turkmans, and herded together like a flock of animals, we were marching surrounded by the horsemen of our enemies. "And what advantage would that have been to the Kurds?"

"Perhaps one might escape to carry a message to Hakki Bey," suggested the chief as we lay shivering in the frosty air the second night of our captivity; the most of us unable to sleep.

"And what sort of message would he carry?" queried a surly old man looking up suddenly at the speaker's face as it glowed faintly in the pale rays of the moon.

"There are many things that he might tell," was the chief's non-committal reply.

"But nothing that Hakki Bey doesn't know for himself long before this time. He is not fool. He will have discovered what has befallen us—even to the number of our captors and the direction we have taken."

"Perhaps," returned the chief, "yet—"

"Yet what, Beyim?"

"Perhaps I have heard things that you have not heard. Some of you at any rate I know do not understand the language of these devils. Be that as it may, I now know that in relying upon their promises I have allowed myself to be greatly deceived.

"This tribe is blessed with a chief, Toghrul Bey, who is a young and educated man—a man learned in history. He has been reading how of old the Emperors of Firengistan forced their prisoners of war to do battle before them for their amusement and that of their favorites. So now he has invited all the chiefs and great men from the neighboring tribes to meet him here one week from today when he will entertain them as did the kings and emperors of history. And we Kurds are to furnish the amusement."

"By Allah!" cried an old white-bearded warrior, a Kurd of Arab ancestry, who was sometimes called el-'Akreb—the Scorpion—and known for his deeds of wild dare-deviltry wherever the fortunes of battle had carried the Kurdish name. "What if we refuse to fight for their amusement?"

The chief smiled. "Refuse," he said, "and Turkman warriors—ten of them for every man that we number—yes, twenty of them, will be set upon us. The chief will not be cheated of his game."

"Very well," retorted el-'Akreb in his high-pitched throaty voice, "very well. We will die killing Turkmen. We will die, our hands wet with their blood." And he rubbed his old hands together smiling ecstatically the while, as though already he sensed the warm blood on his fingers.

"No," objected Remzi Bey. "No—we must not die. It is possible for Hakki Bey to save us, and by the grace of Allah, he shall do so."

It was fortunate for us that the Turkmen felt so secure in the great superiority of their numbers, also fortunate that so few outside the Kurdish race ever succeed in mastering our language. As it was, we talked—not freely, of course—until far into the night, discussing the position wherein we found ourselves, and the means of escape.

"I will go," volunteered old el-'Akreb stoutly, "if it is a messenger . . ."

I moved forward. "Here am I, my chief," I interrupted softly so as not to arouse the suspicions of our guards who were never far away, "a prisoner of prisoners, a man under suspicion of his own tribe, and doubly so, of our captors—yet of you all by my youth best fitted to act as messenger."

The chief pondered a moment only. "The boy speaks truth," he announced at last. And so, effendi, was I chosen.

The moon had just set behind the low western hills when I crept noiselessly past the guards, and clinging close to the trail for some distance, at length stood erect and ran. On and on I ran in the cool of the early winter night, mile after mile; and the peculiar photographic quality of my memory stood me in good stead; for out of it I was able to accomplish the difficult task of reconstructing in that hill-less, semi-arid waste of sand and scrub

the trail that we had taken with our captor Turkmen.

At last I knew by the surroundings that I was nearing our old camp, the place at which I should find Hakki Bey and our Kurds if nothing had occurred to take them away. I was sure of success now,

Suddenly from a squat, straggling bush that grew beside the trail there arose a figure. Day was just breaking, and in the half-light the form itself seemed to take on the characteristics of its surroundings. It, too, looked squat and ungainly. I ran a few steps—another arose. I turned and started across the trail, and a whole bevy came to their feet on that side. They closed in about me. I fought—Allah—yes—I fought like a trapped tiger, but their number was too great. They took me prisoner.

Fortunately most Kurds who make pretense to education have learned more or less the Ottoman speech, and from that to understand the rude, uncultured speech of the Turkmen is no great difficulty. I soon learned from their conversation that they must hurry back to their village—that something of unusual importance was taking place there. Consequently we hurried—and I was permitted to ride—securely tied, however—on an extra horse which one of the Turkmen led.

There was little said, in my hearing at any rate, about my capture, and nothing at all regarding my having been an escaped prisoner from another Turkman tribe. This, together with the treatment that was accorded me, led me to believe these Turkmen to be in complete ignorance as to the doings of their kinsmen. I was given the freedom of the village, with restrictions, be it understood, and otherwise given to understand that as long as I conducted myself as a well-meaning prisoner should I had nothing to fear.

Now this might have been all very fine had it not been for that grand spectacle at which Toghrul Bey expected to entertain his friends and neighbors just five days hence—but with that fate upon the heads of my kinsmen I could not rest.

A great market was being held in the village. That, I soon discovered, was the reason why my captors had been so anxious to get back. Tribesmen were coming in from the outlying districts, Persians, Circassians and an occasional Kurd or Armenian, and were mingling with the Turkmen, offering their simple goods, the produce of their herds and their looms in exchange for the factory-made merchandise of the professional traders.

I passed from place to place where the semi-nomad peasantry had their goods on exhibition, some displayed on their great ox-carts, some in rude booths, and others spread upon the open ground—and as I passed I made pretense of looking at every-

(Continued on page 105)



THE OLD TEA MASTER OF KYOTO

By ANTOINETTE ROTAN PETERSON

WELL hid from the city street
 At the end of the temple garden,
 A garden green and old, and he the warden,
 Beside his bamboo wicket
 Set in a laurel thicket
 The old man stood, bowing courteously
 His guests to greet;
 Then up a narrow foot-path led the way
 Over the small flat stones and soon
 From the low hill we saw where lay
 A lake of lilies in the afternoon.

Thin films of summer rain were falling,
 Not a bird was calling;
 In all the air washed clean
 No fleck was to be seen;
 But still the path was newly swept
 And the damp sand kept
 Fresh marks of the broom
 Beside the small tea room.
 We doffed our shoes and silently
 Went in where was no door;
 The old man knelt without a servile trace
 And bent his grey head to the floor,
 Then disappeared, and for a space
 The stillness grew and filled the place;
 No word we spake,
 But looked out on the lake;
 Old silver painted with green lily pads;
 Like still white flames the lotus flowers stood
 Against a soot-black cryptomeria wood;
 Then through each nerve a sudden rapture ran,
 It was the nightingale of old Japan!

We sat on the soft matting;
 Another bow;
 Bearing a vase for water now,
 A rich brown triumph of the glazier,
 The master came
 And set it near the brazier

With deft, slow care; the same
 Measuring steps, a sort of delicate shuffle,
 When next he brought a slender tea-jug
 Of much prized white with streaks of sea-slug
 And sparks of red as in a pheasant's ruffle,
 And then a bowl
 Whose colours "warm as jade" were young
 When the dynasty was Sung.
 He seemed so very simple, even humble,
 As he made the minute motions
 Of those complicated notions;
 Not to falter once or fumble
 Showed his thoughts were not of self at all.
 More grace than we possessed was needed
 As the ceremony quaint proceeded,
 But—at length—we sipped the bowl
 Where east and west with disparate soul
 Do meet, for all the world drinks tea.

"The inner meaning of it, please," I said,
 And while we listened watched the fine old head,
 Lean, grizzled, bony and bizarre,
 Face like an ivory carving
 With just enough of saintly starving,
 And lined with thought as sages' are;—
 He wore a gown of sober grey,
 Immaculate white stockings
 And in his girdle a purple napkin lay;
 No nervous lockings
 Of those sinewy, tempered hands,
 Controlled from head to foot he stands
 Or sits: sparce bearded, yellow throated,
 His eyes were what I chiefly noted:
 They pierced, then smiled,
 And when he spoke his voice was mild.

"First then," he said, "it teaches you
 An hundred things to do,
 And yet to make
 Not one mistake.



*If to a point held ready
The mind grows calm and steady;
Also it teaches courtesy,
The manners of a host,
And guests in their degree
Must prove as skilled as he
Or else much gentleness were lost;
Therefore the duty of each one
Prescribed exactly, must be done.
'Know thyself,' the sages said,
Possess thyself is better bred.
Who knows the principles of tea,
If with the daimio's sons he sits
Each plays his part as each befits,
No shadow of embarrassment
Shall mar his grave content,
For he the plain man wears
The self-same dignity as theirs.*

*"And how shall knowledge grow?
Nature we love and art in nature;
Such thoughts add cubits to man's stature.
My little house would lose its meaning
If it were not for nature's screening;
This garden path, the lotus lake below,
Are one with my kakémono.
The July day is hot and wet,
Therefore before you I have set
A pictured pine-tree cool with snow;
The asters in the vase seem whiter so.*

*"Our race has given to the world
A matchless art in all things small.
This lacquered box with dragonflies impearled
And gold chrysanthemums against a wall
Of silvery rocks where runs a quail to cover
Upon a ground of purest cinnabar,
Shall we not rightly reverence it
And make our conversation fit
The artist's great achievement over
A strange intractable material?
The ceremonial tea occasion gives
For studious contemplation of the arts*

*And never bidden guest departs
But feels anew that Beauty lives
With power to lift men's hearts.*

*"Poets—we loved them from of old
And even today, despite the vulgar marts
Where honour's bought and sold
And blood of samurai for filthy gold,
And flaunting impudence and scorn
Of old ancestral ways are born,
Our gentlefolk still gravely drink their tea
And think no shame to make sweet poesy.
I know 'tis said that 'manners makyth man'
As well in Europe as Japan.
Of one that lacketh taste, we say
'No tea in him.'
'Unteafulness' leads foolish youth astray,
Yields to the naughty whim,
The 'teaful' man sweet reason will obey.*

*"It is another of our ways
That on the service certain praise
Must be bestowed;
To the kindly host
For all the care it cost
No less were surely owed.
But nice discrimination seek
And well to think before you speak;
False praises jangle on the ear;
While judgment ever plays a part,
Best compliments come from the heart,
We learn from tea to be sincere.
Also, since aught of waste
Is merely want of taste
Tea teaches us economy;
It teaches cleanliness severe
Whence comes a love of purity
That cleanses us from petty strife."
And then his fan he gently furled,
"Tea is our art of life,"
He said, "the art of being in the world."*

OFF THE MAP IN AFGHANISTAN

By A. C. JEWETT

Photographs by the Author

THE jumping-off place for Afghanistan is Peshawar, N. W. F. P. (North West Frontier Province). A traveler who enters this country is said to have "gone off the map." I was "off the map" for nearly eight years, from May, 1911, to January, 1919. I was told by the political agent of the Khyber district that I was the only American who had entered Afghanistan since 1840, except for an American dentist, who went to Kabul for a few weeks to do some work for the Amir. Since the war of 1878-80 no Europeans have been allowed in Afghanistan, except those in the service of the Amir, or traders coming in at his request. My excuse for being in this forbidden country was that the late Amir, Habibullah Khan, had employed me as chief engineer to install a hydro-electric power transmission plant.

Even in recent years there have never averaged annually more than five to ten Europeans in Afghanistan. A European or American who wishes to enter the country must have a permit, or *firman*, signed by the Amir, asserting that the bearer be allowed to proceed through the country unmolested, and that a bodyguard, pack animals and tents will be supplied for the road. Upon the presentation of this firman to the Secretary of State for India, a permit is granted allowing the bearer to pass the frontier, but at the same time the recipient is required to sign a paper stating that he understands that the British Indian Government takes no responsibility either for him or his business. A British subject receives no more protection than any other national.

The outfit for a European going into Afghanistan consists of sixteen *yaboos* (packhorses), a riding horse, sleeping tent, cook tent, commode tent, two carpets, a *mehmandar*, tent *farash*, and guard composed of a *duffadar* (sergeant) and six troopers. These are supplied free by the Amir, and no duty is levied on anything else that may be brought in. The *mehmandar* (literally, guest entertainer or host) who has charge of the party is, as the Amir puts it, "to be between the Europeans and the people." All arrangements for transportation and supplies are made through the Afghan agent and postmaster in Peshawar, the Esteemed Ghulam Haider Khan. It is doubtful if the Amir has many bigger thieves than the postmaster in his employ. I have been told by Afghan *sirdars* (hereditary nobles) that there is never a caravan that goes through the Khyber that the Esteemed does not rob of at least 500 rupees. If the Esteemed can get

you off with eight or ten animals, there is so much extra profit for himself; for the Amir, one may be sure, is charged with the whole sixteen. When you leave he presents you with a box or two of cheap cigarets and commends you to God.

Peshawar, the capital of the N. W. F. P., and the last substantial British outpost on the road to Afghanistan, lies on a plain, almost entirely encircled by hills. The foreign settlement, like all other Indian cantonments, is composed of the usual bungalows, official buildings, barracks, club, post-office and the one hotel. But the native city—narrow crooked streets huddled within mud walls—is less monotonous. Here in the bazaar come the Afghan merchants with their rugs, "Swat" blankets, furs, embroideries and old Afghan knives, and the distinctive Peshawar "wax work," designs made on textiles with a waxlike clay. Peshawar is 1500 miles by rail from Bombay and 12 miles from the eastern entrance to the Khyber Pass, the gateway to Kabul, Bokhara and Turkestan. The railway ends at Jamrud, 10 miles beyond Peshawar, but this section is used only for military purposes. Jamrud is the British fort at the eastern mouth of the Khyber, and at the far end of the Pass near the Afghan frontier is another fort, Landi Kotal. The whole thirty miles of the Khyber are under the guns of these forts and of the block-houses built through the Pass at strategic points.

The Pass is open for traffic only on Tuesdays and Fridays, and the incoming and outgoing caravans meet each other at Ali Masjid, near the center of the Pass. The guards, Khyber Rifles, are sent out to the stations all through the Pass in the early morning, and for further protection several riflemen walk in front and more bring up the rear of the caravan. The pace is regulated by the slow-footed *shuther* (camel) with his two-and-a-half-mile-an-hour gait. There must be no straggling; raids have been made on the *kafila* in broad daylight. The guard is composed entirely of native troops commanded by British officers. But only natives convoy the *kafilas*. The Khyber Rifles are recruited largely from the neighboring tribes, the very tribes against whom they guard the Pass. With few exceptions they have been true to their salt. The officers are real men. They have to be, for these unlettered border ruffians are quick to distinguish a weakling or an officer who is not a true *sahib*.

I remember a story that illustrates the characteristics of the Khyber Rifles. A sepoy was up for



A CARAVAN LEAVING THE SARI AT BESAWAL FOR AN EARLY MORNING START

The "Saris" or Stopping Places Along the Road Average a Day's March Apart, Which Is Usually Accomplished in the Summer from Three to Ten in the Morning to Avoid the Heat

promotion as sergeant, but was declared unqualified and turned down. He deserted with his rifle, took to the hills, and started picking off officers and men of his own command. Every time he made a good bag he would send a letter into the fort asking if he had qualified yet. He killed a good number before they finally got him.

From Peshawar it is customary to procure *kari kush* (carriers for hire). They are much better than *sirkari* (government carriers), for the *kari kush*, being dependent on their animals for a living, make an effort to feed and care for them. Many of the government animals are starved until they cannot carry a load. There is always a big row over the first loading up, especially if the animals do not all belong to one man. Each group leader clamors for the lightest load.

From Peshawar the first day's destination is Jamrud. But it is often preferable to start off the pack animals ahead with the mehtandar the day before the Pass is officially open, leaving the following day in a *tonga* or motor, and catching up with the transport at Landi Kotal. Here a *sari*, or stopping place, with two very dirty rooms reserved for Europeans and Afghan gentlemen, is provided for the *kafila*, a few hundred yards from the fort. It is two hours' march from Landi Kotal to the Afghan line, where the Afghan guard meet the Europeans to act as escort from that point. The Afghans, ragged and nondescript, contrast unfavorably with the Khyber Rifles in their smart khaki uniforms and turbans.

At the border I have always met large groups of Hindu traders and shopkeepers, some returning, others making their first trip to Kabul. It is the *hukm* (order) that all Hindus in Afghanistan must wear a *lungota* (yellow turban), and their women folk a yellow dress as well, to distinguish them from the true believers. If a Hindu wears his white turban when he crosses the line, the first Afghan he meets will roughly jerk it off. Those who have been initiated by previous experiences are very careful to wind the yellow turban around their heads before crossing the border.

A *kafila* straggling along—a strange procession of animals and people—is always an interesting picture. Frequently bands of Afghan gypsies, their women unveiled and dressed in clothes of a patchwork quilt style, generally very ragged, make up part of the variegated procession. They may have a camel or two, but they use yaboos, donkeys, and even cows, for pack animals. A refractory cow with a sudden determination to return to India will often create quite a disturbance. Once I saw a young camel wheel and start back. It heaved and bucked till its pack shifted and swung under its belly. Then it went mad, starting on a wild gallop back through the Pass, bumping into other camels and creating an uproar. After a camel is loaded, the cooking pots and pans are festooned about him, and the chickens—there are always chickens—are tied on by the legs at various points of camel anatomy. Sometimes as many as eight lambs too young to walk will be tied on the back of a camel,



KHALILU'LLAH JAN—"SWEET FRIEND OF GOD"

The Eldest Son of the Mestufi Possesses an Eloquent and Unsavory Vocabulary That Belies His Name

where they lie quiet and contented, all tangled together. Often a man will trudge along behind a mother donkey with her offspring, too young to walk, thrown across his own shoulders. The old donkey, of course, is carrying a load of supplies. The pack of a yaboo or camel is often topped by a youngster—unconcerned on his precarious throne—all but naked in the broiling sun, his head shaved except for a little wisp that impishly sticks up from the crown of his head. Sometimes young children are put in wicker panniers and slung each side of a donkey. The children of the *kafila* seldom cry unless they have a bad spill and are really hurt. I have seen dead men bound to a *charpai* (string bedstead), loaded crosswise and balanced on a donkey's back, being taken back to the home village for burial. Death comes, but the *kafila* goes on.

This is just local freight. The through trains, the long strings of big Bokhara camels with their tawny beards and hairy legs are loaded with packs that go to Kabul and even beyond to Bhokara and Russian Turkestan. Hundreds of them are loaded with tea and cotton goods from India, or matches "made in Sweden"—perhaps twenty camels loaded with matches alone. There will be others loaded with kerosene marked "Standard Oil Co., made in U. S. A." Formerly there were many bales and boxes marked "Made in Germany and Austria," but of late these have been substituted by "Made in Japan."

Just after leaving the Pass and before coming to Dakka the Afghan Customs barrier is encountered. There is no building; the Customs collector sits beside the road on a big flat-topped rock, surrounded by soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets. All foreigners have to pay a head tax, and there is a tax, besides, on animals and on the goods they carry. After the payment is made the foot passengers are stamped on the palm of the hand with a red seal. There are always vociferous protestations, but a rifle-butt hard in the pit of a man's stomach puts an end to argument, and the Customs guards snatch at a man's kummerband or turban and assist him to get at his money, which is usually tied in the end of one or the other. The Customs are farmed out to the collector, who contracts to turn in a stipulated amount to the government. He will always reserve a large per cent of the collections for his own use, in any case.

Dakka is the first Afghan outpost. The *Serang*, as the Amir's representative at Dakka is called, has none too savory a reputation, even among the Afghans; and rumor has it that he has instigated and been at the bottom of more than one border raid. Dakka is a meager collection of unsightly mud houses on the stony plain, with a sari for the *kafilas*. Around the inside of the sari under the walls are rooms and booths in which tea and food



A RAW RECRUIT FOR THE AUTHOR'S BODY-GUARD

It Is Not Safe to Travel in Afghanistan without a Guard, Consisting of a Sergeant and Troopers

are sold to the travelers, who sleep with their goods and chattels among the camels in the open court. When the caravan halts, the camel tenders stack the loads, feed the animals, and then build small fires in little holes in the ground among the camels, to cook their own food. In hot weather one travels at night if there is a moon; otherwise it is customary to start about three in the morning, and the day's march is finished by ten or eleven o'clock.

In the early morning women and little girls from the neighboring houses come to collect the camel dung in baskets. There is keen competition, as fuel is scarce and dear, and camel dung serves for coal and wood in Dakka. The first time I slept in one of these saris I woke up early the next morning thinking the camels were being tortured to death. But they were merely being loaded. The camel has a chronic grouch, and when he is being loaded he gurgles, bubbles, groans, barks, howls and roars, and then, for the sake of variety, he kicks, bites and spits—and his breath is vile. It is only fair to add that there are seldom female camels in these kafilas. The Afghans say that the camel will hold a grudge for years and watch for a chance to bite or kick his enemy. When one man harbors a grudge against another, the Afghans have a phrase, "*shuther gaei*," after this trait of the camel. When the camel is loaded and ready to start, the rope fastened to the ring in his nose tied to the tail of the camel in front of him, he gives very little more trouble, but saunters along at a steady gait of two and a half miles an hour. The Afghan yaboos and riding ponies are almost as temperamental as the camels. They are all stallions, and even after a hard day's march they will start fighting as soon as they are unloaded, if allowed to approach one another. At night they are fastened either by the head or heel rope to an iron pin driven in the ground, for if one breaks loose in the sari there is immediately a pandemonium of squealing, kicking and biting.

Dakka is within a half mile of the right bank of the Kabul River, and except for a narrow strip along the river the surrounding country is comparatively barren. By the road it is two long marches from Dakka to Jalalabad, via Budi-kote. The saris along the road usually average a day's march apart, that is, 7 or 8 *kro* (1 *kro*=1.83 miles). But at Budi-kote one has to camp out, for here there is no sari; but the village sheik will supply chickens, eggs and milk. The road is guarded by *cassidars* stationed at regular intervals. There is another route to Jalalabad, via Besawal and Girdy-kaj, that follows the river most of the way. There are saris at both these places, but the Amir forbade the use of this route as dangerous, because across the river on the left bank the Momaunds lie in wait for



THE MEHMANDAR CONDUCTS AFGHAN TOURS
To Protect the Traveler, He Goes with Every Party to
Act "Between the Europeans and the People"

unwary travelers. The Afghans have a saying that the country on the right belongs to the Amir in the day time and to the Momaunds at night.

Jalalabad, a town of about 5000 inhabitants, inclosed by mud walls, is situated half a mile from the right bank of the Kabul River. The soil in the neighborhood of the river is fertile, and crops of wheat, corn, cotton, beans and sugar-cane are raised. Fruit is plentiful—plum, apricots, mulberries and oranges, but the oranges are seedlings and very inferior. The water from the river is turbid, and that from the wells brackish and not good for drinking purposes. The summer traveler finds Jalalabad most unpleasant with its intense heat, disagreeable dust storms and millions of houseflies. Outside the city are palaces, where the late Amir used to reside from the middle of December to the middle of April. One was built eight years ago by Habibullah Khan, and called by him



THE BARREN COUNTRY BETWEEN JAIGTALAIG AND KABUL
Along This Lonely Road, Where Even the Amir's Household Has Been Robbed, Europeans Are Permitted to Stop Only at Protected Saris

Siraj-ul-Imarat, or Light of the Buildings, a rather imposing large white building, referred to by the Europeans in the country as the "White Elephant."

The regular stopping places on the road from Jalalabad to Kabul, a distance of 61 kro, are Bowlee, Nimla, Surkpul, Jaigtalaig, Barikab (Fine Water), Khakijabar (Dust of Jabar) and Badkhak, which is only 6 kro from Kabul. Nimla, the second station on the road to Kabul, on the far edge of the open plain, is a pretty little oasis reached just before the road climbs up into the mountainous district beyond. Nimla Bagh (Garden) is a walled-in enclosure about 400 yards square, constructed many years ago by one of the Amirs of Afghanistan. Tall old cedars and chinara trees form stately avenues. The chinars are extremely ancient; some have decayed, but the hollow places in the trunks have been filled with brick and masonry to preserve them. The art of tree surgery is not new in Afghanistan. A canal has been brought through the garden, and there are a series of



"THROUGH FREIGHT" OF AFGHANISTAN HALTING AT THE WAYSIDE FOR REFRESHMENT

The Camels, Loaded with Wheat, Are Eating "Camel Grass," an Unappetizing Variety of Crackling Thorns. The Poor Beasts Often Starve Because the Drivers Steal and Sell Their Food Allowance

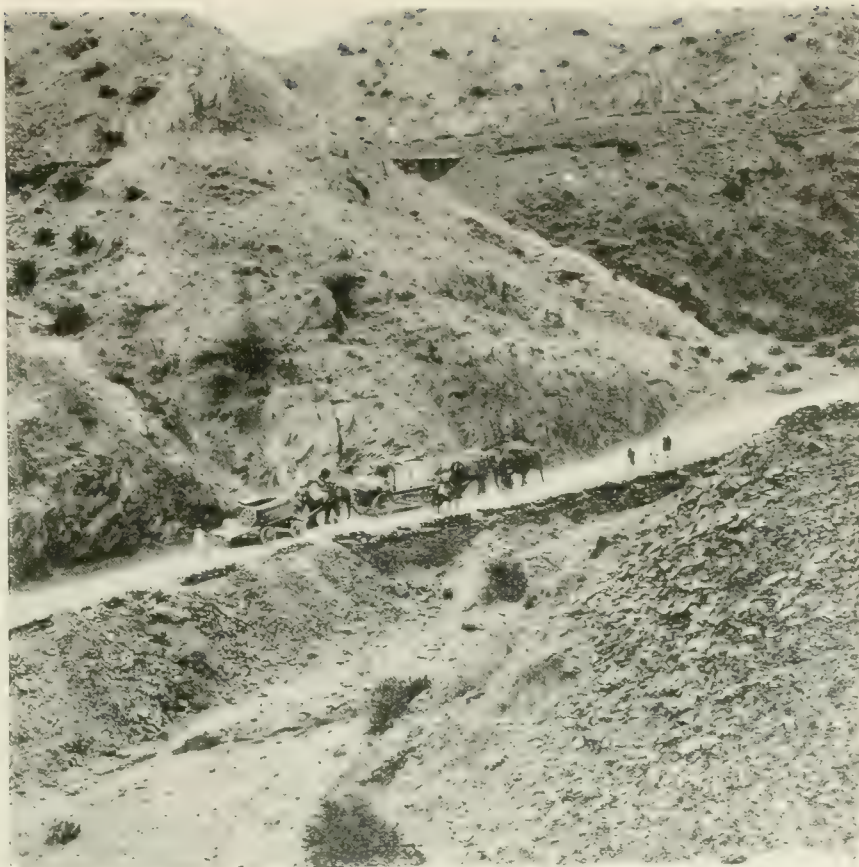
waterfalls with recesses in the masonry behind them in which lights may be placed at night to illuminate the falls. I have come from the snows of Kabul in midwinter to find beds of narcissus, iris and other flowers blooming in Nimla, in its protected enclosure.

The first station beyond Nimla is Surkpul (Red Bridge), so called from its color. No one seems to know when the bridge was built, but it must have been several hundred years ago. It is the only bridge in the country built by the people themselves that has stood up or that is worthy of the name.

From Barrkab to Badkhak one can take a short cut that saves a whole day's march by avoiding the main road and going over Lattaband Pass. Lattaband gets its name, Rag-tied, from the tattered strips of cloth tied to the thorny bushes at the top of the pass. The Afghans believe that if they tear off a bit of their clothing and fasten it to one of these bushes it will bring them children and good luck.

Along the road from Jalalabad to Kabul there are intermediate stopping places that make it possible to make a march and a half. Fatiabad, between Bowlee and Nimla, is one of these camping grounds. When a European camps here his mehmandar arranges with the headman of the village to furnish additional men to mount guard at night, and a record is made of their names. As these men are the thieves themselves, one is quite safe. Gandamak, between Nimla and Surkpul, is another half-way place. The writer camped here once under the shade of some fig trees. Just at bedtime the mehmandar and the duffadar of the guard came and proclaimed that it was very unhealthy to sleep under fig trees, and that they would move my tent out in the open for me. I was ready for bed and protested that this was all rubbish, but they were insistent that fig trees were very bad, said that all my kit and the cook tent had been moved already, so I grudgingly consented, and we moved out into the center of a plowed field, where the guard built a fire. Noticing that they seemed to be on the *qui vive*, I came to the conclusion that perhaps it might be unhealthy to sleep under fig trees after all. Beyond this point there are no intermediate stopping places.

Lately the Amir gave hukm that the Europeans



ELEPHANTS HAULING MACHINERY THROUGH THE KHYBER PASS

Camels, "Yaboos," Elephants, File Through the Pass, Loaded with Tea and Cotton Goods from India, Swedish Matches, and Kerosene from the United States, on Their Way to Kabul and Russian Turkestan

should stop only at the regular government saris on certain portions of the road, and that they should remain inside the walls at night. Parts of the road are considered none too safe for travelers. Members of the Amir's own household were sometimes held up on the road and robbed. When affairs reached this stage His Majesty thought it wise to raise the pay of the army from ten to thirteen rupees per month, and the robberies returned to normal.

When the Amir visited India in 1907 the British presented him with two handsome motor cars, which he took back to Kabul with him by way of Kandahar. A typical Afghanistan road is not conducive to pleasant motor touring, and the Amir's virgin trip over his own bad roads started road-building in Afghanistan. There is now a good road from the Khyber to Kabul, and from Kabul up into Koistan as far as Gulbahar, and about five miles from Jabl-us-Siraj (Parwan). There is also a road from Quetta to Kandahar, and from Kandahar to Kabul, via Guzni. One can motor also from Kabul to Herat. A few other branch roads have been made suitable for motors. The climate is a dry one,

and for this reason, although the roads are for the most part made of soil, they can be, and are, built over and kept in fair shape.

It is said that the Amir employed 5000 sappers and miners on the building of roads, but when I first went to Afghanistan in 1911 he was having difficulty in collecting 500 of these S. & M's. Most of them had run away, and the people in the districts through which the roads passed were being impressed to work on them. The Afghans generally had become very tired of road building. The officers of the S. & M's. grafted their pay, and there were other ways of coining money out of this road work. For instance, the *Ashika gassi Mulki*, Minister of Public Works or Home Secretary, would call on a local *Malik* to supply a certain number of men, and when they came this gentleman would have them thrashed until they ran away; then he would send for the *Malik* and tell him that his quota of men was short. It was the custom that if men were not supplied, money must be given instead. The *Malik* might say he was a poor man and could not afford to give this money and that he would send more men to replace those that ran away. When they came they also would be thrashed till they ran away. It was rupees and not men that His Excellency wanted.

Once when His Majesty motored from Kabul to Jalalabad he found portions of the road lumpy. Near Jaigtalaig he passed some men working on the road, in charge of an old man with a long beard. They lined up and saluted as the car passed, and the Amir motioned for them to follow him. This they did at the double, as they expected to be rewarded. The Amir got out of the car and shouted to his followers to seize the old man by the beard and throw him down and give him a beating. This order was promptly carried out. A certain captain who happened to be stationed at this place was enthusiastically helping to belabor the old man.

When the Amir recognized him he shouted:

"Oh! I want you, too," and ordered the military gentleman to be stretched on the ground and thrashed also.

"He is not feeling it. Take his coat off," ordered His Majesty.

Afterward he walked up and down and remarked that when he came that way again he would find good roads. When news is received that the Amir is coming, there is a great scurrying to clean the road, pick off the small stones, and sprinkle it by throwing on water with shovels from the ditch alongside. Incidentally, the Amir had shade trees, mulberry or willow, planted along the roadsides wherever water was available.

When the late Amir was in India, amongst the many modern conveniences he saw, remembered and introduced into his own country, were the mile-

stones along the roads. Thereby hangs a tale: From Kabul to Jabl-us-Siraj (Parwan), in Koistan, is a distance of 26 kro. His Majesty had marble kro-stones made with the distances from Kabul and Jabl-us-Siraj cut into each stone. To make the lettering plain it was leaded. Since lead is used for making bullets, the lead in these stones was immediately borrowed for that purpose. The stones themselves were broken off and some of them carried away bodily, out of pure vandalism. On learning this, His Majesty sent for the *Mestufi* (Chancellor of the Exchequer), who is also *Malik-al-Mamalik*, Chief *Malik* of Koistan, and ordered him to have guardhouses built at each kro-stone and to place two guards with rifles at each. But what is the use of milestones in a country where very few can read?

Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, is a city of mud houses, on the right bank of the Kabul River. The population which is from 50,000 to 60,000, changes with the seasons governing the caravan trade. The narrow, crooked streets are dirty and uninviting. The streets in the bazaar or shopping district, are covered over and resemble long tunnels. The sides are lined with tiny booths, where the merchants sell cloth, mostly cotton and cheap prints, bandana handkerchiefs and tinseled rubbish. Their other wares are largely of the "Made in Germany" variety—cheap things, cheaply made. Little silk is to be purchased, for in spite of the multitude of mulberry trees, there is no silk manufactured in the Kabul district, or elsewhere, unless a little Kandahar way. In other parts of the bazaar may be found the produce of the country—grains, flour, vegetables, fruits. Certain booths sell sweetmeats and sherbet; others, curds and cooked food, bread and cakes. Butchers, shoemakers and metalworkers ply their trades in the bazaar. No rugs are made in the Kabul district, and few in the country worth mentioning. The carpets and rugs from Bokhara, Persia, Kandahar and Herat go right through to India, where there is a market for them. Furs there are none, except those that come from Russia, and these, like the carpets, go through to the India markets. There is little manufactured in Afghanistan that a European would find worth while taking out of the country, except a sheepskin coat, an old flintlock *jezail* and an Afghan knife or two. The rosaries for which Afghanistan is supposed to be noted, do not amount to much. The beads in the rosaries are about the size of a small white navy bean; they are made from Kandahar stone, which is almost amber-colored and semi-translucent, and the best command a price.

There are no sewers in Kabul. The night soil is collected by donkey boys, taken out into nearby districts and sold as *paru* (fertilizer). Coming into the city in the early morning one meets strings



THE SARI, OR WAYSIDE INN, AT DAKKA, THE FIRST AFGHAN OUTPOST
 Around the Walls Are Tea and Food Booths for the Travelers, Who Sleep with Their Camels, Pack-horses and Goods in the Open Courtyard. Three Second-Story Rooms Are Reserved for Europeans and Afghan Gentlemen



A STREET OF SHOPS AND BOOTHS IN CHARIKAR, ON THE ROAD TO KABUL
 Most of the Shopkeepers are Hindus, Who Do a Thriving Tourist Trade, as the Town Is on the Main Road to Three of the Passes Leading to Russian Turkestan and Badakshan



AFGHAN GYPSIES TRAILING ACROSS KOISTAN WITH THEIR FLOCKS AND PACK ANIMALS
These "Kochi" Are a Sturdy, Industrious People, Working in the Fields as Laborers and Selling Milk, Kurds and Cheese. They Roam from the Oxus to the Indus, Seeking Food for Their Sheep and Goats

of donkeys going out into the country loaded with paru. Other strings pass them on their way in, bearing wood, grain, hay, vegetables and fruit for the city, and also lines of men carrying suspended from the yokes across their shoulders, curds, pots of milk and soft cheese, in cone-shaped white cloth sacks, with the whey dripping from the pointed end. The milk is carried in porous earthen jars that are not washed any too often, and then only with cold water. The milk carriers, when they return later, walk barefoot, with their shoes stuck in the empty pots. The Afghan is not concerned with cleanliness and sanitation.

A few years ago there was hardly a wheeled vehicle to be seen in Kabul or on the roads, except those belonging to the Amir. Now there are *tongas* and *tumtums*. The *tumtum*, an Indian importation, is a two-wheeled cart; it is lighter than the *tonga*, but, like the *tonga*, has two seats back to back. These vehicles are now kept for hire in Kabul, and people use them for making long trips and going to and from India. In addition, there must be thirty motor vehicles in Kabul belonging to the royal family or some of the more important officials.

When I first arrived in Kabul, on June 5, 1911, I was taken to the Baber Sari at the foot of the Baber Gardens, about two miles west of Kabul. Here I waited until June 18 for an audience with the Amir. On the 17th, Sirdar Azimoola Khari, court interpreter, came to express his regrets that His Majesty was suffering from gout and the doctor had ordered that he was not to dress. It would be undignified for a monarch to receive a stranger in undress. Next day word came that His Majesty would see me at the Koti Staur Palace (Star of

Houses) at ten in the morning. At the appointed time I put on my frock coat, which my servant always referred to as my "ceremony coat," and set out in the "mail phaeton carriage" which His Majesty had sent for me.

At the Palace the court interpreter took me to a tent on the lawn, where refreshments were served to me before I was ushered into the Presence. When I removed my hat and hung it outside the audience hall the interpreter looked me over, pulled my tie straight and patted down a refractory lock of hair. Then the door was opened. Except for the two chief Sirdars, the fat and the lean one, as the Europeans called them, His Majesty was alone, resting at one side of the large room. He was deeply absorbed writing in a notebook and did not look up for a moment. This pose was obviously staged. After a proper royal interlude, His Majesty glanced up, and motioned to us to come forward. Then he rose, shook hands and wanted to know if I were rested after my trip to Kabul. He referred to his gout and spoke at length of the good road he had built from Kabul to the Khyber. He said that he had only a few moments to spare, but that he was taking more in order to become better acquainted with me, for when people first met there was a screen between them that prevented free intercourse. He gave instructions that I was to spend a week looking about Kabul with a competent guide, after which I was to go to Jabl-us-Siraj and examine the Power House site. He hoped to go, too, if he were not ill. Then he bade me good-bye, assuring me that we should meet again and become better acquainted. He kept his word.

THE JAPANESE LABORER

His Feudal Background and Present Position

By SEN KATAYAMA

IN order to understand the present situation and possible attainments of the Japanese laborer it is necessary to know something of his varied activities during the feudal period of Japanese history, especially that period immediately preceding the modern era, introduced by the revolution of 1868.

Before the feudal rule of the Tokugawa Shoguns (1603-1868), Japan had imported freely Chinese, Korean and Indian civilizations. Their arts, religions and literatures were already well transplanted to Japanese soil and in fair process of growth, when the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns, Iyeyasu, closed the country to all foreign ideas and civilizations. Not even trade with foreign countries was allowed. In the succeeding three centuries Japan built up her own civilization with what she had already imported and possessed. This unique condition made the feudal civilization of medieval Japan without a parallel in the world; at the same time it proved the creative power of the Japanese people. They worked peacefully on the ideas and civilization originally borrowed from China and India, converting them into something distinctly Japanese. The results of the creative energy of this period are today the very pride of Japan. The great shrines and temples and palaces of Nikko and Kyoto, and many other places throughout the country, bear witness to feudal Japan's splendid contribution to world civilization.

It must be remembered that the civilization of any people actually enjoyed by that people is largely the creation of its laboring class. The laborers of the feudal régime formed a distinct class in the social structure, ranking third of the four groups into which society was divided: military, agricultural, industrial and mercantile. The so-called industrial class of this time consisted of all those who did not belong to any of the other classes. Consequently the most talented swordsmiths as well as the gold and silversmiths ranked equally with farm-implement making blacksmiths. Under the Japanese feudal system it was practically impossible to change one's occupation, although there were occasional exceptions to the rule. In the case of inability on the part of a swordsmith's son to succeed his father, he was disowned by the father, who adopted a successor from among his apprentices. Thus the family of the smith was perpetuated by a careful selection of talent. Skilled workmen, however, were recruited widely from

among other classes. Any boy with natural inclination toward a particular trade had a chance of realizing his ambition. The way was not always free from difficulties, but these difficulties very often produced a better workman.

Class lines were pretty sharply drawn between the military and other three classes, but the agricultural, industrial and mercantile groups were all composed of common people who intermingled in every-day life. Each of these classes naturally depended economically and industrially on the other two. The agricultural traded with the mercantile class in order to sell its own products and to buy daily necessities, which in turn were the products of the industrial class.

Under the feudal rule of the Tokugawa Shoguns society was well regulated by the laws, customs and traditional usages which had been accepted by the people. To live, to work, to conduct his business, according to these regulations, was in itself a liberal education for workmen. The laborer was obliged to conduct himself in accordance with the requirements of the society in which he lived. He adjusted himself to the external conditions. As a farmer (there were no landlords other than the feudal overlords who owned all the land) he worked in the field, paid his land rent and enjoyed life with what he realized from the soil. In winter he went hunting, in summer, fishing; in autumn he spent his spare time chestnutting, or gathering mushrooms. Such an institution as migratory agricultural labor scarcely existed. In the rice planting and rice harvesting seasons everybody, women as well as men, worked in the fields. For every occupation there were different songs and tunes. The rice cleaner, the woodman, the carpenter, the plasterer, the driver of a pack-horse, each had, and still has, his own song. The song of the pack-horse driver, known as the *Oiwaké*, is popular even among professional singers today. One may still hear in the quiet of far spent winter nights the melodious song of the noodle peddler as he wanders through the snowy streets pushing his little lantern-lighted cart with its paper walls. The rhythmic songs of the river coolies, pulling their boats up the violent streams with long ropes, may be heard from a great distance. Groups of women driving piles find their work easier when they sing their working song. In the Japan of old days there was a certain amount of joy in every status of life. I myself can look back and remember it.

Perhaps this inherent cheerfulness was the best tool which the Japanese laborer possessed with which to carve out his life. His school education, received at the Buddhist temples, was primitive and meager enough, consisting in the practice of writing Japanese syllabaries or *kana*, in square and cursive styles, and in reading two or three standard books, such as *Nagashira* (proper nouns), *Kunit-sukushi* (names of provinces), *Teikin Orai* (home teaching), *Shobai Orai* (business training). These books are written in Chinese characters with inter-linear Japanese *kana*.

Once the *kana* has been mastered, however, it is possible to read almost any book of a popular nature. During the last period of the Tokugawa rule, countless books were available to every one. There were, for instance, tales by Saikaku, Bakin, Kiuso and Chikamatsu. The color prints, so highly prized in western countries today, by Hokusai, Hiroshige, Utamaro and many others, were to be had for a few cents, and with these the workman decorated his home. In the same way popular literature in the form of history, drama and poetry was widely read by the laboring classes everywhere. I myself as a boy on a farm, long before the Revolution, listened to these books read aloud by elder members of the family. Even Chinese history was existent in a popular form, which I used to read, when I knew only the *kana*, with great enthusiasm. Moreover, by reading these books of mixed Chinese characters and Japanese *kana* (the *kana* is printed beside the Chinese characters) one can learn many Chinese characters, as I did in my boyhood. Chinese characters, of course, constitute the real backbone of written or printed literature. Arithmetic was studied with the help of older people in the villages. There were, in addition, several old self-teaching arithmetic books and some works for higher mathematics. It was with one of these I studied arithmetic before I knew anything of modern education; and in later years, when I took up the study of algebra and geometry, I found no difficulty in solving the problems which my American classmates found anything but simple. There were, too, leaders of thought and learning among the Shinto and Buddhist priests with whom the common people came into daily contact. But life itself furnished the practical school from which most elements of education were gathered.

My experience was the common one for the youths of old Japan. I remember that I had much pleasure in making the acquaintance of a boy of my own age in my native village, the son of a blacksmith who had moved there from a castle town of the province. This boy had never gone to *Tera-koya*, or temple school, in his life, but everything he knew his father had taught him, and he was senior to me in everything. His father had served

seven years as an apprentice and as a journeyman blacksmith had traveled extensively through the country. According to the system then in practice, a blacksmith would take as many apprentices as his business capacity permitted. Every apprentice, when he became a good hand at his trade, would receive from his master a bellows, an anvil and other necessary tools, and the right to open a blacksmith shop in a suitable location, and, in many cases, he would even have a certain number of customers allotted him. This was possible because of the slow but certain progress everywhere visible. The natural growth of the country enabled different localities to absorb one or two extra blacksmith shops at ten or fifteen years' intervals. In many more cases, however, the apprentices went out into the wider world as journeymen.

At this time the journeyman blacksmith could travel all over Japan without a cent. If work was obtainable, he might stay any length of time in a particular shop, but in case there was no work, he would remain over night as the guest of the master, with free board and room, and on the next day he would receive money enough to enable him to reach the nearest blacksmith shop. There is no written code for the blacksmith's guild, but as a matter of fact an unwritten code always existed for the benefit of every upright and sensible blacksmith throughout the land. Many a time at the house of the village blacksmith I spent joyous hours with my young friends and his family, hearing tales of the blacksmith's travels. This kind of educational training existed in feudal Japan for almost every tradesman, carpenter, woodcarver, stone mason, plasterer, roofer, and all the rest.

In the cities workmen lived in groups according to their trade, as we see by the names of the streets in Tokyo, designated, for instance, as "Blacksmith Street" or "Sawyers' Street." The inhabitants of a particular street closely coöperated with one another as a social unit, and formed their own guild with strict rules and regulations.

With the son of the blacksmith and a son of a Shinto priest I often met and talked over literary subjects. Together we studied *tanka*, the classic poetry of thirty-one syllables, and popular comic verses of seventeen syllables, known as *hokku*. Every month we had a contest in which the merit of our own poems and comic verses was decided. Previously we sent our production, written on a long scroll of paper without any names attached, to some master poet of the vicinity, who corrected them and returned them in order, the last the best. One can see today many such poems, written on fine pieces of wood or handsomely framed, hung in temples or on the walls of shrines in Japanese villages. The authors of these poems were frequently common laborers, whose learning was limited to the

CRAFTSMEN OF OLD JAPAN



H. Suito

Japan is at the industrial crossroads. The artisan class, which has carried down the proud traditions of craft and beauty from the days of the daimyos, is being absorbed into the long lines of workmen that clatter on their clogs into barrack-like buildings at the insistent shriek of the morning whistle. But the slender, delicate Japanese hands that made many dreams of loveliness come true in the past are not as yet all chained to power machines. Within the very shadow of the factories are huddled the tiny shops of wood carvers, metal workers, potters. Domestic Japan still clings to its handicrafts. The "geta," or wooden clogs, the finest "obi" brocade, the "tatami" that covers the floor of every Japanese house, all the attractive kitchen things from the wooden rice bowls bound with brass to the brooms with bamboo handles, are made by hand. International Japan sends its factory output across the seven seas. Under modern pressure the artisans must abandon occupations that are the fruit of certain leisure and contemplation. The world may soon cherish only the wistful memory of a vanished poetry of living, expressed with infinite richness by its most humble and unsung craftsmen.



H. Sato

The most intricate Japanese embroidery is the work, not of women, but of men and boys. In Kyoto, the center of the embroidery industry, many of the workrooms are located over shops in the silk-rearing district. Behind the "shoji," or sliding doors, the men, some of them grown old in their profession, sit in close rows on the floor, bending low over their embroidery frames. Perhaps they are putting the last touches to the corner of a wedding kimono designed for a princess of the blood, or embroidering the family crest on the ceremonial coat of a Kyoto gentleman, or fashioning the latest note in geisha style. Modern Japanese clothes are not ostentatiously adorned with embroidery—a bit of needlework around the brocade or stenciled designs to heighten the effect, a flash of the wing of a bird, or the foam on the crest of a wave—that is all. In many an embroidery shop in the larger cities apprentice boys, some of them not more than ten years old, can be seen working from early in the morning until late at night, thrusting their needles in and out through the long frames stretched before them. Not only the embroidery industry, but all the crafts have apprentices, from nine to seventeen years old, bound for a period of five to seven years. The masters give them their board and clothing and a couple of yen a year pocket money. If the apprentice is industrious and shows particular aptitude in learning his craft, he may be taken into the business by the master after his period of indenture.



H. Suito

In the shops of Yokohama and Tokyo patronized by tourists there are rows and rows of ivory carvings—jinrickshaw men, geisha girls, lines of diminutive elephants, carpenters, old priests, ladies with umbrellas—an infinite variety of character studies of people and animals carved with painstaking attention to the most minute details. The principal domestic stimulus for ivory carving has been the “netsuké,” the little carved buttons attached by a cord to the tobacco pouch and the pipe case to prevent them from slipping through the sash of the kimono. Since the end of the seventeenth century it has been the custom for Japanese gentlemen to fasten their tobacco outfits with netsuké bearing the names of celebrated artists. Many idol makers who had flourished under a seventeenth-century edict decreeing that every house should contain the image of a deity, now formed schools of netsuké carving and devoted themselves to this art in miniature. They have drawn suggestions from the whole world for their designs—religion, history, folk-lore, and humorous incidents of daily life. But with the exigencies of modern life, netsuké have fallen into disuse except as objects sought by collectors, and netsuké carvers have found it profitable to make realistic ivory ornaments for foreign patronage. More than ninety per cent of the ivory carvings made in Japan are exported, and of this output sixty per cent find their way to America.



H. Susto

In walking along almost any Japanese street one is certain to stumble across the tiny shop of the wood carver. His work is still in demand, for every Japanese possesses images of his favorite gods and every Japanese temple is embellished with friezes, columns and gates carved with chrysanthemums and peonies, clouds and waves, wild dragons with red lacquered jaws, and all the rich ornament culled from a rich fancy and historical background. The Japanese wood carver of today may not be fired by the genius of deep-seated religious emotion, but he is none the less a legitimate descendant of the feudal carvers who wrote glorious pages in Japan's history of the glyptic arts. The first sculptors in wood were the Buddhist priests, who, like the medieval monks of Europe, glorified their religion by adorning their houses of worship with their best creative efforts. Unkei, the son of a fisherman who lived at the beginning of the thirteenth century, is considered by many Japanese critics to be the best of all the wood sculptors. There is a delightful legend that when Unkei died the king of the underworld was much irritated that the sculptor had never done him justice, although Unkei had attempted to carve his image many times. So the king of dead Buddhist souls sent Unkei back to earth, that after seeing the god he might make a faithful portrait. The greatest sculptor in the time of the Tokugawa Shoguns was Hidari Jingoro, who began his career as a simple carpenter. His best efforts were expended on the magnificent Tokugawa shrines at Nikko. The humblest Japanese carver today is inspired by the noble history of his art.



H. Suito

A rainy day in Japan! Mountains half disappearing in wraiths of mist like the landscapes in old kakemono scrolls; grey-tiled roofs transformed to glossy black by slanting sheets of rain; coolies in bristling straw rain-coats; and everywhere great oiled paper umbrellas. Little Japanese women trip along daintily on their wooden clogs, oblivious to the muddy rivers under foot, totally eclipsed under their red, blue, green, yellow or black umbrellas. Shop apprentices and errand boys hurry along with umbrellas decorated with great black characters indicating the name of the firm or of their trade. Out in Asakusa, Tokyo's popular quarter, huge red umbrellas protect the old women who sell beans to feed the doves that dwell in the eaves of the Temple of Morning Grasses. At the entrance to every house a whole row of open umbrellas is drying. No two paper umbrellas are alike in Japan, perhaps because they are all made by hand—bamboo ribs, rattan handles, and the patterns stenciled or formed by different layers of colored papers. The umbrella is as necessary to the Japanese actor or dancer as his fan. In the old prints the umbrella appears constantly as a harmonious part of the design. The geisha have umbrellas appropriate for wistaria season and cherry viewing, for winter and summer. An umbrella may even be the theme of poetry, as it was for the Japanese poet who sang: "In the spring rain an umbrella passes by on which petals are softly falling, falling." Yet the Japanese have been able to find something picturesque in our wire-framed umbrellas of uniform black; they call them "bat wings."



H. S. 100

The lantern maker is always busy, but especially so on the eve of a festival. Then his half-dozen apprentices, who usually spend hours gossiping with one another and their neighbors, are bending over their work until late at night. The master himself is bowing low and explaining over the teacups to an important customer that the lanterns ordered for the temple festival will be ready "tadaina"—a generous word covering infinite tomorrows. In the dark corners of the shop are collected lanterns of every description, from slim, graceful ones with modest crests to the great fat, bulgy kind splashed with bold black and red characters. Nights in Japan owe much of their charm to the lanterns, which one comes upon unexpectedly at the end of dark lanes or at the entrances to houses and shops. Rickshaws with long slender lanterns slip silently through narrow streets. The Sumida River in Tokyo melts at dusk into a print land of long ago, when the little round lanterns are lighted on the verandas of all the tea-houses and the rippled glow dances across the water. But the Sumida takes on a memorable holiday atmosphere for the festival of the "Kawabiraki," or opening of the river, in July, when half Tokyo floats happily along in boats festooned with lanterns to view the fireworks. At the same time of the year occurs the "O-Bon-matsuri," the Feast of Lanterns, when everyone hangs a soft blue paper lantern in a window to light back the spirits of dead ancestors. Almost ghostlike in delicacy, they flutter on the summer breezes.

"The pallid dew, 'tis said,
Puts out the last few glimmers of
The lanterns of the dead."



H. Suito

The old porcelains of Japan have been justly prized by collectors, to whom Satsuma, Raku, Hizen and Owari are golden names of enchantment. Pottery received its first stimulus in Japan in the thirteenth century from Kato Shirazaemon, a native of Owari, who spent five years in China in a study of his art, upon his return establishing a kiln in the village of Seto, which is now the Japanese word for porcelain. The early devotees of the tea ceremony were responsible for the development of pottery and porcelain into a fine art, and they encouraged artists of marked talent to make the tea jars in which the powdered tea was kept, and the tea bowls, which were wrapped in brocade bags and highly treasured and given as a mark of princely favor to loyal retainers. The enthusiasm of Hideyoshi and his daimyos for the tea cult led to the growth of the flourishing kilns of Bizen, Kyoto, Satsuma and Kutani. To understand something of the heart of Japan one must know the iridescent blacks and reds of Raku wares, the gentle greys of Hagi, the cream-colored crackled background of Satsuma. One must know the work of such potters as Nansai, Kenzan, Mohubei, and Kinkozan Mohei. A connoisseur's taste has been instilled in the Japanese by a long history in the use of exquisite porcelain. Even the inexpensive modern porcelain is often delightful. The visitor to Kyoto carries away, as one of his most precious memories of that city of temples and pagodas, the picture of Tea Pot Hill, with all the little porcelain shops climbing up to the temple on the summit—blue and white tea pots, large tea pots with jolly red "darumas," grotesque brown and yellow tea pots, and smiling merchants at every doorway against a background of shelves of Kyomidzu wares and yellow Awata pottery.



H. Saito.

The preparation of the sap taken from the lacquer tree, strained and deprived of its moisture through evaporation by the sun, is only one of the many intricate processes involved in the manufacture of lacquer. Japan stands unique and preëminent in the art of lacquering, which was originally introduced from China. Few foreigners appreciate the finest lacquer ware, nor can lacquer command abroad the price that is willingly paid at home for beautiful examples of the art. In an unpretentious, almost retiring shop in Kyoto is a family of lacquerers who represent the tenth of their line to hold the proud position of lacquerers to the Imperial Court. In an upper room several artists are decorating in gold the boxes which have already received coat after coat of lacquer, with rubbing and drying and polishing. Among them are boxes that have taken more than three years to finish—delicate memories of long ago, breathing the poetry of ancient plum blossom springs, dream gardens of noble Nara ladies—imperial gifts presented today to ambassadors and high officials with the same spirit that prompted princely favors in other days. The most famous lacquer artists held life positions in the palaces of the old emperors in Kyoto and at the courts of the shoguns in Yedo. Sometimes they devoted years to the decoration of a single tray or writing-case. Not only are temple gates and shrines and the interior panelling and decorating of temples and palaces finished in lacquer, but many of the articles in common domestic use are of lacquer—trays, bowls for soup and tea, vessels for the tea ceremony, little tables, reading desks, "tansu" or chests. Korin, the great master of lacquer, is a household name to the Japanese. Korin lived in the seventeenth century, but the art he glorified is not dead. Many devoted artists will carry on the traditions of the old lacquer masters as long as their work is appreciated in Japan.

writing of the kana and ability to read books written with the kana. Yet the best among them were the creators of a unique civilization. The castles, the Buddhist temples and countless shrines that are the treasures of Japan were the work of their hands. We even have our Phidias, Hidari Jingoro, whose wood carving and building stand today to the admiration of the world. No polytechnic schools existed in Japan at that time, but the stories and legends concerning the famous craftsmen were read aloud and told over by every family until they were familiar to every child.

In summer, especially in the month of August when the weeding of the rice field is ended, but the rice is not yet harvested, the farmer is comparatively free. Just at this time the *Bon Matsuri*, the festival for the departed, takes place. Everybody is in a happy mood. In the cool of the evening the people come out and gather in the temple grounds, where they dance and sing through the night. There are several popular folk dances, one of the most common and popular, the *Yotso-byoshi* (four tunes or four beats). Usually there is a leading singer, and the people join in the chorus. Every youth knows these songs and dances by heart and not infrequently I used to sing them at the *Yotsu-byoshi*.

Thus the laborer of old Japan loved and sweet-hearted without fear of unemployment or anxiety for the morrow. Under the Japanese feudal system each one had an established position and occupation; even the blind had his or her special trade or profession. The blind of that time, under the rule of the Government, had their particular occupations, such as shampooing and acupuncture. In addition those who were talented learned to play the *samisen* (a Japanese guitar). There have always been musicians of note among the blind.

The profession of the beggars of the feudal régime was recognized and regulated as every other, and their right to beg from door to door, providing they were on the way home, was protected by law. In these days there were vast numbers of pilgrims who also subsisted largely on the charity of the community. In the case of someone who became poor through misfortune or misconduct, permission was given to go away and seek better fortune in some other place. But if the unfortunate one desired to stay in his native village, he had the right to build himself a hut on the river bank. For a living he could go to the public forests or common land to cut wood or make charcoal. The forests belonged to the Government and all but certain specified trees could be freely cut and taken away. Such forests were everywhere in the country. Out of an entire forest land of 19,000,000 *cho* (1 *cho* = 2.45 acres) today 8,600,000 *cho* still belong to the

state and the imperial household, leaving only 9,400,000 *cho* to the people.

The *eta*, the lowest and outcast class of the Japanese, had certain rights and privileges of their own. The *eta*, who today number some one million, served as policemen under the feudal system. They looked after the people in public gatherings, drove pickpockets away and arrested thieves just as the policemen do today. They also cleaned new graves and carried away the dead animals and refuse.

Thus, under the old régime, everyone had his own place and means of livelihood.

The wages of laborers in feudal Japan were regulated by laws which fluctuated with the price of rice, which was and still is the staple food of the Japanese. And the price of rice in a city like Tokyo—then called Yedo—was regulated by the import of rice to the city. If rice was cheap, a ship loaded with rice would be stopped at Uraga, located near the mouth of Tokyo Bay. There were some complaints and dissatisfactions among the laborers under feudalism, which sound strangely familiar to modern ears. For there were often bad rulers who took as much as 60 per cent of the crop for land rent and hoarded rice until the price rose to very high levels. In such cases the laborers, farmers and city people revolted against the offending feudal lord and destroyed houses and properties of the rich, who were mostly village headmen appointed by the lord to collect rents, or rich misers who loaned money on usurious rates of interest.

But on the whole the laborers of feudal Japan were satisfied with their condition and admirably adjusted themselves to the social status of the day. What is more, they were able to utilize many apparently adverse conditions for their own welfare. For instance, workmen, farmers and traders were prohibited from carrying arms, which were monopolized by the military class. But the common people promptly devised some means of protecting themselves. They learned *jiu-jutsu*, which was used solely as a weapon of self-defense by the common people of old Japan. When riots and revolts occurred against the rulers and the rich, the weapons employed consisted simply of bamboo lances and fire hooks.

The Revolution of 1868 was carried out largely by the lower ranks of the military class, who felt more or less the influence of the *Zeit Geist* of the Far East, in spite of the fact that Japan was legally non-communicative with the outside world. No Japanese was allowed to leave the country, but the occasional arrival at Nagasaki of Dutch steamers or sailing vessels was a means by which news of events in the outside world filtered through. Of course, intelligent Japanese had ways of establishing communications with the Dutch traders at the island of Deshima in Nagasaki harbor, the only

port with which the Government permitted foreign vessels to trade until Admiral Perry forced the opening of Japan in 1854.

In the course of three centuries the feudal rulers naturally became corrupt and often enforced very oppressive measures upon the people. Any new reform movement on the part of advanced thinkers was immediately crushed. This worked for general dissatisfaction. Old enemies of the Tokugawa dynasty saw their chance, and the friction between the Tokugawa government army and rebel feudal lords at last came to a head. The revolutionists' cry was for the restoration of the imperial rule and the exclusion of foreigners. They argued that the Tokugawa lords had been usurping the imperial power and holding intercourse with the hated and unclean foreigners, both actions working against the welfare of the country. But when they succeeded in overthrowing the Tokugawa and in establishing the revolutionary government, they at once recognized the treaty which had been concluded in the sixties with the various western Powers and dropped the exclusion cry.

It is significant that the Revolution of 1868 was accomplished wholly by the military classes; the common people took no part in it. Possibly no matter how greatly oppressed, they did not possess sufficient courage to rebel against the existing government, but the real explanation lay in the fact that the people as a whole had not yet learned to feel nationally under the rule of different petty feudal lords.

After the overthrow of the Tokugawa, the new rulers became uneasy in regard to the common people and inaugurated some radical reforms. Policies adopted by this new revolutionary government are particularly interesting in the present revolutionary age, but space is not permitted to discuss them in detail. I shall merely summarize the most important measures put through within a few years after the inauguration of the new régime.

1. Establishment at Tokyo of a centralized government embracing all the political power of the feudal chiefs.

2. Abolition of caste.

3. Disarming of the feudal military classes.

4. Confiscation of the feudal privileges — including the landed estates of the overlords and monopolies granted to them, some of these monopolies being abolished without compensation.

5. The dismissal of all the hereditary military men—the Samurai—with a pitiful handful of government bonds.

6. Giving the title deeds to the land cultivated by them to the former feudal tenants.

7. General conscription for military service.

8. Unification of currency and abolition of the various paper moneys issued by the feudal chiefs.

9. Unification of taxation and land tax based on land values with the promise to reduce the land tax from 3 to 1 per cent.

10. Freedom of occupation and freedom of immigration and settlement.

11. Universal elementary education.

12. Competitive entrance examination to all secondary and higher schools.

13. Freedom of marriage to those formerly prohibited by religious order.

14. Abolition of sacred places — trees, mountains, water, shrines and temples — formerly reserved from the public.

15. Repeal of the prohibition of Christianity.

Many additional reforms were promulgated in the course of a very few years. Above all, the government, in the name of the new Emperor, gave the people a Magna Carta which consisted of five items, the most important being the open declaration of the democratic rule of the country; more concretely, *all policies shall be decided by public opinion*. So far no ministry has fulfilled this condition.

Thanks to his practical education of the past, the Japanese workman quickly qualified in the new work required of him. To handle new and scientific machinery imported from the West was a big task, but one that he accomplished remarkably well in a few short decades.

It was the blacksmiths, carpenters and tradesmen of the old régime, moreover, who first came to the new factories built by the government. Long before the graduates of the polytechnic institutes or the Imperial University took their position as bosses or engineers, these common workmen had learned how to use the steam hammer, how to operate belt machines, to build a railway engine or construct a steamboat.

In the beginning of the new era the rulers of Japan diligently tried to administer their national duties, but in order to stabilize their power in the government they presently created various institutions. Upon these institutions all sorts of favoritism were lavishly and extravagantly bestowed. Thus the higher educational institutions offered special privileges for bureaucratic support. As a means of securing firm economic relations, many valuable franchises and monopolies were granted to chosen individuals.

Not only economic favoritism, but social distinctions in the form of honors and positions were distributed, resulting in the creation of a new nobility with supporting funds given in return for faithful service to the bureaucracy. A political bureaucracy without strong support from the moneyed and propertied classes now had power over the people, so a constitution with a representative legislature was grudgingly accorded. But in this the authorities worked skilfully, establishing the capitalistic and imperialistic foundations of the bureaucracy by a carefully qualified franchisement. Here, in this limited election law, the economic power of the propertied classes, together with their monopoly of

the law-making power, was firmly established. To crown all, the cabinet ministers were made responsible only to the Emperor, and not to the legislature or the nation. To intrench themselves still more impregnably, the ministry was given the power to create new peers in any number in order to keep the balance of the upper legislative chamber. Members were also created by imperial nomination, this honor, of course, falling only upon those who had slavishly served the bureaucracy in the past. Finally there was created—unconstitutionally—the *genro* group, or Elder Statesmen, who really control the destinies of the nation and check every new move on the part of the people.

Under such a well-thought-out reactionary bureaucracy the Japanese laborer has been more and more exploited in the ever-growing industrial fields with their pitiful wages. He has not only been prohibited from organizing in unions, but has been subject to a law enacted to incriminate every labor movement. Under this law striking is actually a crime, and the offender liable to punishment by imprisonment for six months with hard labor.

The wife and daughter of the workman are equally unfortunate. Recruiting for the spinning and silk factories is carried on in the country districts from which the girls are enticed by promises of good wages and kind treatment, but actually they are kept in the company's dormitory like prisoners, surrounded by high brick walls and fed by the company with food fit for pigs. They have a working day of fourteen hours, with only two days' rest in a month.

There are today some 700,000 such poor girls in the cotton and other mills of Japan. Over 70 per cent are under twenty. In the textile industry more girls are employed than men. In 1908, 190,000 girls were working in silk mills and 230,000 girls in cotton mills. The statistics show that the percentage of illness was over 5 per cent as great for women as for men; and that over half the sickness was tuberculosis. In the year 1909, out of seven northern provinces, 16,989 girls went to spinning factories, and during the same year 7,200 returned home. Of these, 938 went back on account of illness; 107 being seriously sick. Every year more than 6,000 girls go out for work from Niigata Prefecture, and every year about 3,000 girls return home; half of these return on account of sickness. Another interesting item: From investigation covering 16 cotton mills, it was found that the duration of stay of the girls was very brief. The following table indicates the results:

Duration of stay	Males	Females	Total
Less than 6 months.....	1,586	5,281	6,849
Less than 1 year.....	1,054	3,960	5,014
Less than 2 years.....	945	3,507	4,452
Less than 3 years.....	644	2,294	2,938

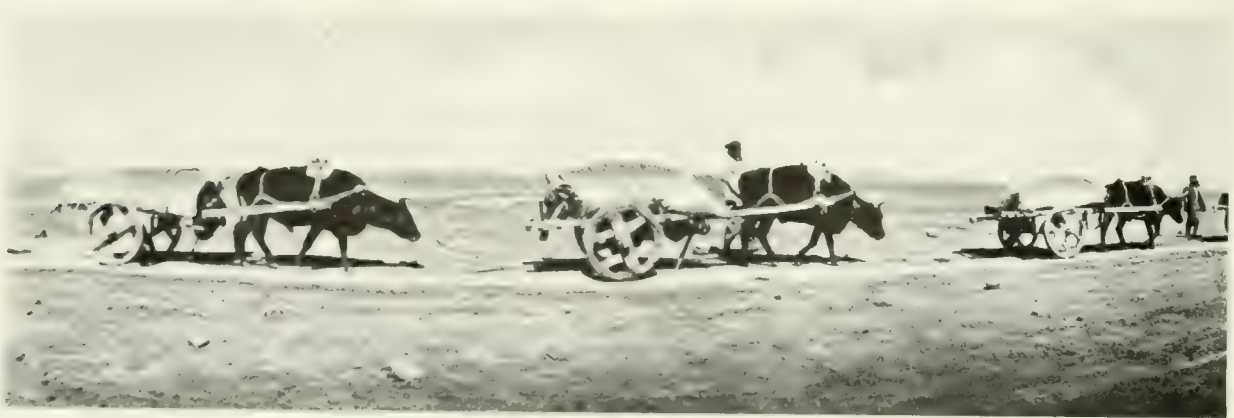
Girls leave the factory within six months, mostly on account of illness from overwork. They work on an average 12 hours a day or a night, and every 7 or 10 days they work 18 hours to make the adjustment from the day to the night shift. There were 515,217 girls working in factories in 1912, and 45,441 girls doing coolie labor, besides 29,670 girls employed in government works. Of these 54,518 girls in private factories and 2,127 in the government works were under fourteen years of age. There are even today many girls under 12, in some cases only 10 years old, in the cotton and match factories. Though the data given above is old, the conditions today are no better. Mr. Toyohara, charged by the government to investigate conditions of girls in industry in the western part of Japan, says that the much advertised improved conditions of factory girls is a simple camouflage reform without any basis of reality. Every factory advertises some sort of reform in giving pleasure and education to their employees, such as lessons in tea serving, flower arrangement and etiquette. But the girls, after a day's work of fourteen hours in a dirty spinning room, are dead tired and can seldom learn anything that is taught. Today 200,000 new girls are supplied every year to appease the appetite of modern industry, but 80,000 return home sick and worn out. (*Oriental Economist*, April 15, 1919.)

Such are some of the conditions in Japan of the factory system imported from the West.

The woman who is working in the rice fields, or who is hitched to a wagon or who pushes a heavily loaded cart with her husband, is in a far better condition, physically and mentally, than the girl employed in "civilized" industry, as expressed by the cotton factory with all modern improvements. At least the woman with her cart, who excites the sympathy of foreign humanitarian visitors, in most cases owns her wagon, in some cases carries her own products to the market.

The rapid growth of our modern industrial system has developed at the expense of our young girls who have been driven out of their homes and native villages and placed in prison-like cotton factories, compelled to live a slave's life. Yet our capitalistic government has legalized an inexcusable condition of existence in the factory under the Factory Law that has been in force since September 1, 1918. This law assures the capitalistic exploiters for the coming fifteen years that the status of the working girl will remain unchanged. The factory conditions for the Japanese laborer's daughter and wife are the worst feature of modern industrial Japan.

In another article I shall discuss the development of the movement in Japan by which the laborer is endeavoring to fortify himself against capitalistic exploitation.



FOR CENTURIES THE SAME CRUDE TRANSPORT CRAWLED BETWEEN CHINA AND MONGOLIA
 He Who Organizes an Efficient Transportation System Here Will Open a Great World Market. Even
 by Camel Caravan, Bullock Cart and Pony Pack Train, Imports and Exports Are Estimated at Twenty-
 Nine Million Dollars Annually. Fortunes Await Progressive Cattlemen in Mongolia

MONGOLIA—THE TEXAS OF ASIA

By LUTHER ANDERSON

INSTINCTIVE warnings of danger rarely come to men. But to our hunting-dogs, and even to our beasts of burden, come subtle smells, stealthy movements disturbing the murmur of the grass, and the pounding of hoofs even at a great distance.

My Mongolian pony changed his canter to a racking trot. Not in itself was this a warning of danger, but for miles we had cantered easily and smoothly through the grass of the Mongolian prairie with never a change in the pace. Suddenly my pony braced his forefeet and slid, with head quivering, nostrils distended, and the evident determination to go no further. I glanced back to my Mongolian servant following at some fifty yards with the water bottles slung to his saddle. His pony stood irresolutely pawing the ground.

Then, over the crest of the Urga Road before us, like a charge of the cavalry of Genghis Khan, galloped a body of horsemen. There were some twenty, riding fast to converge on our path, and armed.

"*Tufei!*" (Robbers!) cried my servant and unslung his rifle.

I loosed the holster of my automatic and waited. I could not palaver in the Mongolian dialect, and I trusted my servant to do the talking. My life depended upon his personal loyalty, and my relief was intense when he rode up from the rear to meet the bandits, carrying his cocked rifle at alert. As he came abreast of me on the road he halted and gave me salutation with the grave formality of an inferior. Certainly there must have been some hidden motive beneath this display of respect. To me the gravity of his gesture seemed like a ceremonial farewell before a fusillade from the bandits cut both of us down. But the theatrical effect of this by-play was not without its value, for the bandits halted abruptly to await our next move. And here I knew that we would be the winners in the encounter unless a finger twitched a trigger or a horse jumped, for in the desolate places when men wait for the next move of an enemy in the open, they are the weaker, despite numerical strength. My servant rode up to the bandits with all the arrogance of the right to question. The talk was to the point and quickly over. Perhaps he was saying that I was a great personage; that I was a white man too dangerous to rob; that my progress along the Urga Road must not be delayed for fear of my displeasure; moreover, that I was a dead shot and my automatic fired twenty shots a second. In this interval I rode up to them and took position touch-

ing stirrup with my servant, affecting nonchalance and scorn, though understanding little of the conversation.

His oratory seemed to be conclusive, and at a harsh command the bandits spurred away from us and down the road. My servant was indeed a diplomat, for the robber band was under the leadership of the feared Mulunga.

Many things took me up the great Urga Road into the Mongolian plain. The bronze sturdiness of the Mongolian traders and tribute-bearing princes in Peking, their aloofness from the Chinese, the manliness of their bearing, their ancient record of war and conquest and the mystery of their isolated settlements, all drew me along the caravan route from Kalgan. The days of continued riding were hard, but at the end of the trail was the prospect of a welcome by the only white man in southern Mongolia. Lieutenant Jobst, the manager of a horse ranch supplying cavalry mounts to the Chinese government, had opened the door of his bungalow to me, and the temptation to partake of real hospitality and to see the Chahar Mongols in their ancient empire was too appealing to resist.

A few hours after the passing of the bandit cavalcade we reached the shores of Lake Sangan Dalai, where our welcome was in the fashion of the lonely white man meeting another white man after months of weary isolation. People who live in remote places, far from the haunts of men, are apt to develop the virtue of hospitality to a degree unknown to those who live in the crowded centers of civilization. While I was his guest his bungalow and his ranch were mine, his servants saddled his best ponies for me, his best rifles were taken from their oiled cases for my hunting, and his most experienced horseman attended me as groom.

The next day we rode northward some twenty miles across the prairie to visit a Mongol encampment. Scattered across the prairie, their tent settlements are established at the best grazing grounds. Since all their wealth is gauged in horses, cattle, sheep and camels, it can readily be understood that good grazing lands are their mainstay of existence. We visited a rich Mongol who lived in a group of communicating tents which formed a suite of rooms. One tent served as a kitchen and living-room, another as a guestroom, and a third as a Buddhist temple. The chieftain was reputed to be unusually rich, with three hundred horses, five hundred cattle, a thousand sheep and some fifty camels. According to the best estimates, the average wealth of the family groups

throughout Mongolia is twenty-five horses, fifteen horned cattle and fifteen camels.

The Mongols live a life in the open, very much like that of the American cowboy. They spend long days and the watches of the night on horseback and are excellent horsemen. Not only the men, but the women and children ride with that natural ease and dignity which comes only with continued practice. They ride well forward, with the stirrups hitched up so high that the knees are almost on the level with the hips. They perform all the dashing feats of horsemanship for which our cowboy is famous, lassoing horses and cattle with ropes fastened to long poles. As the herds require constant watching, herdsmen can be seen with each herd at any time during the day or night. Horses and cattle are branded with a hot iron as on our western ranches

Originally the Mongols were a nomadic people. They were a mobile nation—a nation on horseback—and the terror of Asia and half of Europe. China built the Great Wall as protection against them, and in the thirteenth century Syria, Mesopotamia, Tibet and Indo-China submitted to their banners. These sturdy Tartars of the robber band were the descendants of Genghis Khan, Ogdaï and Batu, who led their hordes of cavalry in conquest after conquest. Now no longer an empire, they have become only semi-nomadic, and in effect their various tribal organizations have become restricted to fixed areas. They are semi-nomadic in the sense that their *yurts*, or tents, are moved only twice a year, following the grazing grounds from summer to winter. The habit of using the same camping sites is a traditional law.

My first night in a Mongol tent is still distinct in my memory. I had ridden sixty miles that day, and I was glad to find a resting place in one of their camps some thirty miles beyond the border of China proper and Mongolia. Our Mongol host, after serving a supper of mutton stew, wished to illustrate the virtue of Tartar hospitality still fur-



MONGOLIAN AT THE DOOR OF HER YURT
Hospitality Is a Tribal Law of the Mongols. The
Felt-Lined Doors Open at the Stranger's Approach.
Though Oriental Woman Is Rarely Hostess

ther by offering cups of *koumiss*, a milk brandy popular in Mongolia. He said that the arrival of such honorable guests could not be fittingly celebrated without *koumiss*, and so we drank a bumper with the utmost formality. Before we could retire for the night it was necessary to decide, by a mutual exchange of compliments and protestations of unworthiness, where we should sleep. The etiquette of the Mongols requires that everybody, whether sitting or sleeping, must occupy a place in the tent which accords with his rank and position in life. This often necessitates long palavers in which the host and the guest match their wits in a contest of politeness. The place of honor is just in front of the family altar, facing

the door. Here is the lowly bed of the lord of the household. The other members of the family sleep on the dirt of the floor, covered with rugs and skins. The place to the left of the altar is reserved for members of the family. The women are given the coldest and least honorable place near the door, where the snowdrifts sift through the crevices. The guests are given places to the right of the altar. My host began the ceremonial contest by offering me his own bed in front of the altar. When I declined this honor he insisted that I should have my camp bed set up to the right and as far back toward the altar as possible. After further protesting my unworthiness, I at last consented to this arrangement.

Before I dropped off to sleep I lay for a while watching the light from the fire as it played about the interior of the yurt. It shone on the wooden framework supporting the gray felt walls and reflected the colors of the embroidered hangings, the brightly painted chests and the Tibetan rugs. Bronzed and weather-beaten Mongols wrapped in pelisses of sheepskins were stretched on rugs around the fire. This tent was exactly like those which the Tartars used in the Middle Ages when they made their rapid marches over the face of Asia and Europe. Had the spirit of the great Genghis

Khan entered this tent the spectre would have found nothing strange or new excepting a traveler from the "Eastern Sea" and a folding camp bed.

Five million is perhaps a fair estimate of population, and though the prairie boundaries are difficult to define, still 1,300,000 square miles is a conservative estimate. Mongolia is now a dependency of China. China is slowly absorbing the great empire, which once extended from the China Sea to the banks of the Dnieper, by the peaceful penetration of agriculture and Chinese methods of barter and trade. Mongolia is slowly disappearing before the greater intelligence and industry of Chinese settlers and traders.

The Mongols are votaries of the Buddhist religion. Although it has done much to soften their warlike ardor, Buddhism has not lifted them above the stage of barbarism. They live in a state of squalor and discomfort, only a little above that of the American aborigines. They have no doctors, surgeons or schools. Excepting the lamas, very few can read and write, and even the education of the lamas is confined to a cursory knowledge of the religious books.

Civilization could do much to improve their condition. As their wealth and their mode of life are based upon the constant shifting of their grazing grounds, the introduction of American mowing machines and hay rakes would completely revolutionize their existence and bring about a higher standard of living. The introduction of these commonplace devices would enable them to lay up a store of hay for the winter and make their annual migrations unnecessary. Each family could then remain with its herds at one place the year around. Permanent habitations would be the result, and the gradual introduction of modern conveniences. The advantages of agricultural over pastoral life would soon become apparent. The camps would be transformed into villages and cities. Dry farming would make the people independent of the Chinese for cereals and would enable them to raise more cattle. An increased buying power would, in turn, provide them with better food and clothing. A settled mode of life would bring them modern medicine, sanitation, education and some share of cultural development. All of this would come through the adoption



Luther Anderson

CRUDE TRANSPORTATION MEANS ISOLATION

Ponies Pulling Wooden Wheels and Timber Axles Cannot Compete with the Two American Motor Cars Running from Kalgan to Urga, 1200 Miles, in Six Days. This First Attempt Has Shown That Motor Transportation Is Practical

of common harvesting machinery used the world over.

Anyone who sees the great herds of cattle on the grass lands of Mongolia cannot fail to realize that this vast dependency of China offers one of the real opportunities for American capital and enterprise. The world today needs meat probably more than any other food product. Mongolia has cattle and sheep in abundance, and could produce a great deal more if facilities were provided for curing beef and mutton. A large packing organization at Kalgan is needed. At least one large American concern has seriously considered such a project, though their plans remain unknown.

The possibilities of Mongolia as a meat-producing country can be realized when one remembers the enormous extent of this dependency. Excepting the portion known as the Desert of Gobi, the whole of this enormous territory is suitable for grazing. It bears a striking resemblance to our great west as it was in the days of the cowpunchers and the long-horned cattle. Mongolia is the world's last great prairie.

The city of Kalgan, near the border of Mongolia, is exceptionally well located for the establishment of a packing depot. There can be no doubt but that Kalgan will in time become the Kansas City of China. It is only a question of who has the initiative to organize it. It possesses the four great essentials to a successful packing center, namely, proximity to the source of supply, large near-lying markets for meat, communications, and cheap labor.

Kalgan is only sixty miles from the Mongolian prairie. Cattle and sheep can be driven on foot to

Kalgan in two, or, at most, three days. By taking the mountain roads they can graze as they go, to within thirty miles of the railhead. There are few places in the world where grass-fattened cattle can be brought so near a railroad in such good condition.

As for markets, few cities are as near grazing lands as Kalgan. Peking, one of the largest cities in the world, is only one hundred and twenty-four miles by rail from Kalgan. At Peking the great trunk lines of north China converge, affording railway transportation to Tientsin, Taku, Shanghai and other ports. The Peking-Hankow Railroad connects the capital city with Hankow and the other great cities on the Yangtze river. Meat packed at Kalgan could therefore be shipped by rail or by boat to most of the large cities of China. At Tientsin, Taku and Shanghai it could be transferred to ships and carried to all parts of the world. A glance at the map will reveal the fact that Mongolia lies very near the seaports of north China.

The prices of cattle and sheep in Mongolia are ridiculously low compared with those prevailing in other parts of the world. Before the war grass-fattened cattle could be purchased within one hundred miles of Kalgan at prices ranging from eight to fifteen dollars, American currency, per head. By going a little further north or west they could be bought for from six to nine dollars per head. Sheep could be bought at prices ranging from fifty cents to two dollars, American currency, and antelope could be bought at about the same prices. In order to be conservative, and assuming that prices have doubled in Mongolia since 1914, the cost of beef on the hoof would still be less than one-eighth of what it is in our middle west.

As far as labor is concerned, there is no country in the world that has such an abundance of willing, industrious labor as China. Ordinary labor can be found in north China in unlimited quantity for about twenty-five cents a day, American currency. In Kalgan experienced butchers can be hired for thirty cents a day. No packing-house in any western country could compete on the score of labor costs with one established at Kalgan.

There can be no doubt that a packing-house in Kalgan would greatly stimulate the production of beef in Mongolia and north China. With an assured market Chinese farmers on the borderland of Mongolia would buy up grass-fed cattle and fatten them on grain, just as do our farmers. This would, in turn, stimulate the Mongols to raise more cattle and to take better care of their stock. If properly directed and encouraged they would devise ways and means of affording their cattle shelter and fodder in winter. Every year thousands of head of cattle freeze to death in Mongolia because the people are too poor and too ignorant to erect even the

simplest kind of windbreaks. Millions of tons of hay go to waste annually because the Mongols have no machinery for making hay. Often the snow becomes so deep that the cattle cannot get at the sere grass, and thousands of herds simply starve to death.

Mongolia exports large quantities of raw materials: wool, skins, hides, salt, saltpetre, gold, and livestock on the hoof. The Mongols import cereals, tea and manufactured products, especially cotton goods, crockery and hardware. Before the war the last two items were supplied mainly by the Russians, who, in turn, purchased them from the Germans. The principal articles of hardware required by the Mongols are: bars for horseshoes, stirrups, bits, nails, spades, axes, spring traps, fire tongs, iron tripods, kettles and cutlery.

The Mongols manufacture no cloth. Cotton goods, therefore, form an important item in Mongolia's import trade. It is estimated by Russian traders that each Mongol requires for his cotton tunic and trousers from four to five roubles' worth of cheap cotton manufactures a year. About ten years ago the Russian traders had a considerable share of the piece-goods trade, but now the Chinese traders have practically a monopoly. The cotton goods sold by the Chinese are mainly cheap fabrics made in England. American cotton goods and linens are now beginning to find their way into Mongolia, thanks to the enterprise of the Chinese traders.

Exchange in Mongolia is carried on mainly by barter. The Chinese traders exchange their manufactured wares for raw materials, which they, in turn, sell in Kalgan, Peking and Tientsin. Where barter is impossible, exchange is affected by means of lump silver and brick tea. The latter comes nearer being the currency of Mongolia than any other commodity. Of late years there has been a considerable infiltration of Chinese silver dollars into Southern Mongolia and Russian paper roubles into Outer Mongolia. In 1915 Outer Mongolia, with the aid of Russia, made a tentative effort to establish a currency of its own.

The total exports and imports of Mongolia, according to Russian estimates, are valued at about \$29,000,000, gold, per year. The exports total \$11,000,000 and the imports \$18,000,000. The bulk of this trade is carried over three main routes: the southeastern caravan route from Urga across Gobi to Kalgan, from Uliassutai and Urga to Kiatka, and the northwestern caravan route, which runs from Uliassutai and Kobdo across the northwest plateau of Mongolia to Biisk, in western Siberia. Camel caravans are guaranteed to make the journey between Kalgan and Urga in thirty-five days. The freight rate from Kalgan to Urga, a distance of seven hundred miles, is about nine dollars in our



W. R. Giles

THE MONGOLIAN RANGER SLIPS A KNOT

Remarkable Skill in Horsemanship and in the Use of the Lasso Has Been Inherited Through Long Centuries

currency. Thus a camel driver must risk, use and feed his camel a month in order to earn nine dollars. It is difficult to see where the profit comes from, but there must be some gain in the transaction, as freight is continually being carried between Kalgan and Urga at these rates. It is estimated that 1,200,000 camels and 300,000 ox-carts are used in the internal trade of Mongolia.

The automobile and the motor truck will undoubtedly replace the slow-moving caravan as communication between Mongolia and China, and this will open up a great market for American cars. It is worthy of comment that several Americans recently established an automobile passenger service between Kalgan and Urga, and a Chinese company is preparing to inaugurate a similar service. Motor-truck transportation will probably come into general use in Mongolia long before railroads are built. Exports come out of Mongolia in large quantities in spite of the slow and inadequate methods of transportation, and rapid motor-truck transportation would increase the volume of these exports tremendously.

With increased facilities for marketing and exporting their products the Mongols would acquire a larger purchasing power. Their country would become a market for innumerable commodities



Luther Anderson

MONGOLIA IS ASIA'S GREAT PASTURE

The Use of Haying Machinery Would Soon Stabilize These Semi-Nomadic Tribes and Create Permanent Settlements

manufactured in America. Even under present conditions their imports are not insignificant.

The first country to benefit from an increased purchasing power on the part of the Mongols would be China. The Mongols would first increase their purchases along the lines of the commodities which they now purchase from the Chinese traders. This in itself would benefit the American exporter indirectly by giving the Chinese a greater purchasing power. However, if the Mongols became prosperous, they would, like the Chinese, spend a large portion of their surplus wealth for goods imported from America. There is not in all Mongolia a single factory. There are very few factories in China. If the Mongols were enabled to settle down to permanent residence they would be in the market for hundreds of kinds of manufactured goods. They would buy the essential things that are needed in a house instead of only those that can be used in a tent.

The modernization of a territory nearly half the size of the United States, and the introduction of civilized life among a people whose name has so long been synonymous with barbarism, would be a task worthy of American enterprise. It is a challenge not only to our commercial capabilities, but also to our ideals of world service.



Copyright © H. H. Hoon, A. H. Hoon, China

WAKE UP, OLD GIANT!

A CHINESE cartoonist portrays his country as a giant asleep, while Japan quietly steals provinces from his treasure bag. But China is not asleep. Its Rip Van Winkle period is drawing to a close. Under the leadership of students and merchants throughout the Eighteen Provinces a strong national spirit is crystallizing into an active protest against Japanese aggression, brought to a head by the unpopular Shantung settlement. The agitation, started last May by a group of students who held mass-meetings, distributed pamphlets on the Chinese-Japanese situation, went about the streets preaching nationalism, and even carried their patriotic campaign into the interior, soon developed into a well organized boycott against Japanese goods. Recently a Chinese newspaper in Hankow was suppressed for mentioning the boycott "against enemy goods," but as a rule the movement has been tactfully launched against "undesirable" or "low grade" goods, without pointed reference to Japan. The commercial boycott, inaugurated in Shanghai, is now most powerful in the inland river ports of China, in Canton, where the

influential merchant guilds control the trade of the port, and in Foochow. The popular feeling has been intensified by the recent Foochow incident, in which several Chinese students were killed during a clash between Chinese and Japanese residents. The immediate dispatch of Japanese warships to the scene inflamed the population not only of Fukien province, but of all China. The Chinese are now demanding the removal of the Japanese consul at Foochow, indemnity for the loss of Chinese lives, punishment of the Japanese ringleaders, and a formal apology from the Japanese Government. The united chambers of commerce of China, representing 1400 cities, have threatened drastic action against merchants found buying Japanese goods. A boycott, no matter how determined and effective, cannot be used, except as a temporary "big stick." But the Chinese have already gone farther than the boycott. Through the campaign for "Home Products," which has received widespread support from the merchants, definite stimulus and encouragement have been offered to new industries in China. Japan protests, but the boycott continues.



Henry F. De Puy

BENEATH THE CRAGS OF KASHMIR

By V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR

BY a singular coincidence, a chance halting-place under the chinars of Panzin brought me across the foot-prints of another man, whose name is deeply engraved upon the history of Kashmir. For as the evening grew the village headman came and sat by the brook, and conversed about his fields.

"Sir," he said, "since Laren we have had great peace. He came walking along this very road on his way to Wangat, and I stood before him, thus, with folded hands, and said:

"*Huzur*, here is great *zulm*; yon field is mine, but another from the next village, who has friends at court, has stolen it from me.'

"And Laren said, 'What is your name?' and I said Sobhana, the son of Futto, which he put down in his note book; and then he said:

"What is the name of your field?"

"And I laughed and said '*Huzur*, they call my field *Bamjoo*.'

"And he put that also in his book, but said no more and went his way; and lo, in the fullness of days, when the settlement was accomplished, my field was given back to me, and justice was done."

"And who was Laren?" I inquired.

"Laren," he replied, "was the great sahib who made the settlement; the friend of all *zemindars*. Since his time a great confidence has settled upon

all our hearts. It was he who said 'Do not part with your lands, for they will one day become gold.'"

Some of the other farmers of the neighborhood had by now quietly joined our party. When the headman had finished his tale, they echoed it with evident sincerity.

"It is true," they said; "Laren was our great benefactor and our children's children will remember his name."

"Sir," they added with the grace of humility, "we know well that we have many faults. We perceive that the evil of untruth is in our hearts; and in the past our sins and our shortcomings have brought upon us heavy misfortunes; but we rely upon the clemency of God. What is written is written."

The Kashmiri is much abused as an altogether vile and worthless fellow, and he has been treated in the past by his hard task-masters as of less account than a dog. But here were gratitude and admission of sin, and that abiding faith in the compassion and mercy of God which is written deeply upon the Moslem mind.

Night fell, balmy and warm after the sharp cold of Baltal, and I sat in the open under the sky, speculating somewhat on the careers of the two men, who have won fame beyond all other white

men in Kashmir, and wondering which of them would survive the longer. The written thing remains; yet is the verbal memory of the East a wonderful thing, and the name of Lawrence, once Viceroy of India, and of his brother who gave the unfortunate Kashmiri peasant his rights, are written imperishably upon their hearts.

It was a starry night, and the great northern stars shone directly over my camp. Upon the hill-sides gleamed like fire-flies the encampments of the

It is a hard road; yet it offers an ever-widening view of the Wangat valley, of the ruins which still grace it, and of the high world of shining peaks and ice-laden gorges, that expand before the pilgrim as he draws up to a level that consorts with their majesty. Here the serrated ridges look down upon the snowy sources of the valley, here is the Matterhorn-like peak of Kolahoi with its glaciers beyond the far valley of the Sind, here in mighty array are the snowy peaks and glaciers and sierras



TREACHERY LIES BENEATH THE PEACEFUL RIVERS OF THE KASHMIR VALLEY

Usually the Placid Backwaters Flow Sluggishly, but Many Disastrous Floods Are Recorded by Native Historians; in 1903, When the Dal Lake Rose Ten Feet in Thirty Minutes, Three Thousand Houses in and Around Srinagar Collapsed, and Over Forty Miles of Roads Were Under Water

herdsmen moving to the upland pastures, and even in the darkness of night were visible the mountains, darker than the sky, while the far snow-touched peaks were a pale sapphire scarcely distinguishable from the firmament overhead. The cicadas beat their drums across the rice-fields, the night wind murmured in the branches of the chinara trees above me (planted as the headman said by some Wali or Badshah of by-gone days)—the little brook, more vocal than in the day, purred in musical cadences before my tent door.

I left Naran-nag for the long climb to Tronkhal by Haramukh at an early hour, scarce after four. The valley of the Kankanai lay wrapped in sleep, yet lightsome with the first faint traces of the coming dawn. Road there was none, but there were the mountain-sides abrupt and precipitous up which the pilgrims climb with the patient ardor and zeal of those in pursuit of an ideal.

that people this upland world. Yet again as he climbs, the view spreads far across the vale of Kashmir to the white emblems and standards of the Pir Panjal. And then, a turn of the road, and this passing vision is concealed behind the shoulder of the great grass-clad mountain up which it climbs, and the view looking down upon the Kankanai and its tributaries is one of intense color, the deepest blues and greens and violets, such as are never seen in the outer Himalaya. Far down in this mist of peacock loveliness, the stream foams white as silver, its roar coming up to the summits only as the vague and distant murmur of some great city.

But there is neither city nor hamlet in this deep valley. It is the abode of solitude, and the haunt of the great eagles, whose gliding pinions lend it its only symptom of life.

Upon the upland meadows along which the track wanders, there are ponies at grass and mares with

their whinnying foals, and soon now there will be flocks of white sheep by the thousand established here for the hot summer that follows upon the heels of winter. Already the snow has nearly gone, lying here and there only in drifts, and in its place there are fields of flowers of the brightest hues; primulas of violet, pink and rose; anemones, white and violet-black; gentians and other colored beauties, while in their midst flutter butterflies, more lovely than the flowers. Anon there will be here the blue poppy that blooms only at these great altitudes.

And when one turns the corner, there is visible the majesty of Haramukh, grey and snow-white, with his blue gleaming glaciers falling in tumult towards Gungabal. Here at his feet, the world is grey and stern and worn with the stress of winter. The snow still lies upon the higher downs, and from these, vast cataracts of stone descend with no touch of earth to lend them grace. Yet the listening ear may hear beneath their chaos the murmur of water hastening on its way to the forests and the meadows and the sea. Here amidst sentinel firs and twisted birch trees, in the company of birds and flowers and upon the lush teeming grass, we make our camp under a sky of stainless blue, while far above the summit of Haramukh the great eagles and the vultures wing their leisured and lordly flight.

Towards evening the scene is changed. A storm blows up, the sky becomes dark with a great army of flying clouds, and the thunder roars like a battle about the majesty of Haramukh. Snow falls upon all the adjacent mountains, and Haramukh withdraws behind a veil of snow and mist. An old Roman here would have heard in the tumult the angry voice of the God, invaded in the privacy of his innermost retreats; and it is indeed in this light that the pilgrims who toil up here from distant cities regard the superb and invincible mountain. None to this day believe that his summit is approachable by human feet.

Alone in the company of the great mountain and the dark overshadowing woods one can enter with sympathy into such beliefs and there must be times in mid-winter when no human voice is heard in these precincts, and the great peak is the nexus of terrible storms, when they must acquire a terrific



Publishers' Photo Service

FISHING IN THE HIDDEN EDDIES OF THE JHELUM

The Flow of the River Is Watched with Superstitious Fear for Signs of Increased Volume and Impending Flood. To the Kashmiri the Swiftly Flowing Mountain Streams Have Become Barometers of Fate

intensity and a vivid physically dangerous reality.

But at this season of early summer one is not long alone even here. Over the sky-line this forenoon, as I looked for my struggling coolies and baggage, there came a small horde of Bakarwals, who with their flocks and their ponies, their tents, their women, and their children, presently established themselves in the woods below me. I was glad to see them arrive; but when as is customary I sent my man over to their camp for some goat's milk, they gave him harsh words and sent him back discomfited.

"The milk we have here today," they said with loud exclamation, "we require for ourselves and our women and our children, and if the Maharajah himself sent for some we should refuse to let him have it; go to, and tell this to your sahib."

In such circumstances a personal interview is desirable, so I went out into the rain to the Bakar-

wal camp to look into the why and the wherefore. Their fires were lit, some tents were already up, and the men gathered about me under the dripping firs, while the large-eyed women looked on, and the children wedged themselves in wherever there was space.

"I have come to you," I said, "for a cup of milk."

"Sir," they said, "it is impossible; the great herd has gone on today's march, and all there is we require for ourselves—we can give you none."

"Nevertheless," I replied, "I claim a cup of it." They looked at me with a frank interest. It was clear that someone must give way. They looked at one another; their eyes wandered to my encampment, to the grey sky above, to the falling rain. They gave way.

"Go, sir," said the spokesman of the tribe, "return to your tent; stand here no longer in the rain; and when our goats come in you shall have the milk you desire. Is not all that we have yours?"

A few moments later the light before my tent door was darkened by a great figure, who might have been Abraham himself with his flowing robes and blankets of sheep's wool, and in his two hands there was a foaming bowl of two quarts of milk.

Thereupon he sat before me and conversed for nearly an hour, telling me of his homestead in Rampur, his love for the free wandering life on the mountains and the zest for change of scene and water.

"Only one thing is there that we fear, sir," he said, "and that is your law"; and he spoke with grave earnestness, as of one who is up against a mysterious and invisible force.

"Do not think, sir," he went on, "that we are careless of comfort. We carry tents and sleep upon warm blankets. Our lives are precious to us. And we are not alone—like you. We carry our wives and children with us, even the *'Nikka-shukas,'* the little ones. This is our home," and he swept a glance at the blue smoke and the tents of his people under the trees.

He would take no payment, and he moved off with the air of a freeman, who had been a guest. When he had gone some way, the cook called after him to return and take payment; but he waved him off.

"The sahib," he said, "is a Badshah, and for the milk I have offered him from my heart, I take no price. See to it, O cook, that thou dost not enter it in thy account, and so cheat thy master and dishonor me."

The night fell darkly, and long after the stars came out, I could see the fires of the Bakarwal encampment, and hear the faint cries of their children. Nearer about me my own followers were gathered about a fire of great blazing logs, warm-

ing their hands, happy after the day's toil, and heedless of the cold and rain.

How can one be ungrateful to any of these people, who do so much for one, and are so willing to follow where they are led? For my part let it be said that I love these people, and would willingly forget their faults.

This was a great day for me, the memory of which must long survive in my recollection. As I left my camp at Tronkhal I found a party of Gujars with their wives, children, ponies and a great herd of slate-hued buffaloes assembled on a hillock, to which they had come over night from the Wangat valley. Crowded here together under the birch trees, the snow lying all about them and Haramukh resplendent beyond, they looked the very type of the nomad, seeking each day a new home. A stream flowing through great boulders lay across my path. From the green hill beyond it I took a last view of my camp below in the midst of the dark-pointing fir trees, of the Barakwals moving slowly across the scene, and of the mighty world beyond, blue and snow-white, pinnacle after pinnacle, in a vast arc that culminated in the noble outlines of Kolahoi. And as I looked a horseman came pricking across the downs at a good speed, and climbing up to the height upon which I stood, revealed the features of the fine fellow I had talked with before my tent. He was in search, he said, of a pony that had strayed, and seeing me he had come to say farewell. His tall form, well seated in the saddle, his free hand sheltering his eyes as he searched the horizon for the missing animal—the whole bulk and grandeur of Haramukh behind him—made a superb picture, as of some Bedouin who had migrated from his desert sands to this world of glaciers and fields of snow.

He bade me adieu and galloped off on his quest.

Once more the horizon was void of life, as climbing down that massive ridge, like a whale with a white dorsal fin of snow, I descended to the bed of the stream that flowed between it and its neighbor across the valley. There were no trees here and the landscape was grey and forlorn, with barren mountains splashed with encircling snow, in the direction of my advance. It may be, as we are told, that all impressions of nature are illusive and that we project the thoughts of our own minds upon the world about us; yet the woodlands always seem to me as much alive as this grey world about the slopes of Haramukh seemed to me dead and miserable; the scene of some vast intangible tragic circumstance.

The "*Morne plaine*" of Victor Hugo kept coming to my lips.

The scene was changed with dramatic swiftness as I reached the summit of the next ridge, for from



CONVINCING CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE OF A DUEL TO THE DEATH IN KASHMIR SNOWS

In the Unending Solitude of the Himalayan Passes, with the Eagles as Witnesses, the Ibex Fight Their Instinctive Feuds with Knotted Horns and Hoofs of Steel Churning the Snow

there, under its dorsal line of snow I found a thousand sheep moving as one across the sunlit grass to the shouts and cries of the shepherds and their wives; while below them shimmering in the breeze there spread a forest of birch trees, green with the splendor of the spring. Far down at the bottom of the valley murmured a silver stream, spanned at intervals by a still surviving arch of snow. As I followed its winding course I saw that it rushed swiftly down from the heights beyond me, and passed under the beauty of the birch woods to the shadowy velvet of the valley below. It was the Kankanai. And here again the splendor of Haramukh rose up with an almost conscious arrogance far above the world of detailed beauty at his feet.

The head-shepherd upon seeing me came rapidly across to where I stood, and lifting his voice high in lamentation, threw himself prostrate at my feet.

"Justice! Justice!" he called out. "Woe! Woe! the Gujars have beaten me, they have carried me and the bridles of my ponies off my blankets by force," and with this he set to and began beating himself violently about the face, while the tears streamed down his unwashed cheeks.

Thus I learned that in these far uplands might is right, that here as the saying goes, "The mountain

is the magistrate and the pine is the policeman," and that in the battle for these pasture lands the weaker or the less brave go to the wall. According to the Gujar who has recently built a summer hut in the forests, all these grazing grounds are his, and the Chaupan is a trespasser to be beaten and evicted by violent means. According to the Chaupan, the Gujar is a foreign intruder upon his ancestral pastures, and a brute who resorts to force in defiance of what is just. The white man who appears over the rim of the horizon is thus converted upon the instant into a court of appeal.

From these scenes of rivalry and theatrical despair I came once more to the deep solitudes of nature; but here enwrapped in loveliness; for at the next rise the little lake of Nundkol lay before me, translucent, edged with flowers and flecked with ice-floes; yet a mirror for the splendor of Haramukh and his superb descending cataracts of ice.

And here my tent was pitched, its very floor carpeted with flowers, upon which it had been unfeeling—"be dardi", as the Emperor Jahangir observed upon a like occasion—to spread a carpet.

The lake is a long narrow water shaped somewhat like an hour-glass. Upon the south it is bor-

tered by one of those great dorsal fins that reach out from the base of Haramukh into the valley, and is here enveloped in snow, save where the lateral ribs of rock descending to the lake show black against its whiteness. Behind the lake there is the whole stupendous mass of Haramukh and its falling glaciers. Its northern bounds are free from snow, and of a velvet green where the young grass is shooting forth. Upon the east the overflow of the lake finds an outlet over a bar into the stream of the Kankanai.

It is while sitting here absorbed in this view that spreads before me from under the flap of my tent that I am invited by the fortune of the traveler to look upon a scene of astonishing charm and originality; something that I have never seen before; for as the day advances the shepherds and their flocks, driven by the wrath of their enemies, embark upon an exodus, and I am to witness their passage of the waters. They have come slowly after me over the great ridges, their sheep bleating, their lambs filling the air with cries, their dogs barking, and their women afoot; and they have traveled so far without mishap. But here they are stayed by the shining waters of the lake, and the violence and depth of the stream that leaves it to fall into the roaring valley. One by one they come to a pause and assemble in distress upon a bare promontory, uncertain how to proceed. The shepherds decide

that the stream cannot be forded, and that the only course is to make the wide circuit of the lake. And thus for the space of three hours the scene is enacted before me.

Slowly the flock moves forward in single file, ever lengthening across the white lustre of the snow, furrowing its smooth surface; the picture of a beaten and evicted people. Where the grass grows under the ribs of rock and the birch trees cluster, there they wait and cluster together, the bolder complacent, the more timid with their necks bent low, and their noses laid in dejection against the wall of snow. The shepherds coming up induce them with many cries to move forward, and so they pass on once more in a single line across the snow fans which fall from the glacier's edge to the waters of the lake. Here they look like ants upon a white surface, and so numerous are they that their leading files have reached the end of the circuit, where they take shelter by the birch trees before the last of the flock have begun to move.

Above these humble creatures, which seem conscious of trespassing into the midst of cold and terrible arcana, there towers up into heaven a mountain seventeen thousand feet in height, the home of a god, whose majestic head is crowned with perpetual snow. One breath of his wrath would scatter them and fling them into the ice-cold waters, upon whose calm the flocs and bergs sail with a serene



THE THRONG GROVELS TO THE DUST TO SHOW SUBMISSION TO THE WILL OF GOD
The Majority of the Kashmiri Are Mahommedan; Their Acceptance of Islam Is Comparatively Recent and the Repeated Fires, Floods, Earthquakes and Famines Have Created Widespread Superstition



FAR BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE SIND RISE THE JAGGED PEAKS OF MT. KOLAHOI
There Is Neither City Nor Hamlet in This Part of the Valley Where the Occasional Pilgrim Comes to
the Inmost Retreat of the Hill Gods and Departs Richer in the Spirit of Reverence

indifference. Every incident—the moving flock, the falling cataracts of ice—is faithfully mirrored in the surface of the lake.

The flock had passed in safety and were at grass upon the lush meadows where the primulas and the buttercups bloom, when the day turned, and the sunlit morning became enveloped in the clouds and thunders of evening. Haramukh above his glaciers was veiled in tragic forms which climbed up and encompassed him about like an invading army. I felt that here were epic contests, and the striving of a world of which I had no more than a surface impression.

Near at hand a big stream from Gungabal came raging over the boulders and leviathan-like rocks, and the sound of its action was like a base undertone to which the life of this valley was attuned; while beyond it with a greater pomp and mystery of sound was heard the blowing of the storm high up amidst the caverns and pinnacled recesses of the mountain.

The lake itself was but the humble slave of the god, the reflection of his moods; now a sheet of silver in which his grey ribs and sun-clad summits were imaged; anon an angry water driven by dark and mysterious passions; and yet again a leaden and sombre thing, with no ray of joy or life upon its face.

As night approached I left the shelter of my tent to look about me. How great was the change from the sunlight and splendor of the morning! Great gulfs of mist were moving up the valley as from a caldron, and the edges of the clouds hung low and brooding over the little lake, hidden almost completely now from sight. The soil under my feet, as I moved towards Gungabal, was spongy with the winter snow and wet with rain, and the sentiment of what I looked upon from the ridge above my tent, was of a world that was emerging, but had scarcely yet emerged from an earlier state.

Gungabal spread gloomy and dark before me, and at one end his overflow formed the stream which thundered down to the lower water. The sodden earth was streaked with layers and folds of snow. Under the lee of a large boulder the shepherds were seated, three men and three women—the youngest of these a girl of striking and almost classical beauty, in a faded pink robe that may have been her wedding gown. They sat here heedless of the rain and the soaking earth beneath their feet. In a large caldron a lamb was seething, the property of some anxious farmer in the vale. Across the stream, where it emerged from Gungabal, two more shepherds were crossing to collect the flock amidst the snow and mists of the mountain side. It was a scene of strange and savage desolation.

WEAVING THE ORIENT INTO AMERICAN INDUSTRY

By M. D. C. CRAWFORD

FIFTH AVENUE is a constant source of surprises for the cultivated foreigner. Recently a Japanese artist received a shock on the Avenue which he will long remember. He was enjoying the delightful contrasts offered by the architectural and human motives when he beheld a lady of distinction and evident fashion attired in a suit trimmed with rich fur and in perfect taste, but, wonder of wonders to him, embroidered in the tribal design of an Ainu village!

In Japan the primitive Ainu is regarded with small consideration; in fact, he is looked down upon as a hopeless racial anomaly. Therefore, the simple and lovely Ainu art, derived from a splendid vigorous tradition, suffers in the Japanese mind through obvious associations.

The American lady in question, I hasten to add, did not look like an Ainu belle, nor was she dressed like one. In all probability she had never heard of these interesting people, cared nothing about them, nor was she concerned as to the origin of the design which she wore with so much grace. In selecting her apparel she had merely expressed the desire to be dressed in good taste, in the general fashion, and yet with some originality. Had she seen the original pattern or by any chance understood its historic significance, she probably would never have dreamed of applying it to modern use; for to interpret such material requires not only an average personal good taste, but the imagination and vision of the professional designer. You might as well have asked the lady in question to take an interest in mining because she liked jewelry.

This incident was but one evidence of a serious movement now in progress in this country to bring about coöperation between our great museums and our costume and fabric designers. With little difficulty one may find costumes borrowed from Arab chieftains, Chinese mandarins, guildsmen of medieval Japan, the tribes of the frozen Siberian tundras, the graves of ancient Peru, the ceramics of Mexico, and the Indians of our own plains and woodlands. For in this movement we have searched the art history of the universe in an effort to add distinction to the home furnishings and costumes of America.

For the last four or five years our leading costumers and fabric specialists and an interesting group of young de-

signers—the products of our art schools—have been carefully studying the extensive collections in the American Museum of Natural History of New York City and the Brooklyn Institute Museum. They have not been concerned with the theory of building a decorative art for other ages to admire. The literary aspect of the situation has made little appeal. What they have tried to do is through research, interpretation and application to make the products of our textile mills and garment factories a little higher in artistic merit and of greater commercial value. The results of this investigation are frankly democratic. Good taste has very largely controlled the selection of design, in which origins or primary uses of materials drawn upon have not been given the first consideration. But we have not, do not, and will not regard this movement as an art movement in the sense that this term is usually applied. It is commercial, technical, industrial.

The conditions of the market have been openly accepted. No concession has been asked because of the sentimental interest that these designs might inspire. They have been sold in competition with designs made in the ordinary manner. The movement has not been subsidized, and so long as the men who are now in control of it retain their positions it never will be subsidized; in other words, up to the present the movement has paid for itself. We waste no breath in scolding modern industry, either because of the machinery or the attitude of the manufacturer. Esthetic standards take care of themselves. The appeal has been made to greater profits, higher wages, extended markets and greater interest in production.

In such a movement the Asiatic records are of peculiar value, especially where they go back to the time before later European contacts had begun to make themselves manifest. Although no special stress has been laid on primitive sources of suggestion from Asia, the great profusion of originals in the form of textiles, ceramics, bronze work and carved wood in our museum collections, no less than the immense tradition of the Orient, naturally has caused such materials to play a very important part in the program of the modern designers.

Years of patient preparation lie back of the first attempt to show something of the results of the new movement in a public exhibition held at the American

Museum of Natural History in November. A number of the leading representatives of decorative industries and artists combined at this time to show what actually had been accomplished in America.¹ The idea back of the exhibition was twofold: in the first place, to show the general advance in American decorative arts, and secondly the more important or, rather, more direct concern was to show how these arts had benefited through museum contacts.

There were costumes, fabrics, bead work, embroideries, the history of block and cylinder printing, and Jacquard and ribbon looms on exhibition. There was a demonstration of what a trade paper can do, through the adaptation in sketches of museum documents, to bring about a better comprehension of industrial art, and there was, in addition, an exhibition of early Persian fabrics from a famous gallery. All these materials were presented in such a manner as to show the correlation between modern production and ancient source of inspiration, as also to demonstrate the fact that modern technical methods of reproduction are but the continuation and the amplification of ancient methods.

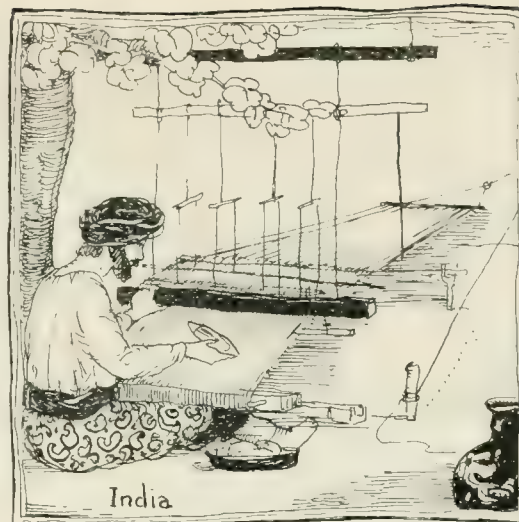
A well-known firm of embroiderers exhibited twenty-seven specimens of work, in which the designs had been borrowed directly from museum specimens. The original documents and the adaptations appeared side by side, so that no one could doubt the source of inspiration nor the commercial and artistic value of the modern creations. The influence of museum collections in modern costuming was illustrated by the display of six fashionable costumes, each inspired by an original, far removed in time and source, belonging either to the American Museum of Natural History or the Brooklyn Institute Museum. These originals were a brocaded Persian coat; two skin garments, one from the Lamoot tribe and the other from the Koryak tribe of Siberia; a beaded jacket from the Bogobo tribe of the Philippine Islands, a Spanish peasant's blouse of the sixteenth century, and a leather coat of a Japanese guildsman of the seventeenth century. Max

¹David Aaron & Co., American Bead Co., A. Beller & Co., Emile Bernat, Blanck & Co., Inc., Sidney Blumenthal, Cheney Bros., Harry Co., Mrs. Devonshire Lace Shop, Ben C. Faulkner, A. H. Flanders Co., Funston Bros., Johnson-Cowdin Co., Otto Kahn, Inc., Kevorkian Galleries, H. R. Mallinson & Co., Marshall Field & Co., J. A. Migel, Inc., Ruth Reeves, Martha Father, Sharp Mills, Hazel B. Slaughter, Mary Tannahill, Winifred Warren, J. Wise & Co., *Women's Wear*.

Meyer, the designer for the concern producing the modern versions, in translating these ideas into evening wraps and suits for dress occasions or for sport, used them in such a way that no one could mistake the connection between document and interpretation, nor take exception to their perfect taste. It was a most convincing demonstration of what artistic investigation may lead to, and it unquestionably placed the designer of costumes in a new light so far as the public was concerned.

In another booth were blouses and children's dresses inspired by Philippine Island coats and the huipiles of Guatemala. An internationally famous silk concern illustrated block printing with a series of hand blocks and the finished silk. Besides this were ribbons from Guatamala, bark cloths from the South Sea Islands, and ceramics from our Southwest, all shown in association with the modern silks which had been designed from their suggestions. Four distinguished exponents of the art of modern resist dyeing or batik—Ruth Reeves, Martha Ryther, Hazel Burnham Slaughter and Mary Tannahill—exhibited designs showing not only the influence of the museum, but their own powers of creative interpretation. An Ainu coat, an embroidered robe from the Amor tribe, a poncho from old Peru, a Persian vase and Egyptian hieroglyphics were the sources drawn upon for their lovely creations in the form of tea-gowns and negligees.

A designer of fur coats showed what distinction the art of designing these costumes has attained, and also that in America we are producing furs equal to European standards. Some \$100,000 was represented in the four garments appearing in the one booth. The oldest and largest silk house in America illustrated the story of silk fibre, and presented as well a splendid collection of silks for dress purposes and interior decoration, many of which had been taken from famous documents. A well-known concern in Chicago demonstrated the advance in modern cretonnes for interior decoration and also block printing on cottons. In addition to the textiles and costumes, ribbons, laces and beadwork in ancient and modern versions were displayed.



INDIAN LOOM OF PRIMITIVE DESIGN
Modern Textile Industry Is Tapping the Inspiration of the Indian Master Craftsman

As far as space and time permitted the history of each craft to the modern apex was demonstrated. The contrast in looms brought the arts of today and of yesterday, the technology of modern and ancient times, into close relationship, and demonstrated the fact that

create original design were individual and carried forward in a sporadic, hesitating manner. The actual and vigorous achievement of Europe, no less than the skilful publicity of individuals, made it difficult for an American concern to lay stress upon original design. And if we had not been forced by the event of the war, it is doubtful if America in this present generation would have insisted upon developing creative self-respect.

The exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History therefore marked the first time that any important group of designers and manufacturers cooperated with a museum to show the progress they had made, and to illustrate the path for future progress. It was in a sense an unselfish act of community service on the part

of participants to display not only to the public, but to their professional associates, that materials of distinction and costumes of refinement and originality are actually being created in America, and to show without reservation the methods by which such creation has been stimulated.



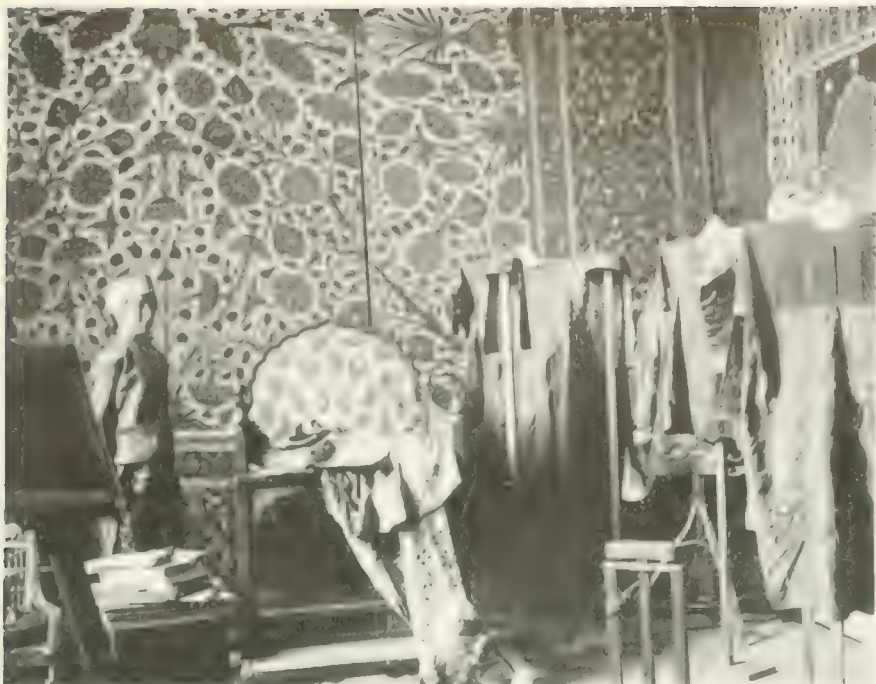
WEAVING IS AN ANCIENT PHILIPPINE ART
The Designer of Today Must Understand the Relationship Between Primitive Technique and Design

processes and ideas, designs and mechanical devices, are continuous phenomena, and that interruption is only an illusion caused by a few generations of indifference.

At the beginning of the war it became evident that unless we developed means of producing industrial design in America of a distinguished quality and sufficient quantity, many industries would suffer. Ideas are so impalpable that we are likely to forget that they are just as necessary in production as dyes, raw material, machinery, or any other material component. Previous efforts to

We began with an extremely limited objective. Our first experiments were in the field of surface decoration for printed silk and cotton. Here was a direct and simple problem free from the technicalities and complex influences that surround the development of costumes. If we were not able to direct available talent to produce tasteful designs from locally owned materials, if we could not face a simple crisis, we could, of course, expect no success in the more difficult fields. Failure would have proven one of two things: either that the time for the experiment was not judiciously chosen, or that the individuals who directed it had not sufficient vision and power to carry it through.

At the time that these matters were being discussed in the editorial rooms of *Women's Wear*, a trade newspaper, and among the scientific staff of the American Museum of Natural History, I had just finished a technical analysis of the magnificent fabrics from ancient Peru in the collections of the American Museum of Natural History. In this work I received the most unselfish assistance from the museum's staff. And it was a much through conferences with these



A CORNER OF THE DESIGNERS' ROOM IN THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

Screens of Seventeenth Century Indian Printed Cottons, a Throne from the Ruined City of Jaipur, Costumes from Persia, Korea and the Whole East, and a Thousand Trifles of Loveliness, Make This Room a Designer's Paradise

specialists as through my actual contact with the materials that I came to the conclusion that if America were ever to create its own forms of loveliness, the necessary inspiration and stimulation for the initial effort lay in such collections. In the storerooms and on the exhibition floors of the museum there are materials of all sorts that have been gathered at an immense expense during a generation of patient and discriminating selection from all over the world. It is, in fact, a compendium of the world's decorative arts. There are here not only designs, interesting ideas in color, line and composition, but in most instances the actual tools by which these were created, and, within the knowledge of the curators, the necessary information to reconstruct each of the ancient processes.

Surely there can be no doubt in the mind of any rational person that in such material lies the starting point for constructive interpretation and selection and ultimately for creation.

But in the first year of this movement the entire plan was in its missionary phase. No designs had been accepted, nor indeed made; no designers had been discovered. No industry had been convinced entirely of the reasonableness of our plan, and few indeed knew of it except in the haziest manner. Inside the museum, in certain quarters, there was a natural diffidence towards fresh and perhaps doubtful forms of activity. It

meant an added burden placed upon men who were already fully occupied in serious and important problems. In the general industry there was that indifference and skepticism with which each new enterprise is greeted. The movement hung upon the enthusiastic belief of a small group of individuals.

It may be interesting to observe that there were no artists nor art school teachers in this first group. It consisted of Dr. Clark Wissler, Dr. H. J. Spinden, E. W. Fairchild, Albert Blum, Henry W. Kent and myself. Dr. Spinden and I are members of Dr. Wissler's official family in the museum. Mr. Fairchild is the president of the *Women's Wear* company, and I in turn am the design editor of this publication. Mr. Albert Blum is the treasurer of the United Piece Dye Works, the largest printers and dyers of silk in the world. Mr. Kent is secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was not necessary to convince any of these men as to the importance of the Museum collections. Our first task was to discover young artists and to train them, when discovered, in three things. First, in the history of art as it unfolded itself in documents, rather than in literature; second, in the origin of design in the spiritual life of primitive people; and last, perhaps of greater importance, in the relationship this design bore to primitive technique. Through primitive technique we were able to explain the

modern machine, or at least tender that information in regard to modern processes necessary for the designer to know. It was further necessary to show the artists the limitations of expression in the modern machine, and the specialists in the United Piece Dye Works were of the first importance in this connection. The third and certainly the most difficult task was to direct these designers to apply this information to problems of contemporary taste; to teach them, in a word, a modern style sense, so that they might develop designs that would be accepted by the public, and at the same time be of a quality sufficiently distinguished gradually to lead the public taste to higher levels. The form that this work took was a series of lectures to the artists by different specialists in the museum and in the industry, and the development of agencies which would bring the designers into close and familiar relationship with the actual documents. No museum in the world has ever been freer with its specimens, has ever opened avenues of research more adequately than have the American Museum of Natural History and the Brooklyn Institute Museum. The room that Stewart Culin has developed in the Brooklyn Institute Museum has, in my judgment, no counterpart in any museum in the world. It offers an immense store of valuable material in such a way that the designer feels as free as though working in his own study, and it has presented the documents in an unusual and delightful manner.

If we show costumes and fabrics in our museums; if we show the so-called lesser arts of other ages and other peoples, and hold them up to the public for admiration and as suggestions to the artists in this generation, we cannot do so in sincerity unless we give to our own creators in this generation an equal distinction whenever their work warrants it. And even if the average is below that of the originals, it is a very healthy stimulus occasionally to bring ancient and modern work into contrast in order that we may clearly see our own shortcomings and be inspired to better efforts. Let us be clear on one point. Creative genius cannot be reserved only for a special class of, or for particular, objects. The merit of creation, rather than its type, should convey distinction; appreciation should be a universal quality, capable of application to a silk dress as well as painting, to a yard of cotton as well as a statue.

Design has a history, a tradition, an organic life, no less than a butterfly, a code of law, or language, and the artist and designer must be versed in these things equally with any other profes-



BOOTH AT THE EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRIAL ART HELD AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

The Source of Inspiration for These Negligees, Created by Jessie Franklin Turner, of Winifred Warren and Company, Came Chiefly from Persian Documents Consisting of an Embroidered Harem Curtain and Brocaded Textiles

sional, although following a different method of approach. As a matter of record, the most difficult task was to convince the busy, engrossed, modern industrial expert that this point of view was sane, sound and productive of results. But the milestone has been passed. We are no longer a group of devoted missionaries. We have grown into an energetic, well-organized association, and in the near future results will be manifest in many phases of industrial expression.

There are two great classes of archaic design; one that had in its own day a religious or superstitious significance, that may or may not be of interest to-day; the second, a larger and more important group, contains such ornaments and ideas as make an esthetic claim at all times in all ages to people of taste. An idea that comes from a period which otherwise produced a great art, itself merely ancient, expensive or

difficult to imitate, we reject. But if in old materials ideas are discovered which have an application and an appeal today, it makes no difference what their origin may be, or the purpose for which they were created; all that is required is that they be used with restraint, discretion and good taste. There is no reason why a cotton dress should not have a pattern on it which was originally incised on a Polynesian paddle. There is no reason why an opera cloak of today should not be embroidered or brocaded with a motif taken from a Persian vase or suggested by the tattooed marks on a Borneo warrior's thigh. If the Peruvian weavers of thirty centuries ago developed beautiful colors, significant forms and motifs, the fact that these are very ancient does not debar us from applying them to modern purposes. If a Chinese jade ornament makes a good button, by all means let us straightway borrow inspiration for an excellent and useful

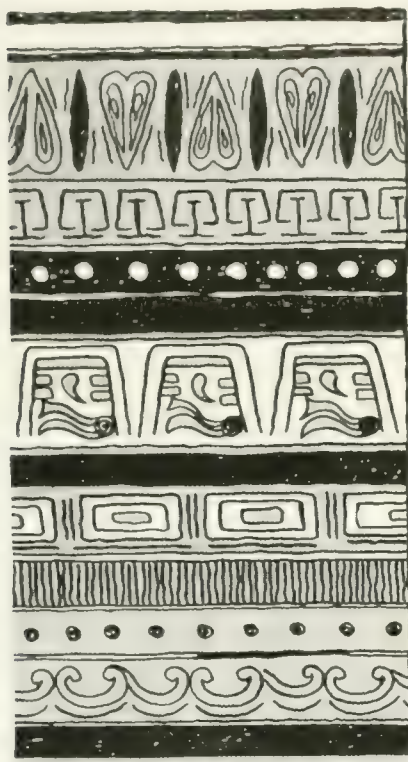
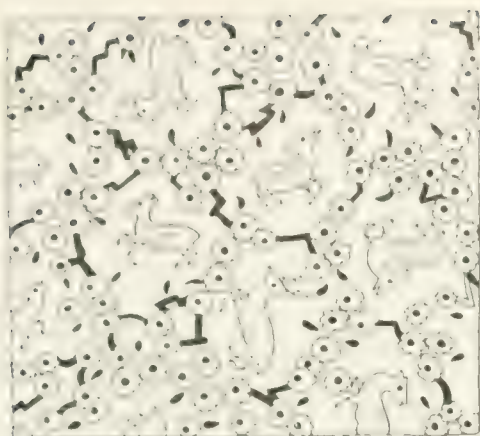
object. Better that we go thus to original sources and do our own interpretation than accept the interpretations of other ages, which in turn interpreted from insufficient knowledge of documents for restricted civilizations. Most industrial arts in Europe and America, which, until this last movement, were but a bad reflection of the worst things from Europe, were based upon one period, the 18th century of Europe and the Near East, and of all the periods of art that the ingenuity and genius of man has created, this emphasizes the worst taste. Let us have confidence in our own judgment.

Artistic standards the world over have been gradually breaking down for over a hundred years. The progress has been more rapid in Europe than it has been in the Orient, but all over the world we find the same general condition. For example, contemporary taste in Japan is decidedly below the average



MODERN COSTUMES INTIMATELY RELATED IN STYLE TO MUSEUM SPECIMENS

The Designer, Mr. Meyer, Had Recourse to a Brocaded Persian Coat, Two Skin Garments from Siberia, a Philippine Jacket, a Spanish Peasant's Blouse, and a Sixteenth Century Coat of a Japanese Guildsman



FOUR TEXTILE DESIGNS FROM THE ORIENT

Japanese Versions of Persian and Indian Designs Appear in Old Printers' Books, Showing How the Japanese Borrowed from Their Neighbors. Today We Are Finding That Even an Ancient Chinese Bronze May Furnish an Effective Embroidery Pattern

Japanese taste of even a century ago, although the Japanese have retained a fair degree of craft skill. In the western world, however, education, immense wealth, a national habit of collecting in museums, the appearance of art schools, have all tended to develop our power of appreciation, whatever the effect may have been upon our creative impulse; and it is my firm conviction that the average of public taste today in America is much higher than the average of contemporary production.

The reasons that have led to this debasement of standards are too numerous for detailed discussion within the ra-

tional limits of this article. The immense development in modern automatic machinery; the minute subdivision of labor; the ignorance of the artist of modern methods of production; his separation from the technician, the operative and the public; the abnormal and unhealthy importance attached in education to theory and printed matter, are all ponderable considerations that have worked together to produce the banal results that are about us today. With the exception of the work of a few distinguished individuals of a highly creative impulse, who have striven bravely against the current of this con-

tury, all that we have left of art, all that remains of the immense creative impulse of other ages, is a certain sense of appreciation, and the static traditions preserved for us in our museums.

Eventually, when art is properly taught, and we learn the actual making of things and visioning of objects, and when the craft sensitiveness once more expresses itself in good taste, we shall certainly again become creative. But the first efforts must be directed towards closer relationships between creation and production. We must understand our own machines and our own processes better, and we must understand them through a comprehension of the simple methods from which they in turn sprang. But for the moment it is of infinitely greater importance that we demolish the class prejudices that have grown up among artists. Art in a restricted sense (fine art) must be lampooned out of this generation. Art must become not only an occasional experience, reserved for an especially favored few who substitute their own abnormally developed prejudices for good taste, but, in its real sense, it must become a part of the casual life experience of everyone, and this means industrial art in its finest and broadest sense. It is but another way of saying that beauty must again grow democratic.

We have not yet reached that stage in which we can be certain of our own creative impulses. We have to build an intellectual bridge from yesterday to today; from the past to the present; from the forgotten arts of all times we must create our own loveliness. The time will surely come, and perhaps is not far distant, when the community taste and conception and execution will be vigorous enough to shift for itself. Then we shall in turn produce records that will become inspirations for other ages. But we must first be students and then masters; learn first and teach afterwards. The arts of one age are the industries of the next, and the fertile soil of new ideas is in the ground that has already been worked over by the genius of ages. There is no such thing as deriving art through synthetic process. This has been tried again and again, and the result has been bad taste. We must borrow and borrow intelligently, with discrimination and taste, but, none the less, borrow. We must take ideas from all over the world wherever loveliness, interest or piquancy can be discovered.

The fact that many interesting forms were, in their first inception, a reaction from the superstition and the ignorance of nature on the part of primitive people, does not necessarily bind us again

to be superstitious in order to enjoy forms of esthetic value. But in avoiding superstition we shall do well to get rid of some of our own modern silliness about the "divine spark." Our rapidly developing taste makes it possible for us to appropriate old ideas, designs and technique, just as we appropriate raw material.

It may be said that this method will not produce "American art." True, in a narrow sense, but it leads eventually into a creative experience by the same world-old paths that have always been trodden to reach intellectual distinction. Did not China borrow from her Tartar enemies and become richer for the loan, Persia from India, Italy from the Near East, Japan from everyone? Was not the first great Latin Renaissance inspired by oriental and classical tradition? Even in the glorious East itself there was a reaction from the Italian Renaissance, and many of the later forms of Chinese, Indian and Japanese art can be correctly traced back to European sources. Originality is as much the power of intelligent and tasteful interpretation and selection as it is of fresh creation. To be inspired is but to be directed to take suggestions, and this form of intellectuality is entirely distinct from copying with slavish fidelity. Selection, elimination, interpretation—this is the way that all arts grew and ever must grow; in fact, this is the law of all intellectual and spiritual development.

When originality is glibly spoken of, what is generally meant is personality with a large P. And when individualism is discussed, is it not generally egoism that is meant? I am trying to convey to you some idea of a vigorous modern movement. It is of today, as I am, and yet I am using a language whose roots and syntax reach back to a posterity so remote that it is beyond intelligent conjecture. I have a modest and natural ambition that in these words and phrases there may be a grain of thought new to the reader. Would it be an intelligent act on my part to endeavor to convey it to an intelligent public through an entirely new language developed by myself for this purpose?

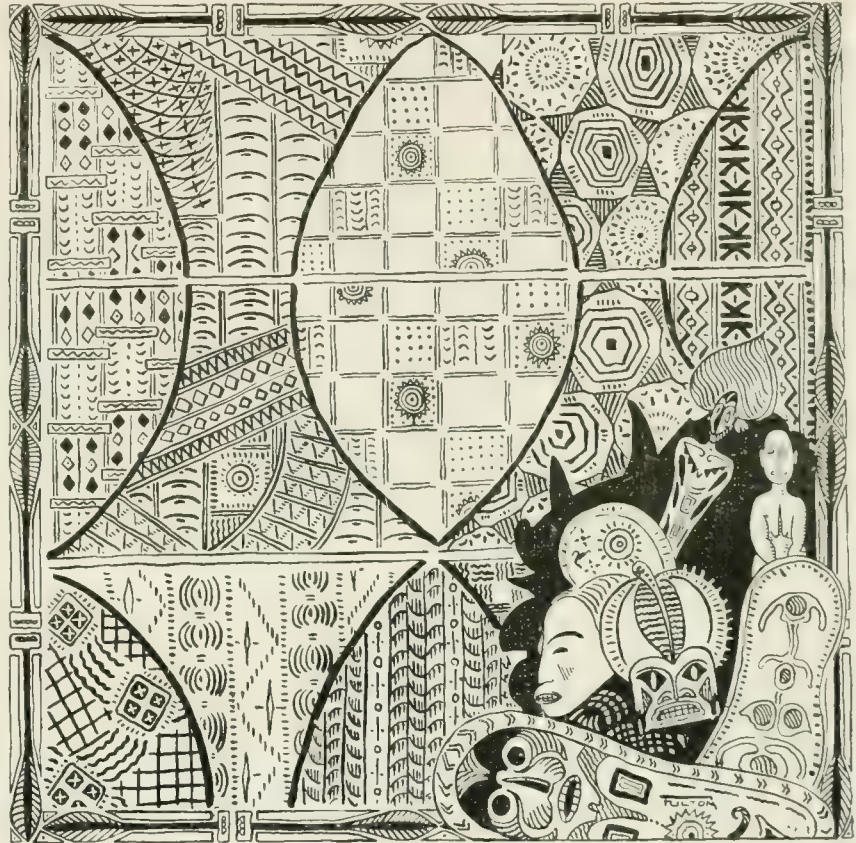
If this is true in regard to language, how much more so is it true when we use the more delicate and more direct medium of expression in design?

To broaden the definition of art until it embraces every effort of man; to extend it until its mantle covers every effort of the human mind; to add charm and interest to all kinds and qualities of material, is but to restore the ancient meaning of art. It does not require the professional or scientific point of view to realize that degeneracy in arts can be

traced to those periods when beauty and distinction were relegated to arbitrarily restricted limits. By insisting that its influence be felt in all things; by judging the spirit and execution rather than the material or media, we can restore at least a sane and honest mental attitude.

Let us frankly admit that we are borrowing and using an auto truck instead of a handbag. We have always borrowed from other ages, not only in art, but in

which have remained constant from the time Europe and England were connected with a land bridge. Wheat, corn, rice, barley—all our staple grains—were cultivated from wild plants, perhaps 20,000 years before Burbank was born. And cotton, flax, wool and silk have a history so ancient that the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon appear by contrast matters of recent date. Many designs, among others the miscalled Greek fret,



DESIGNS FROM CARVED PADDLES OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS

Such Designs As These, Because of Their Virile Strength and Simplicity, Offer Interesting Suggestions for Modern Cotton Prints

everything else. If every age felt compelled to be intellectually independent, civilization would be bankrupt. We would be gibbering in tropical treetops instead of discussing originality in esthetic expression—perhaps to better purpose. Intellectual growth is by nature slow; no one people, no one age, adds much real advancement. It is largely a question of usage, organization, adaptation, plus a little spiritual increment of actual advancement. We are the surly heirs of the ages.

The principle of the loom is thousands of years old; we have never been able to improve upon its original philosophy. A drill used on tungsten steel in a modern mill merely demonstrates the principle of archaic fire-making devices. The horse, the sheep, the ass, the cow were tamed and bred to certain qualities

go back to an antiquity almost as venerable.

Practically every construction in modern fabrics can be traced to prehistoric technique, back of which lie the twilight ages of basketry. Of course we have borrowed, and will continue to borrow. Civilization is but the material result of the inquisitive, appraising and acquisitive mind. A copyright law does not exist in archeology, and, consciously or unconsciously, we are all practical archeologists—mute beneficiaries of the vigorous past.

If in many ages and many lands men have been born with free mental energy sufficient to invent a loom, to encompass the vast concept of domesticated animals, of agriculture; to experiment in metals; to discover the lever and the wheel, do the advocates of the gospel of



WOODCUT AND DESIGNS FROM AN 18TH CENTURY JAPANESE BOOK ON PRINTED COTTONS
A Dutchman Is Depicted as Teaching the Japanese How to Make Designs on Cotton, and a Number of Samples Appear, Showing the Intrusion of Various Foreign Ideas

individual inspiration desire to abstain from the use of such ideas until a contemporary of their own lineage and political faith rediscovers for them these ideas?

For how many ages have men loved gold for its beauty, jewels for their lights, taken delight in color, in texture! For what eons have men's hearts melted with music, been lifted with song, and bowed to the great Unknown under the form of what countless religions! Let us have grace to acknowledge that we are but as our brothers were, and that the future will be but a continuation of one great family.

The present movement in industrial art is thoroughly sound; it is based upon scientific principles. The time has come to strike the balance-sheet of civilization and to see what we have lost to gain the advantages of modern life. We must investigate all sources of information and develop practical plans. All knowledge, all science, is not confined to the microscope or the chemical laboratory. Life can be studied. In itself it is a science, perhaps the most subtle and difficult of all. We can learn from the history of material and from actual processes that have been preserved for us. What we call design is in itself but a

secondary cause—a by-product of the general complex we know as life. It is but the flower of our forces and endeavors. It has its history, philosophy and technique, its past, its present and its future, and all of these are subservient to the patient mind and large vision. It is not guesswork.

Perhaps in conclusion I may follow out my own suggestion and turn from theory to practice. Let us keep one thought in our minds: during this decade, perhaps during this generation, we must look to the machine as a method of dissemination of art, and the machine is not responsible for all our bad taste, but rather the way in which we have used machinery, and the type of mind that for the present directs it. It is true that the contemporary industrial point of view has done much to limit creative ability and force it into a very narrow range of selection. We must again go into the byways of the world and discover such materials as will be helpful to us in the research of these times. Every museum collection that deals with decorative arts—and there are in reality no other arts that will have a national or world importance—should begin to comb the Orient not only for the priceless relics of antiquity, but

for the modern survivals, especially where these have not felt the bad influence of later European contacts. These collections should be especially directed towards methods, tools and processes. We cannot suspend art above life by an imaginary cord. It becomes then a mere curiosity, varying only in degree from the two-headed calf. We must associate each object of art not only as far as possible with the life that directed its inspiration, but with the tools through which the craftsmen developed it. This material will serve as the firm foundation not only of education in art, but of many of the sciences as well, and it will be as beneficial to the technologist as it is to the student of design.

Asia still preserves much of her old craftsmanship, although it serves purposes that are apparently trivial. It has been preserved almost miraculously for these vigorous times as an inspiration to us and as a field for fruitful study. It has been said, and it is worth repeating, there is no such thing in all the world as a dead art. If we have any evidence of an art ever having existed, it can be restored to vigorous life through intelligence and patience. That is the problem for this decade to solve.

THE NEAR EAST

FOCUSING ON MANDATES

A MANDATE for the Near East accepted by this country means ultimate self-government for Armenian, Arab, Syrian, Turk, Jew and Caucasian. Mandates imposed by Great Britain, France, Italy and Greece—judged by activities since the armistice—mean dividing this region for the benefit of the dividers. The first means systematic training for self-government, organization into nationalities, even possible federation. The second gives evidence thus far only of meaning organization into separate European spheres of influence, reluctance to extend to the native peoples the necessary instruction in self-government which alone can fit them for it, and the intensifying of European trade and political jealousies in a region where conflicting claims are much more subject to immediate expression in conflict of diplomacy and arms than they are at home.

The first means a five to one chance for peace and satisfaction among these peoples—and business insurance of ourselves against wars that are all too ready to arise out of world currents of jealousy let loose in this region. The second is almost as big a chance for more war. The first means widespread education on a scale that only America thus far has learned or taught. The second bids fair to mean continued ignorance and backwardness of the native peoples. There has never been an attempt for broadly organized education in this region. And education these days is the strongest insurance against war.

To the European, this will sound bombastically American and unfriendly. To the average comfortably-minded American, it will constitute a pretty picture of our abilities, but will mean going out of our way to hunt trouble. Is it either?

It is not unfriendly to Europe, because it is merely a statement in other terms that America in its national ideals—which happily it has been able to maintain through the economic independence its

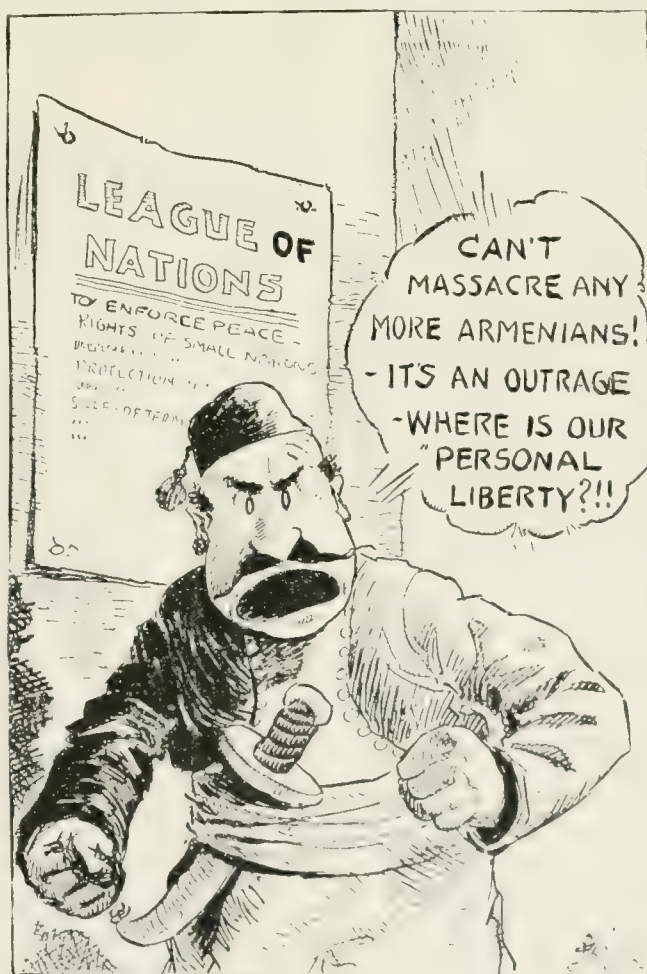
vast resources have given it—believes fundamentally in the right of peoples to self-government, as they are fitted for it, but more than this—in their right to the chance to fit themselves for it. The rest of organized Europe, including Great Britain in the practical application of its foreign policy, holds no such belief. Our own secession from Great Britain established the principle of self-government for all the colonies of white race under her rule. But it did not establish a similar principle for British colonies of race other than white.

Answering the home point of view, the picture is neither fanciful nor impossible. It is even likely that our participation in the actual administration of this territory will be attended by neither of the prohibitive dangers of having to maintain our youth in large armies in this region or of being in-

involved in bitter European squabbles. This part of the world has never, since its contact with European supremacy, been released from the alliances of international politics with the unspeakable and corrupting autocracy of its own ruling classes, with the result that patient and potentially productive masses have been kept in ignorance, poverty and subserviency to any unscrupulous leadership clever enough to establish its sway over them and to incite them to fanaticism. May not the very trickery attributed to the peoples of the Near East be reduced to a minimum under fair dealing from a controlling power that secures confidence in its disinterestedness? Who knows? It has never been tried before. Is it too much to imagine that a Hoover who fed Europe effectively and honestly could bring order out of the entanglement of the Near East?

Here, roughly, is the international situation today:

Great Britain, since the armistice, has been in practical military control of almost the entire Near East as the result of her brilliant Near Eastern military victories. In the absence of any sign from us of readiness to accept responsibility in this region, the distribution of European power is crystallizing apparently into a final disposition out of the temporary arrangements that followed the armistice. Constantinople is to be internationalized probably under a commission. The Turk, it would seem, is at last to be moved out of Europe, with his civil capital to be established either at Brusa or Konia in Anatolia, his Asia Minor home. The Sultan as temporal ruler of Turkey goes with his capital. But both France and Great Britain are disturbed lest moving the Sultan as Caliph or successor to Mahomet, spiritual administrator of the entire Islamic world, will set afire the worlds of Moslems they govern. Testimony of hard-headed students of the Near East wastes very little concern over this



Drawn by Sam Katz, Istanbul

PROHIBITION'S GREATEST MARTYR

danger. The two new Moslems of India and Arabia, the great Moslems of Turkey. What a most excellent strong Moslem population, as in Arabia, Morocco, India and Persia, has its favorite son for the Caliphate. The history of the Caliphate has often seen more than one incumbent, and it appears obvious that a solution of the dangers to the Christian world of Moslemism lies in this very reduction of the significance of the Caliphate by its division. Convince the several parts of the Moslem world that there is an honest intention of the Christian races to permit them to express their own desires for national unity, as announced by the much advertised aims of the war, and the threat of an Islamic revolt will fade.

In Anatolia the Greeks are in control of Smyrna and a part of the hinterland they covet, with an army that has been fighting the Turks. Italy is occupying the city of Adalia, with ambitions for the back country. Greece may have some shadow of claim for governing rights on the basis of population. But what claim may Italy have, other than that of the award of spoils on the basis of secret agreements?

France has been occupying the province of Cilicia, including Adana, and is likely to continue to administer this region as a part of her Syrian mandate, despite the distinct line of race separation between the Turk in the one and the Arab in the other. Her claims extend as far north into Turkish and Armenian territory as Sivas. Under General Gouroud, the French are now in complete control of the Syrian coast strip from Alexandretta south to Akka and east to the Damascus-Aleppo railroad line. This is the hub of the French mandatory position.

In the region east of this Syrian coast strip extending to the Persian border, north of the Syrian desert, is afforded the best illustration of the working of conflicting European claims, with consequent effects for discontent among the native peoples. At the western end of this region is France now established in Syria. At the eastern end is Great Britain in full control of Southern Mesopotamia at the head of the Persian Gulf. A mixed population, predominantly Arab, lies between. Great Britain was desirous of control of this region under the Hejaz Arab, Prince Feisal, as a means of through connection between her Palestinian port, Haifa—on which a development expenditure reported to be \$12,000,000 is in progress—and the Persian Gulf and India.

But the French with their Mediterranean port and influence at Beirut could not contemplate this program with

equality. And therefore, compromise. Some form of Arab native rule will be set up in this region—probably under Feisal, who has been in control since the armistice, and who has steadily looked upon this region as his promised new Arab kingdom.

The latest proposed solution of the conflicting claims of Feisal, of France on the west and of Great Britain on the east, is that French influence on the Syrian coast shall extend over into this Arabian region, not in a direct manda-

Does the Present Partition of the Near East Accord with This Declaration?

"The aim which France and Great Britain have in view in waging in the East the war let loose upon the world by German ambition is to insure the complete and final emancipation of all those peoples, so long oppressed by Turks, and to establish national governments and administrations which shall derive their authority from the initiative and free will of the peoples themselves. To realize this, France and Great Britain are in agreement to encourage and assist the establishment of native governments in Syria and Mesopotamia, now liberated by the Allies, as also in those territories for whose liberation they are striving, and to recognize those governments immediately they are effectively established. Far from wishing to impose on the peoples of these regions this or that institution, they have no other care than to assume, by their support and spiritual aid, the normal working of such government and administration as the people shall themselves have adopted, to guarantee impartial and even justice for all, to facilitate the economic development of the country by arousing and encouraging local initiative, to foster the spread of education, to put an end to those factions too long exploited by Turkish policy. Such is the part which the two allied governments have set themselves to play in liberated territories."—Official declaration made at Paris, November 8, 1918

tory, but in an advisory capacity in such matters as tariffs, loans and development. Great Britain shall exercise similar influence over the eastern end of this Arab land. The constant source of possible friction of the two European influences with the native element and with each other is obvious. And Feisal is reported to have gone home from Paris in angry and disappointed mood.

This, then, is the situation for us of America. Let us not be self-righteous in criticizing the British, the French and others, while we refuse to lift a hand to help where we, of all others, could do a

really constructive piece of work toward insuring world peace. Let us recognize without reserve the fine ability of the British as administrators, securing order out of turmoil, as well as the sincerity of the British imperialist in his evident belief that it is for the good of the world that these Eastern peoples be kept under the restraining influence of a strong British imperial policy of trade and politics, with Britain's supremacy as the chief desideratum.

But let us face the fact that there is little evidence in these arrangements of a new international order based on the principle of guiding these native peoples primarily for their own independent development and good. Let us recognize that though the principle of the mandatory may yet be worked out to secure this end, by limiting the period of European control and by inaugurating a system of education and training in self-government, there is sparse evidence yet in this parcelling out of the Near East that the future is based on anything but the old principle of retaining Europe's control over this region for Europe's political and commercial ends. And let us recognize that without the presence of the United States as a mandatory in this region, there is every reason to believe that the basis of the system will continue largely as it is.

If we believe with intensity in the principle of self-government, it is up to us nationally to step out of the passive stage of affirming this belief into the active one of helping apply it to others. There are only two roads before the peoples of the Near East—continuation of their governance on the basis of Europe's political interests, or the evolution out of their present backwardness on the basis of a mandatory system which really means development. This can come about only through education, with a thoroughly disinterested mandatory power in control. The only such power is the United States of America.

We have in the way of participation, our national feeling against interfering in the affairs of others; a strong aversion to sending our youth in the form of an army to this far-off region; the cost, and the possible involving of ourselves in Europe's quarrels. These are vital factors. But all of them are overbalanced in the confidence we repose in the strength of our national ideal. If we are to help secure justice where it is otherwise difficult for disinterested dealing to obtain, difficulties will grow decidedly less as we actually face them. A great missionary educator, a man beloved of all the opposing races with whom he came in contact, said that with one hundred good American soldiers he could keep perfect order in the whole of

Syria. It is confidence and faith, not armies, that will be the ultimate factor for law and order with these peoples.

Shall we assume some measure of the responsibility? It is proposed in several forms:

(1) A mandate for the whole of the Near East, including Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia and the Trans-Caucasus.

(2) The more limited mandate for Constantinople, Anatolia, Armenia and the Trans-Caucasus (with Turkish influence absolutely removed from Armenia).

(3) A mandate for Armenia alone.

Our presence in any one of these capacities would be a guarantee that the spirit of the mandate, of guidance during a limited period for the benefit of the people concerned, would be carried out. It would further be an influential factor in the character of the administration of mandates by others. There is little doubt that a liberal government in Great Britain would respond immediately to co-operation. Perhaps this would bring some modification of the British imperial policy of delegation of local policy to skilfully trained administrators, to handle largely on their own individual responsibility.

We ought to be willing to accept a mandatory on certain conditions: that the people concerned want us, that we are invited to exercise the mandatory power by the European powers, and that a sufficiently important territorial division is assigned to give a reasonable chance for demonstration. It is held that this would necessitate supervision for Constantinople, Anatolia and Armenia. With whatever mandatory, however, and given sufficient guarantee of economic productivity and military entrance and exit, America should be able

to give an example of unselfish and effective administration that would leaven the whole lump of political self-interest.

The peoples concerned do want us. The Armenians, it is true, want immediate independence. They are entitled to it, if any people is. But could Armenia maintain itself without guarantees from the League of Nations? And would guarantees amount to anything unless capable of enforcement by some power on the spot? The mere presence of the United States is said by experts on the Near East to be a guarantee against trouble by the disturbing ele-

ments of the population. To-day most of the people of the Near East do not want immediate independence. They have been so long without it that they want teaching first

Americans who have felt the tremendous stimulation of working among these peoples for their own benefit have an experience of exhilarating satisfaction comparable with little else. The least a man or woman has to give of ability—ability that in our own country may count for comparatively little—counts with multiple results among people so long denied elementary opportunities. If the people of America understood the potential influences for development and progress that would inevitably spring from an unselfish and capable, temporary administration of certain sections of the Near East, they would fear neither the empty taunt of imperialism, nor the dangers of intermixing in European politics. Thousands of capable American men and women, governmental and business administrators and teachers, would be stimulated with giving their best to a people who hunger for it. They would spring to man the schools and

colleges that would be founded, the governmental and economic development posts. The mere fascination of Eastern life and its civilization would be an impelling force. They would bring back to this country a wonderfully broadening experience that would enrich our own civilization and enable us a hundred times more ably to keep right our own country's national perspective, and to help the world keep out of war.

Is it yet too late for America to help with big, right-spirited, square-deal help?

LOUIS D. FROELICH



Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle

THE TURKEY GIRL



ZERO HOUR IN THE NEAR EAST

By JACKSON FLEMING

IMAGINE a half dozen football games in progress between college boys in the midst of a raging battlefield. Around the football fields the boys have posted signs of warning, telling the thunderous armies to "keep off!" Would the games be played to a finish with only normal football casualties?

Yet this is not an impossible analogy of the long-existing conditions of politics in the Near East. The football teams are the small nations of that region endeavoring to work out their destinies while the colossal battle of European imperialism rages around them. For such have been the standards of diplomacy that those weaker peoples have about as much chance of self-determination as would the football players on a battlefield.

It so happens that in the political geography of the world the Near East lies in the path of Europe, on the way to the vast unexploited continents, Asia and Africa. If Europe were a single, homogeneous power, harmonized for progress, then a march across Asia and Africa would conceivably make for great good to all the world. But Europe is a complex of contending powers. So that not only are the weaker peoples in their paths threatened with ruin, but the great powers themselves are a constant menace to each other. To save the weaker peoples of the Near East means at the same time the safeguarding of Western civilization from self-destruction. Some there are who maintain that European nations cannot afford to help the backward peoples. A more compelling consideration, perhaps, is that we cannot afford not to help them.

Others conjure up the bogey of a revival of Moslem power as a menace to Europe. But as far as political Islam is concerned it will fade away if we give nationalism a chance. It will fade away just as surely and incomparably more rapidly than the Holy Roman Empire disintegrated as nationalism asserted itself during the Dark Ages of Europe. There was a time when militant Islam threatened to inundate all Europe. Its success, needless to say, would have been a dire calamity, perhaps a death-blow to Western progress. That was long centuries ago. And now it is about as likely to happen as is the conquest of North America by South America.

Let the Western wave in its turn flow back over Asia and Africa if it will, but let it be organized free of its destructive rival imperialisms which render the political sea no safe place for enterprises

of real progress to sail on. Western progress is even now being welcomed by the East—if it will come really as civilization, not as barbaric exploitation.

I indicated in the beginning two general aspects of the Near East question. In this article I shall try to confine myself to the viewpoint of the "football players," attempting to play their games while the battle of imperialism rages round about—and across their fields. I shall discuss only the peoples of the former Turkish Empire, and more particularly the Turks themselves.

The close of the war found the Allies so intent upon rending the Turkish Empire and dividing the spoils that certain liberal Turkish patriots—those who were not by that time imprisoned by the Allies or in exile—started a movement for the preservation of Turkish nationality. These men were for the most part reconciled to the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, but they were at least resolved to save Turkey proper from dismemberment and annihilation.

The Allies, however, had occupied Constantinople and were only too ready to foster the weak Sultan's natural dread of liberalism and to hint at his loss of the Caliphate (headship of all Islam), so that a thoroughly reactionary government was soon doing the bidding of the Allies' political agents. And the liberal forces were scattered. But in spite of this perversion and persecution of representative government the Nationalists were soon showing strength out in the provinces. A campaign of propaganda was turned against them from Constantinople, where the Allies controlled the Government and the press. The keynote of this propaganda was that the Nationalists were but the old "Union and Progress Party" under a new name—"the same criminal Union and Progress forces who had joined Germany, brought ruin upon the Turkish Empire, slaughtered the Armenians and gravely menaced Islam."

Why this association with the former progressive party of Turkey? How did that party of the constitution gain for itself such opprobrium. To understand these charges and the present Nationalist movement we must resort briefly to history.

By the middle of the last century there was already a progressive movement in Turkish politics. But it was very weak. Then in 1859 a young Turk named Shinasi Effendi, who had gone to Paris to study natural science, returned to Constantinople a poet and a staunch

believer in Western progress. He started a newspaper, and, with his lieutenants, Kemal Bey and Liya Pasha, succeeded in giving much encouragement to the movement for progress. For twenty years it grew steadily, its leaders for the most part living in exile in the great centers of Europe, fostering sentiment for "homeland, the people and freedom."

In 1876 Abdul Hamid became Sultan. He was bitterly opposed to Western innovations and liberalism. With his notorious craftiness he set about to uproot the movement in Turkey. He first made a show of tolerance, urging official honors upon liberal leaders. But his appointments were to posts in distant provinces or in foreign capitals. Then he began systematically to break these men one by one. It has been said that he was aided and abetted in this program by certain European powers, particularly Russia, who were averse to seeing a progressive Turkey developing in the path of imperial ambitions. Thus began the long red reign of Abdul Hamid—"Shadow of God," "scourge of men," "butcher on the Bosphorus," and certainly the most despotic ruler of modern times.

By 1908 the forces of constitutionalism and progress were ready for the word. Abdul Hamid was still Sultan. Yet the "Young Turks," by their secret agents and secret publications, had permeated all parts of the Empire. Plans had been carefully matured and only awaited the signal.

It was in the autumn of 1908 in the hills of Albania that the flag of revolt was raised by Niazi Bey of Monastir. From everywhere over the Empire came responsive thrills of interest and sympathy—even from the far hills of Palestine, the wasted plains of Mesopotamia and the mountains of Armenia. Soon the Empire was echoing with an enthusiasm of understanding and high purpose. Whether in the streets of Constantinople or on the highways of Anatolia, Syria or Macedonia, all differences of race or creed were forgotten in the common rejoicing while Turks, Armenians and Greeks, Arabs and Jews were embracing in the pledge of future brotherhood.

And now comes the "Committee of Union and Progress." Sultan Abdul Hamid was imprisoned at Salonica. The Committee took the distracted Empire in hand with every show of ability and moderation, declaring equal rights for all subjects irrespective of race or religion.



A STREET PROCESSION IN CONSTANTINOPLE DURING AN ANTI-ALLY DEMONSTRATION
 Despite Turkish Treachery, Advocates of a Fair Deal as Opposed to Intrigue as the Basis of Settlement of Eastern Affairs Believe That Turkey Confined to Anatolia Will Make a Useful Nation



EVEN THE MAHOMMEDAN MULLAHS ARE ADDRESSING LARGE POLITICAL MEETINGS
 Is Islam a Menace? At Present It Is a Vastly Spreading Reality. If We Refuse to Deal with the Near Eastern Peoples as Potential Nationalists, We Must Deal with Them United as Moslems



C. Donald Thompson

MARCHING TURKISH POLITICAL PRISONERS THROUGH THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

Undercurrents of Turkish Political Intrigue Are Deep, but True Public Spirit Is Seen in the Nationalist Movements Which Could Be Nurtured to Useful Purposes Under Honorable Western Guidance

The rejoicing in Turkey was perhaps almost equalled by the surprise it occasioned in the capitals of Europe. And although this surprise was colored in certain quarters by venomous designs to undermine the struggle for progress in Turkey, still there were paeans of praise without number from over the world for the "unparalleled achievements" of the Turkish patriots.

The London *Times* of October 8, 1908, voiced its unselfish admiration of the great and most beneficent revolution which the Young Turks had accomplished with the approbation and assistance of all the creeds and all the races who inhabit the Empire.

Sir Edward Grey, then British Minister of Foreign Affairs, said that "Turkish patriotism had shown itself to be eminently peaceful and unaggressive, pursuing but one end—the welfare of all Turkish subjects and the orderly re-establishment of constitutional rule." And to the public opinion of the world it certainly seemed that the haunting spectre of the Near East question had at last been put to sleep. Little did the world imagine that the same old spectre was very soon thereafter to father four more wars, the last one to be the most destructive human cataclysm in all history.

Not a great while after the British Foreign Minister paid the above quoted tribute to the Young Turks and their Committee of Union and Progress, he

deemed it expedient to oppose them secretly. It was an open secret, however. All Constantinople knew that Sir Edward Grey and the British were supporting the old statesman, Kiamil Pasha, in his opposition to the Committee of Union and Progress. I state this not in condemnation of the British policy, but merely as an historical fact, which leads to the query as to how the Committee of Union and Progress, starting out under such glorious auspices, should so soon have drawn upon itself such powerful opposition. Other political agencies besides the British were by this time opposing the government of the Committee, and with more ruthless methods than the British were employing.

The main facts in Turkey's foreign relations during the years following 1908 are that Germany had from the first constituted herself the big brother of the Young Turks and was aggressively shaping her own Eastern program through Turkish "progress"; that the Balkan nations, fearing that their last chance for grabbing Turkey's European territory was slipping, leagued themselves together and fought Turkey while she was still weak; that Italy fought Turkey to snatch Tripoli; and that Russia, arch-enemy of Turkey, was growing especially aggressive with her corrupt diplomacy, causing the whole Near East to rumble with Pan-Slavism.

Then how did the Committee of Union and Progress react to all this foreign

brigandage? What was the development of their internal policy that they should have stirred up so much bitterness within the Empire as well as abroad? I have intimated that the Turkish Government was receptive to the attentions of Germany, who was bent upon blending her own ambitions with those of Turkey. The Turks have told me over and over again that Germany's friendship was accepted not because of any love for Germany, but because of dread of Russia. I have long since accepted this version as essentially the truth. However, the leading spirit in the Committee of Union and Progress, the man who stamped his personality upon the whole policy of the Young Turks, was educated in Germany and was unquestionably a worshipper of the god of "blood and iron." And yet Enver Pasha was at least a patriot, even though his judgment must have been distorted by his association with the imperialists from Berlin. Turkey could not stand alone against powerful aggressors on all sides. And in choosing Germany as the less menacing of the two most aggressive powers, I believe that Turkey's patriots were sincere.

I believe also that Germany had a great deal to do with the program of the Committee as it developed under the direction of Enver Pasha, Talaat Pasha, Djemal Pasha and others. The Young Turks were ambitious and impatient to the point of recklessness. Wars and other aggressions upon Turkey during

the period immediately preceding the Great War only made the Young Turk the more intensely nationalistic and impatient for progress. And that the spirit was flattered and bolstered into madness by the Germans, there is every reason to believe. Germany was about ready for the long-heralded European war over the spoils of the Near East, and she wanted the Turks as allies. So Germany helped to fire the Turks with ambition which must surely bring them into conflict with the imperialistic programs of Russia and of Great Britain. In which case Germany would have championed Turkey. Such would have been the logical beginning of the European war. But there came the other excuse for precipitating the war up in Serbia, and Germany took it, because, so they have stated, Russia was preparing feverishly.

Now, along with this factor of German influence and design, let us take into account the main features of the program itself of the Young Turk Government. These features are Pan-Turkism, or the attempt to Turkify all the races of the Ottoman Empire, and to expand the Empire to include all the Turanian peoples, an aspiration especially fostered by the Germans. An equally troublesome policy was a too precipitate attempt to reform Islam. Take these two policies along with the German influence and you have cause for friction enough to bring the public opinion of the Empire to the boiling point.

The Turkification measures soon raised a storm among the Arabs, the Armenians, the Maronite Christians of the Lebanon, the Greeks, the Jews and others of the Empire, causing the formation of racial secret societies looking toward independence from Turkish rule, which in turn only served to intensify the policy of the Committee to the point of severity. On the other hand, the Committee felt that they could not afford to ignore the bitterness aroused by their reckless handling of the sacred doctrine of Islam. A well-known historian pointed to this policy at the time as the one grave weakness in the Young Turk program. "It is necessary to remember," he said, "that nothing in the world is so dangerous as tampering with a nation's religion. . . . If the authority of Islam is to be undermined by the reformers, we may anticipate a period of moral anarchy."

The ultra-conservatives were incensed at this rashness, and the masses could be easily appealed to by the *ulema*, or religious teachers of Islam, because, generally speaking, the Moslem peasant of the Ottoman dominions had always been a Moslem before he had been a Turk, an

Arab, a Kurd, or a member of any other race. So the Committee soon changed their Islamic reform spirit, and officially at least were soon going to the other extreme in enforcing Koranic doctrine. However, in the eyes of the conservatives they had already proved themselves a menace.

Couple these unpopular measures with the terrible misfortunes suffered by the Empire during these years owing to European aggression, and you see what a colossal accounting the Committee of Union and Progress had to make to the Turkish people. Perhaps it is a testimony to the intensity of the desire for progress in the Turkish people, that the Committee were still in power when the Great War broke out. Then consider the hardships suffered by the people in the war itself, and that it only resulted in bringing Turkey to the brink of utter ruin, and you can perhaps understand how the very name, Committee of Union and Progress, has become a term of opprobrium and calumny in political discussions of the Near East.

It remains for us to consider how the Turks have been reacting to the peace measures of the Allies. Just who are the "Nationalists"?

After the Allies' occupation of Constantinople and other parts of Turkey the Turks were soon convinced that Great Britain and France, as well as Greece and Italy, were even more aggressive than Russia and Germany had ever been. Many of the progressive leaders, as I stated in the beginning, were soon scattered from Constantinople—imprisoned, in exile or in hiding. Enver Pasha. I was told, was "probably somewhere in the Caucasus"; Talaat was "in Germany"; Djemal "in Switzerland." Many were less fortunate. The fear of losing his Caliphate was put into the heart of the weak Sultan. A reactionary Cabinet was formed subservient to the Allies' bidding. Military demonstrations and propaganda were the order of the day.

But the spirit of the Turk was not crushed. Patriots were everywhere, and although reconciled for the most part to the dissolution of the Empire, still they were resolved to preserve Turkey, the nation. Under the leadership of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, who was at the time in command of the Turkish army in eastern Anatolia, the Nationalists began to organize and to assume real significance as a party. It was in July (1919) that the first "Congress" of Nationalists was called by Mustapha Kemal to meet at Erzerum.

By this time the Allies at Constantinople and the bolstered-up "Government" were watching Nationalism with uneasy interest. They ordered Mustapha Kemal to come to Constantinople or

consider himself shorn of his command in the army. He didn't come, but his army chose to remain under him. It seemed that Nationalism was rising like a tidal wave. The Allies undertook to smother this "deplorable" patriotism with the censorship, propaganda, etc., so that Constantinople has become perhaps the most trying place in all the world for truth to find daylight.

Turning toward the Paris Conference and the West generally the propaganda characterized the Nationalists after this wise: "These Turkish Nationalists are the same old unspeakable 'Union and Progress' elements with their former murderous leaders directing the movement from their hiding places. They are the same pro-German, Pan-Islamic butchers of Armenians and Greeks, who proved themselves utterly incompetent to govern even themselves. . . . They are on the point of slaughtering the rest of the Armenians."

Turning eastward the propaganda turned color also: "These Nationalists are the same maddened 'Union and Progress' elements who ruined the Turkish Empire, threatened to undermine the faith of Islam, and who would now lead the Turkish people to suicide." . . .

The Nationalists, I should say, include practically all the progressive elements among the Turkish people. They are supported by a vast majority of the population. If this means the "Union and Progress" element, then it is that element turned inside out and expurgated. It includes that element, perhaps, not in its first irresponsible flush of freedom, but deeply humbled by experience and by the war, and now under new leadership. It is the progressive spirit in Turkey disillusioned of its abnormal aspirations, with principles which are now normally progressive principles. But first and foremost the Nationalists are conducting a desperate defense of Turkey's territorial integrity.

As to leadership, the outstanding figure is Mustapha Kemal. He was for long an opponent of the Committee of Union and Progress and a personal enemy of Enver Pasha. These two men since their early days in the army were at least temperamentally incompatible. When Enver Pasha became Minister of War it was said that wherever there was a mission of danger to be carried out he sent Mustapha Kemal, hoping that he would be killed. And that the defense of the Dardanelles fell to Mustapha Kemal is no exception. However, his unquestioned success here won for his army the admiration of the world. His personal courage was such that it is said the Germans repeatedly chided him for his recklessness. However, the important fact is that he had long been



c. Donald Thompson

THE GREAT DOME OF ST. SOPHIA CROWDED EVEN TO THE MINARETS WITH SPECTATORS
Patriotic and Political Interest Has Drawn Tremendous Crowds into These Anti-Ally Demonstrations
in Turkey. The Allies Meanwhile Control the Government and the Press

prominent in the public eye as an opponent of the Committee, though he had no definite party affiliations. And now some of his friends tell me that he would gladly have had Enver Pasha executed on the score of the latter's Armenian policy. Perhaps this spirit is now softening as the result of common bitterness against the Allies.

In Constantinople at this time the most prominent Nationalist is, Izzet Pasha. He was Grand Vizier at the time of the Armistice. If the Allies should leave Constantinople today, Izzet Pasha would be Grand Vizier tomorrow. He impressed me as being a statesman of the old school, bred in awe of diplomacy. And yet I am told that he has been a devout champion of progress in Turkey.

For months the Nationalists could not reach the ear of the Sultan, so closely did the Allies keep him guarded. Then it is said that a very old man who had been a tutor to the Sultan in his boyhood was smuggled into his presence to tell him about the Nationalist movement and to ask for a change of Cabinet. It is said that the Sultan wept on recognizing the old man, and that he was also deeply surprised and moved at the news he brought. The result was a new Cabinet with at least one Nationalist member. It was believed that a Nationalist Cabinet would soon follow. But not if the Allies can help it!

Such overwhelming strength have the Nationalists in the public opinion of the country that it has seemed a change of government is imminent in spite of all the Allies would dare do to prevent it. The Turks have shown remarkable restraint under all the repressive measures of the Allied occupation. According to propaganda the Nationalists have been for a long while "on the point of wiping out the Armenians," and "on the point of driving the Allies out of Constantinople by a resort to anarchy." Indeed, many other Turkish outrages have been about to happen. But they have not happened.

The first Nationalist congress, called by Mustapha Kemal to meet at Erzerum, concerned itself mainly with the preservation of the nation's (not the Empire's) territorial integrity, and with the plan to ask America's help under the League of Nations idea. In the second congress, held the following month at Sivas, which is only half as far from Constantinople, the question of asking America's help was brought to the point of a very definite petition. Their plan would give America practically a free hand. They don't call it a "mandate," because they don't really trust the League of Nations as long as the reactionaries are apparently in control at Paris, and so they don't wish the Paris Conference to assume that any other

nation would be acceptable in place of America. Hence the invitation to America.

The report of the Sivas Congress makes a considerable book. In certain passages European imperialism is severely upbraided. It is feared that even if America were willing to help in the Near East the imperialists of Europe might be able to frustrate that willingness. Here is the Turkish Nationalist challenge to the imperialists of Europe:

"Will the cause of Turkey be forever lost should she succumb in this struggle? (against the Allied blockade measures). This cannot be. Aside from the fact that the people will not die; aside from the fact that Islam will put in motion its entire forces to come to her aid, the peoples themselves of those oppressive governments, after having trampled upon Turkey, will come to break her chains.

"We are profoundly convinced," continues the manifesto, "that within a few years an irresistible movement against the perpetuation in the Near East of a situation created by the impenitent imperialism of their statesmen will rise up in the breast of the (Western) peoples. . . .

"Moreover, the times are passing when subjugated peoples will allow themselves to be intimidated and turned from their national aspirations by the employment



Press Photo—Luther Forch

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA—NATIONALIST

Better Known as the Defender of the Dardanelles.
Under His Leadership the Nationalists First Organized

of force. This war has everywhere aroused a passion for liberty. Those peoples who have remained in subjection, or who have been lately deprived of their independence as unhappy Turkey would be, an inconceivable result of a war for the political enfranchisement of humanity—will be ready for every sacrifice, and will not rest until they have recovered their rights. Rebellion will be the order of the day. . . . The people of England and France, perhaps even of Italy, will revolt against a situation in Turkey and elsewhere which will make violence and bloodshed the ordinary means of government.

"No, this will not last. The people of those governments will force them to make reparation. Anti-imperialism will be one of the election platforms of the near future." . . .

In the above summary paragraphs the Nationalists have expressed their fundamental principles, their race pride and courage, and a real appreciation of progress. Consider the reference to Islam in the first paragraph. Imperial Europe, in its propaganda to control its own public opinion, has been wont to conjure up the bogey of a militant Islam. The Nation-

alists answer that Islam is a force to be reckoned with, but only if driven to a desperate defensive. This is getting to the very heart of Near East politics. I have repeatedly taken occasion to state that if the West refuses to recognize the Near East peoples as Nationalists, we shall have to deal with them united as Moslems. It is not their wish; it is their extremity.

The Turks desire to develop into a modern nation and to grow away from Islam politically. So with the Arabs, the Persians, the Egyptians. Many of these people believed that the Great War was being fought to help peoples placed as they are, and they were stirred profoundly. They were ready to fight for that ideal, Moslems against Moslems. Now comes the time of disillusionment, since imperialism in Asia is more aggressive than ever.

Islam a menace? At present Islam is a vastly quickening reality. The ruthless aggressions of the Allies in Turkey has caused even the Moslems who were recently fighting the Turks to show them now real sympathy. Not only in the Near East, but far out in India, great solemn demonstrations have been held



Contemporary—Luther Forch

ACHMET RIZA—ANTI-GERMAN STATESMAN

An Exile, a Senator, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and Now a Leader of the Turkish Nationalists

in Calcutta, Madras and in other cities. And yet, are the Allies justified in pointing the finger of criticism and alarm at the Turkish Nationalists if in their congress at Erzerum there were present "delegates" from Persia, Azerbaijan, Arabia and India?

Another point in the above quotation which I would emphasize is its expression of faith in Western progress, a faith which has by no means been killed by aggressive imperialism. The Nationalists of these weaker countries were deeply touched by our war principles and they studied too closely the spirit of us democratic peoples as we carried on the war to believe now that it meant nothing, and that the apparent strength of the reactionaries at Paris has wiped out the spirit and the declared purpose of the democratic peoples. "No," the Turkish Nationalists say, "the peoples themselves (of the imperialistic-democratic countries) after having trampled on Turkey, will come to break her chains."

Can one feel that such an expression of faith could be made by men who have no appreciation of Western ideals and progress?

THE SULTAN LOOKS WESTWARD

By PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

IT was my privilege to revisit Constantinople in November, 1918, shortly after the signing of the armistice that opened the Dardanelles and permitted the control of the Bosphorus and Constantinople by the Entente powers. I made the trip from Athens in a Greek Red Cross ship—the old royal yacht *Amphitrite*. My fellow-passengers, a most enthusiastic group of Hellenists, looking for the restoration of Constantinople to Greek control, could not fail to be thrilled at the sight of the dome of Agia Sophia and of several Greek warships—one being the old battleship *Mississippi*—lying at anchor in the Bosphorus. Nor could I fail to be stirred as I saw the great fleet of British, French and Italian warships, as well as those of Greece, speaking most eloquently by their presence of a great historical event.

The possibilities of this significant event—the occupation of ancient Byzantium by Christian powers—were certainly hard to measure. During the four weeks I remained in Constantinople I endeavored, through discussions with Turks, Europeans and old American friends, to weigh these possibilities, and to reach some definite conclusions.

The personality of the new Sultan particularly aroused my interest. My Turkish friends, by their descriptions of Mahommed VI as a kind of modern Haroun-al-Raschid, moving incognito among his people to ascertain their wants, had awakened in me a keen desire to see the Sultan. They also wanted me to discuss with him certain aspects of the international situation, which, owing to the oriental etiquette that insulates a Sultan, it was difficult for his own subjects to bring before him. It also developed that the Sultan desired to discuss the international situation with a disinterested outsider at a time when he was precluded by the abnormal diplomatic situation from entering into direct relations with the Entente powers. My previous connection with the American Embassy made this all the easier, as well as the fact that at this time I had no official standing other than my affiliation with the Y. M. C. A.

I was received most informally by the Sultan in the Palace of Yildiz, in a very modest room where ten years ago I had been conducted with annoying precautions before being ushered into the presence of Abdul Hamid, to whom properly belonged the appellation of "the unspeakable Turk."

The contrast was most striking. Where

previously reigned dark suspicion, insane fear and hideous cruelty, here I found an atmosphere of kindness and serenity. A quiet-mannered gentleman of scholarly bearing welcomed me most courteously, without formal ceremony, but with that dignity and charm of manner that has characterized the House of Osman, and even Abdul Hamid himself.

No one else was present except one of the Cabinet Ministers, himself a scholar of high merit, who enjoyed the confidence of the Sultan, and whom as a warm personal friend I was glad to have as an interpreter. Court etiquette unfortunately prescribes that the Padishah should speak no language other than Turkish. It is very rare that a Sultan ever dares to depart from this rigid injunction. I remember on one occasion Abdul Hamid ventured in a whisper to wish Lloyd Griscom, then en route for his post as Minister to Teheran, a furtive "bon voyage."

Sultan Mahommed Sixth is a man with scholarly stoop to his shoulders. He wears a gray mustache—he is past fifty-eight—and a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses which heighten the resemblance to a benevolent college professor. He has a slight impediment in his speech, which he overcomes fairly well.

Prince Wahid-Ed-din a few years ago had little thought of ever ascending the throne, as he was then third in succession. At that time, during the reign of his brother, Abdul Hamid, the Prince had led a life of peaceful though enforced retirement and severe seclusion in his charming palace across the Bosphorus, where he was permitted to indulge his artistic and scholarly tastes to his heart's content.

The dethronement of Abdul Hamid in 1909, and the elevation to the throne of his brother Mahommed V, made Wahid-Ed-din the second in succession, but the sudden and mysterious death of the heir-apparent, Youssouf Izzeddin, the avowed enemy of Enver Pasha and of the Committee of Union and Progress, brought it about that the present Sultan ascended the throne in July, 1918, at the death of poor old Mahommed Fifth.

It was commonly known that Prince Wahid-Ed-din was not in sympathy with the Young Turks; that he was friendly to the Entente; was opposed originally to Turkey's entering the war; and that he used the slight influence he possessed to try to save the Armenians from extermination. His first move on becoming Sultan was to seek to end the war.

Enver Pasha, Talaat Pasha and Djemal Pasha—the powerful triumvirate that ruined Turkey—were very much opposed to Wahid-Ed-din. In fact, there is good reason to believe that they sought to impose conditions before permitting him to gird on the sword of Osman. His resolute character, however, spiked their guns, and he at once followed his own personal policy. It was not long before he entered into pourparlers for peace, and these Pashas were compelled to flee for their lives, leaving to this lonely figure the staggering responsibility of trying to save something out of the once magnificent Empire they had brought to utter ruin.

I was greatly impressed in the course of this long interview by the obvious candor, sincerity and simplicity of character of the Sultan. He displayed what seemed to me a dispassionate judgment and a courteous willingness to face unpleasant truths as he discussed with me in detail the Turkish situation.

The Sultan in a very direct, un-oriental manner, without unnecessary delay or circumlocution, at once opened the conversation by asking me to be good enough to let him know the attitude of the outside world towards Turkey. I replied that I hesitated to answer, as my statement would necessarily have to be of a disagreeable nature. He replied that I could render him no greater service than to speak with the utmost freedom and candor. I thereupon stated my opinion that the outside world had come to regard the Turks as outlaws entitled to little or no consideration; that in the impending peace settlement Turkey could expect no sympathy from the Entente. I also alluded to the fact that British public opinion had been greatly incensed against Turkey by the dreadful treatment meted out to British prisoners of war.

The Sultan, showing a good deal of emotion, acknowledged with expressions of deep sorrow and chagrin the cruelties and atrocities committed under the recent Young Turk regime. He did not attempt to palliate these crimes except to draw my attention to the undoubted fact that the Young Turks, by their mad foreign policy and neglect of their own co-religionists, had brought untold sufferings on all Ottoman subjects.

I observed to the Sultan that, while I recognized the truth of his statement, I did not think he would care to minimize in the least the responsibility under international law which the whole Turkish nation must assume for the acts of



© L. J. & Co. Ltd.

THE CORONATION OF MAHOMMED VI, WHO ASCENDED THE TURKISH THRONE IN JULY, 1918

The Present Sultan, a Brother of Abdul Hamid, Was in Sympathy with the Entente and Opposed to Turkey's Entering the War. He Is Now Confronted with the Gigantic Task of Saving the Remnants of His Empire

its former officials. Having in mind the tendency of certain Turkish leaders to extenuate, on military grounds of self-defense, the measures employed against the Armenians, I urged that a more favorable impression would be created by a manly avowal of complete responsibility for these unspeakable crimes.

The Sultan acknowledged in unequivocal terms the full responsibility of his nation for all these crimes, and furthermore stated it to be his purpose to punish immediately the chief criminals.

I replied that swift and drastic measures against all guilty officials could not fail to create a good impression. I also suggested that the Sultan might give good evidence of the sincerity and seriousness of his intentions by inviting the Entente powers to send on their own commission of investigation, and by affording all possible facilities to such a commission. Knowing oriental ideas of haste, I quoted a Turkish proverb to the effect that "a good business is finished in six months."

His Majesty smiled at the allusion to this defect in oriental character, and assured me that justice would be meted out in the very immediate future. As a matter of fact, none of the worst offenders were brought to trial or condemned until eight months after this interview. This may have been due in large measure to the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of apprehending the guilty.

The Sultan then discussed at length

his political difficulties, his lack of personal following, and the formidable opposition of the Young Turks, who still were numerous and backed by ample funds. He also alluded to the great embarrassment due to the presence of foreign ships and troops in Constantinople, and the impossibility of direct diplomatic negotiations with the Entente. Incidentally, it should be noted that it must have been especially humiliating to have Greek warships anchored directly in front of the Palace of Dolma-Batche, a fact which may have accounted for the Sultan's having withdrawn to the seclusion of Yildiz in the gardens on the hills back from the Bosphorus.

The Sultan also spoke very frankly of his embarrassment concerning the Chamber of Deputies then in session, which was composed of a big majority of Young Turks who had approved originally of the war and had supported the Government in its policy against the Armenians.

Without attempting to go into the constitutional question of his power to prorogue Parliament, I did suggest to the Sultan that in such a crisis the hope of the Turks must center rather in their Padishah than in a legislative assembly which represented neither their wishes nor their best interests.

The Sultan seemed to catch the full significance of my remark, and I must admit that I was greatly pleased a few days later when I learned that he had taken the inevitable and the courageous

step of dissolving the Parliament which was in part responsible for the calamities brought on the Empire.

In setting forth the difficulties under which he was laboring without any considerable political group to furnish a substantial *point d'appui*, the Sultan quoted the familiar words of Archimedes to the effect that he could move the world if he could only find a fulcrum on which to rest his lever. I instinctively replied with the gesture of the up-lifted index finger, which is the most simple form of the Moslem profession of faith in Allah, the *one* God. His Majesty acknowledged that he ought never to forget the source of strength and support. I was greatly amused to learn a few days later from a nephew of the Sultan, an old friend of mine, that His Majesty had been much impressed by this gesture, and had asked whether I was a true Moslem!

I was greatly impressed throughout this long and, in some respects, trying interview by the patience and the thorough powers of analysis of the Sultan. He seemed naturally depressed, but at the same time eager to face with courage and wisdom the ghastly situation in which he found himself and his once magnificent Empire.

The interview closed in a very simple manner. I might have been spending the evening with a country gentleman. I left Yildiz, the Palace of the Star, with a feeling of the utmost sympathy for

this quiet, heroic figure on whose shoulders rests so intolerable a burden.

I discovered in my various conversations with Turkish leaders that they all seemed aware of the undeniable fact that the Turkish nation had not ever revealed much capacity for self-government, certainly not for the government of subject races. One and all seemed to realize that the only hope for their people lay in some form of a mandate that would give them sufficient time to enable them to demonstrate whatever powers of self-development and self-government they might possess.

These leaders pointed out to me the lamentable fact that for several centuries the European powers had never honestly desired to see a strong Turkey, and never had actually encouraged any real reforms. A vigorous, regenerated Turkey would not have suited the plans of any one of the great powers. In the great game of balance of power a Turkish army controlled by a great power might be useful at times, but a progressive, independent nation might prove a menace. Whether under the baleful rule of Abdul Hamid or of the Young Turks, it cannot truly be said that Turkey has ever had a genuinely disinterested friend to encourage her in honest reforms along the line of modern education and political regeneration.

However black and unfortunate the nation's past may be, the Turkish intelligencia now realize that their people are in a very bad way, and that only a long period of the right sort of guidance can ever enable them to rise to the level where Moslem and Turkish culture can best assert itself, and the Turks prove to the world that they may yet deserve to exist as a separate, independent nation.

I was greatly interested in the formation of a patriotic society known as the "Turkish Wilsonian League," to which many of the leading journalists belonged. They expressed great confidence in the spirit of President Wilson's aims and principles, and forwarded a petition to him asking that the United States should assume the task of mandatory for the Turkish nation. They believed that the United States alone of all the powers would fulfill this mandate in a disinterested, idealistic, effective manner so that the Turks might hope for a fair chance yet to win the confidence and respect of the rest of the world. Certainly, if President Wilson's declaration in his "twelfth point" that "the Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty" is literally fulfilled, they have a right to expect at least an autonomous, and ultimately an independent, Turkey.

The world, as I told the Sultan, is in

no mood to be indulgent towards the Turks; and yet, in the interests of the principle of self-determination, and with due respect for the dynamic power of nationalism, it will not be possible to ignore the claims of the Turkish people. These claims are now becoming more insistent. There is immense vitality yet in the Turkish nation. There are substantial qualities in the Turk which, in spite of his crimes and his incompetency, have commanded the respect and affection of most foreigners, even of the missionaries. The crimes associated with the Turk, though in large measure the acts of irresponsible Sultans and their ruthless officials, cannot in any way be palliated. But the potentialities of the Turk for good under the efficient government of a disinterested mandatory that will ensure the right kind of education as well as strict justice should not be unduly minimized. With a Sultan worthy of their respect and devotion, the Turks have yet a rallying point for a fresh cultural development, and may still live to hope for their national future. The old Byzantine dream of empire with Constantinople as the *ignis fatuus* must be forgotten forever, and a new generation must learn the hard lesson that national greatness is to be achieved only through moral and spiritual regeneration.

A MANDATE—DO WE QUALIFY?

I. THE PHILIPPINE TEST

By PAUL MONROE

IFIRST met him in the brush a thousand yards north of Dagupin, in Pampanga, lying on his belly and watching me through the sights of his Krag. It is indeed startling to discover the silent menace of a rifle muzzle protruding through the tropical growth, especially at twenty yards range.

"Friend!" I called across to him.

"Sure, come on over," he laughed back, and his rifle muzzle slipped across a point or two, covering the trail I had followed over the skyline.

Though it was but a chance meeting, he trusted me as one of his kind, and there was no "glad to meet you" talk or the reticence of Manila.

His name is no matter; it was Harvard-Boston-Irish of four American generations. But it is vital that his eyes were blue and that he was one of those sunburned American idealists whose success is not gauged in dollars, but in service rendered to civilization, to sanitation, to health and to decency. Why, then, was he civilizing with a Krag? I thought of the head-hunters of the

northern mountains, not far away, and of native insurrection, now a thing of the past.

"What's the trouble?" I asked when I reached his nest in the undergrowth.

"Nothing, just precaution," he answered. Then I heard in the valley behind him the rhythmical pounding of boring machinery and saw the top of a timber scaffold for well-digging.

He explained, as I crouched beside him, that a certain *ex-alcalde*, in a fit of petulance, had thrown a dog into the village well, thereby contaminating the supply. This had happened three villages up the road, and sickness had spread throughout the valley. To dig another well in the near neighborhood seemed inexcusable to the natives. Not that trouble was really expected, but machinery cost cash, and guards had been posted at the hill trails. His village needed water, and water they would have, pure and cold from the two-hundred-foot level, whether the natives opposed the work temporarily or not. These things he told me, and more,

while we sat and brushed away the flies.

This man was no engineer and no sanitary inspector. He was no N. C. O. of the Philippine constabulary. He thumbed the bolt of his rifle and admitted he was a teacher! I had heard often of his type. Indeed, I had come to the Philippines for the sole purpose of making his acquaintance, and to meet him in the equality of the brush was indeed good fortune, for men of his kind the world over are prone to be as uncommunicative as the Englishman at the frontiers of empire. Here he was at work at one of the strong contacts of civilization and of education in the Philippines—the development of water supply.

In the early days when the Island Administration started to dig artesian wells, the work was seriously hindered and sometimes prevented by native superstition. It seemed to the Filipinos, as with most Orientals, that to torment the earth with boring machinery could only arouse the hostility of the ground and water spirits. It was expected that

in them, when they would point to the island by earthquake and volcanic destruction. Indeed the hundred of normal earth shocks at that time were ascribed to the American insistence upon well-digging. Under the old régime only surface water could be used, and the bamboo huts were habitually built at the sluggish streams, where water could be used without the labor of carrying and where refuse could be thrown into the stagnant pools.

No greater handicap existed among these people than their limited physical existence. The mass of the population was infected with such intestinal diseases as the hook-worm and cholera. The plague and typhus are ever recurrent. It was said of the Far East that the mother never counted her children as belonging to the family until they had the smallpox; yet in the Philippines smallpox was eliminated in a very few years. The plague and typhus have been brought under subjection.

The diggers of the first well were mobbed. The second venture struck mineral water, so offensive to taste and to smell as to arouse the belief in its curative properties and to give it religious sanction. Native pilgrimages came many long kilometers to drink of the holy water, and, though the well was a failure as a water supply, it spread the cult of the well-digger far beyond the limits of its valley. Within a few years six hundred borings were made, morbidity rate declined, economic welfare greatly increased, and provincial settlements vied with one another in sinking artesian wells.

The psychology of American success in the Philippines is based largely upon imitation. This has made essential the setting up and the maintenance of high standards. When the American school-teacher in an isolated post cleared the dark undergrowth away from the entrance to his bungalow, the natives observed and did likewise. The reason behind the act is not essential. When he

laid gravel on his path to prepare for the rainy season, the natives did likewise. And then the American conceived a brilliant plan. He mapped his village carefully, traced the paths and the exact location of each hut. Then with great toil and painstaking precision he built thirty feet six inches of gravel sidewalk at the door of his house. Immediately there was great activity in the settlement; baskets were woven for the carrying of gravel; crude tools were fabricated, and behold a village of sidewalks, each thirty feet six inches long.

Before the United States went into the Philippines there was only one railroad line, 120 miles in length, and poor wagon roads through some 400 miles of island wilderness. Now there are 4000 miles of smooth automobile roads and 1000 miles of railroads.

Under the old régime cholera, small-pox and the bubonic plague were recurrent. American sanitary measures have stamped out these diseases.

Doles of fish and rice formed the usual native diet. American agricultural endeavor has given the Filipino more varieties of vegetables than are known in the United States, thus supplying him with a varied and stable diet.

The United States has established impartial courts of justice.

We have given the natives their first stable monetary system backed by gold.

Before the coming of the Americans the peasant class, toiling at the soil for local land owners, could hardly subsist on the pittance of food allowed them. Now four-fifths of the farming land is being cultivated by small owners and about one-fifth by share tenants.

During the Spanish occupancy the schools were few and accomplished little. A comprehensive American school system is now gradually being taken over by the native teachers. Our schools have taught the natives productive labor and sanitation.

Prior to American occupancy the Filipinos knew nothing of foreign trade, of commerce or of a market for their wares. Their great manual skill found expression only in the production of crude articles in local demand. In 1917 we paid the Filipino traders \$62,386,641 for their copra, hemp, coconut oil and sugar. They purchased \$38,140,152 worth of American goods. In 1918 Philippine exports totaled \$135,682,536. The Philippines now rank as our second-best Asiatic customer.

Under Spanish control the Philippines were governed after the manner of Spanish America. The powers of the Governor-General were limited only by the Supreme Court, of which he was the president. The favoritism that honeycombed the civil service often placed persons entirely unfit in responsible positions. Permanent positions could be bought, sold and inherited. We gave the Philippines a representative legislature, an Assembly, and more recently a Senate, composed of Filipinos. The executive branch of government consists of a Governor-General appointed by the President of the United States and of the Secretaries of the six administrative departments, appointed by the Governor-General.

Where the walks failed to connect it was not a mistake in his plan, as mathematically the calculation was correct, but one of faulty native imitation.

One of the greatest factors in the material development of the Philippines has been that of roads. It is said of old that the Roman road did as much to civilize Europe as Roman law. Certain it was that a well-beaten trail pushed through the dense tropical underbrush, to the terror of several hostile non-Christian tribes, did more to eliminate head-hunting and tribal warfare than all the force of arms. These lonely paths winding over the dangerous sky-lines and through the enveloping gloom of the valleys stimulated the primitive

commerce, made possible the mingling of hostile tribes, and gradually pacified great areas of the forest which otherwise would have taken years of guerilla fighting.

Before the making of these trails and the construction of roads it cost the Filipino in labor and loss more to carry his *abaca* or *copra* from his hill hut to the seashore, within a stone's throw, than to transport it to New York or to Marseilles. Good roads reduced these costs to a fraction, made for intelligent independence, and gave him an

incentive to labor. The courage and endurance of the trail-maker, as well as of the well-digger, have contributed much to the economic independence of these people and their freedom from the restraints of superstition, of ignorance and of disease.

The building of motor roads has further extended these virtues of communication and liaison between tribes. If ever a useless expenditure for pleasure can be credited as a force for modernization, it can be done in the Philippines. A native who finds the price to ride a hundred kilometers along these roads is quite satisfied with the fruits of his extravagance. As he rides he is being unconsciously impressed by the habits, the clothes,

the schools and the character of the other peoples. If his characteristic of imitation is turned into progressive channels, a great improvement in living conditions results.

With this angle of physical and material improvement the Philippine Government first concerned itself. Much of the sickness and disease of the Orient, as elsewhere, is due to improper diet. Scientific investigation showed that such a disease as beri-beri was due to improper diet—in this case polished rice. The Government seriously undertook the task of broadening the diet of the people by the introduction of corn, by the raising of many vegetables, and by the development of grains climatically adapt-

able. This attempt has been successful and could be duplicated with profit.

The old land tenure under the Spanish gave the masses of the natives, the *taos*, little else but shelter and a pittance of food. The available agricultural land was in the hands of the *caciques*, or local land owners, and the monastic orders. Their grasp of the land, some 400,000 acres, was complete. Indeed, the rule of the Spanish civil service was so corrupt and so unsatisfactory that the net result was a shifting of the more important administrative functions to the friars. A small dominant Filipino class exploited and gained. When the American Government stepped in, much of the land became free land, assigned under homestead acts. At the present time more than four-fifths of the farming land is being cultivated by small owners, and probably about one-fifth by share-tenants. It was necessary for us to establish the assurance that the laborer would actually receive the reward of his labor. He now considers this an assured fact, and he has thereby gained the incentive to labor. Take away a certain supervision, exhortation and example for his imitation, and he will backslide; but he has been the gainer by the new régime, and will not allow such a condition as existed under the Spanish rule to come again. The bare subsistence in doles of fish and rice will never again be acceptable. Indeed, there is no possibility of reaching any stable settlement of the colonial problems of Africa or of the Near East until freedom of spirit and development replace the traditional attitude of exploitation.

It is apparent that the whole trend of America's work in the Philippines has been educational. The problem to be solved has been a problem of civilization. Sanitation, communication, peace and the right to economic independence are all obviously things which we are ever striving to attain through our own educational systems. When in 1901 a thousand school teachers landed at Manila to await orders and assignments to the lowly, isolated districts there was laughter in the European chancelleries. What game is America playing? How does she expect to exploit the Philippines to the fullest if she starts an educational program now? A firm military control is the thing—and a control which prevents any sort of popular awakening. Does America think her interests can close the deal well enough before this educational poison starts to work? Or is the educational program a subterfuge; is it exploitation coated with the brightly painted camouflage of education? All these queries were natu-



REMOVING A LANDMARK OF THE OLD PHILIPPINE REGIME
American Concrete and Glass Have Replaced the Wicker and Mud Walls of the Old Schoolhouses Where the Rats Crawled Through the Floors

ral enough. A colony, a dependency, or a territorial acquisition peopled by uncivilized tribes had always been considered fair prey to the power lucky enough or strong enough to grasp it. The lack of modern initiative in such a territory was rather a quality to be desired. These questions have all been answered by a consistent policy and steady accomplishment of an educational administration, less the expected exploitation.

And in this answer is to be found the

essence of the American spirit abroad.

The men who accomplished this task can most of them be favorably compared as men with my friend the well-digger. His was the determination to do the job properly despite all kinds of opposition. Behind this determination was a certain inherent idealism, crude, it may be, and rarely expressed. Perhaps the purest type of idealist is the man who gives idealism concrete expression in act and leaves the oratory to someone else.



WHERE GOOD ROADS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED MORE THAN RIFLES
The American-made Roads Did More to Eliminate Head Hunting and Tribal Warfare in the Philippines Than All the Force of American Arms

Accuse any of our real people in the Philippines of idealism, and the denial is swift and expressive. It is an American tendency to belittle all things classed as spiritual, and to contradict the denial by determined effort and exhaustive labor prompted by the spirit of service. I am thoroughly convinced that our administration of the Philippines has been planned, controlled and carried out so well because of the determination by all ranks—military, civil and educational—to do the job properly.

Of these thousand school teachers who caused the ripple of international amusement and who mystified the diplomats, the majority were given a map location and ordered to proceed by first available transportation to take post in the isolated parts of the islands. Part of this available transportation consisted of stout marching shoes. Their destinations were to some five hundred native settlements. Building a school system from the ground up does not adequately describe the task before them. Their work is properly stated as a preparation of the ground for digging a foundation.

Settlements which had known white men were prepared to be hostile, as the secular schools for elementary instruction established by the Spanish had been largely responsible for the revolt five years before. Much of the instruction had been given by native teachers, unqualified to teach and prone to acquire a material control of their own people through superstition and a natural glorification of their superiority. In villages and towns where no schools had existed, the natural suspicion and hatred of an oppressed people formed a barrier against the innovation of the white man. Oriental civilization remains self-sufficient and resistant much longer than our occidental civilization. Here was the real barrier to educational progress in the Philippines.

In preparation of the educational ground the first move was obviously that of teaching English to the remaining Filipino teachers. While this was being done another task of great importance was furthered. As I have already said, the Philippine Islands were honey-combed with diseases due to filth and improper diet. The Philippine virtue and vice of imitation played a great part in the successful combating of these difficulties. At first the American teacher lived, or, rather, was billeted, in any possible habitation, even in the filth of an abandoned bamboo hut. Rats swarmed out of the slime under the huts and wriggled through the crevices of the flooring at night. Tropical insects of insidious danger crawled through the thinly woven walls, and disease-breeding



PHILIPPINE BUREAU OF SCIENCE

A NATIVE WATER CARRIER

Water Is Carried in Crude Buckets of Hollow Bamboo

flies settled down to enjoy the shadow of the room at noonday. The natives watched the gallant fight of these white men and women against bodily and physical danger with all the indifference and cynicism and fatalism of the East. They pursued their traditional life, they fought out their savage feuds, and they watched their children die with the unconcern of experience. Useless toil through long centuries of oppression had developed but one real ambition among them—to live without labor. The "high-collar" man, provincial functionary who attained the dignity of the white collar, and the "shoe-hombre," local landowner who had reached the affluence of shoes, seemed to be at the high point of material success. Beyond these things little was to be desired. Menial work was done almost entirely by the peasant class, and the alternative of rest was taken on the sodden dirt of the clearings around the huts. This servile class, dependent upon extreme labor for existence, ceased all effort at the slightest opportunity. Those natives who were a step above them scorned labor entirely as beneath their dignity. There was little shifting of social station; it remained stagnant as thus developed. It was the whole purpose

of the educational administration to introduce manual labor among the unproductive class and so to change the work of the menial class as to create sufficient profit to make labor worth while. Disease was largely caused by insufficient diet, and the introduction of corn and varieties of vegetables was the logical method both to accomplish the subjection of disease and to bring about a fair return for native toil.

When the American schoolmaster watched the passage of the months and saw no hope of success, when the cholera and the dysentery decimated his village, when the natives accepted his constant ministrations to their lingering maladies without a glimmer of gratefulness, it would seem that the vital spirit of idealism in doing the job properly would have flickered out. But that is where this spark in the white man, in the American, is fanned to a white heat. With us the fire of idealism burns more brightly under the forced draft of failure than at any other time. Had it not been so, our regiments would never have swept through the Argonne.

In the beginning, when the Filipino child of the better class came to school, if he came at all, he was accompanied by his *muchacho*, his servant, who carried his books. The child of social standing must not be seen performing a menial task. To dig in the soil was taboo. To compete in a physical contest was absurdly undignified. The manual labor performed by the white man was for some time a good and sufficient reason to despise him. In the schools now open to the poor the line of social distinction between ten-year-olds was comically apparent. But behind the humor of the situation lay the tragedy of the Orient, the caste feeling, which was intensified in the Filipino by the influence of 16th century Spanish civilization.

The introduction of a healthy diet began with the instruction of the children in the mysteries of the garden plot. Children were required to cultivate a little garden at the school and another at home. A boy in one of the schools showed me his garden with evident pride. "And you did this all yourself?" I asked encouragingly. "Of course not," he answered; "my *muchacho* did it."

This opposition to labor has been overcome partly by imitation and partly by government purchase of the products of school industry. The Philippine Islands is the only place I know where a child may labor for a portion of the day in school work and actually earn a living wage for his family.

In place of the leading handicrafts being restricted to the more skilful Japanese or the more industrious Chinese, all of them were developed for the na-



Philippine Bureau of Science

ALONG A PHILIPPINE ROAD WHERE THE SLOW CARABAO DRAG THEIR LOADS

Before the Activity of the American Engineers the Carabao Cart Was the Accepted Method of Transport. Incidentally, the Carabao Requires a Mud-Bath Every Few Hours or He Will Strike

tive. From a floor-dwelling people they have been educated to the use of household furniture. Perhaps in no country has there been more rapid economic development in two decades than in the Philippines.

The civil commission-government was established as quickly as possible. There was no partisanship about it, and it was fundamentally fair. The American administration was more interested in doing a good piece of constructive work than in anything else. There were occasional cases of corruption in office, but fewer than are being discovered daily in any given section of the United States. It is to the credit of the Insular Administration that when such cases were discovered they were dealt with quietly and summarily. The purpose of the government was to elevate the people, to bring them into contact with institutional life, whether economic, commercial, hygienic or political, and finally to train and develop them to take over the control of these institutions when they should have proved themselves fit. But the whole program of the government focused at that phase of the work definitely organized—the school system. The first schoolmasters were indeed soldiers ordered to teach English, but it was soon discovered that the work of teaching was as broad as the government itself. The school teacher actually supplanted the government in meeting hygienic, sanitary, political and social problems.

Anyone who knows the Philippines will declare that the success of America's hand in the islands has been obvious. How, then, has this success been attained? The answer is also obvious: by the consistent pursuance of a policy dictated by the ideals of service to civilization, to the pursuit of happiness and to economic independence.

Twenty-eight years ago, altogether unexpectedly, without preparation and without intention, the United States found itself charged with the responsibility of the care of a backward people and the development of a retarded culture. The question has often been raised, and of recent years frequently debated, whether the United States promised independence to the Filipino. The first work of our Government was to give freedom in the American sense, which, unfortunately, many of the leaders, both native and American, have ever identified with that fraction of freedom—political independence. The more important thing which we did promise was freedom; and so, too, for these people of the Near East, concerning whom the question of mandates is now raised, freedom is of far greater significance than immediate political independence. Our nearest neighbors to the north, the Canadians, have freedom, but no political independence; to the south, the Mexicans have political independence, but no freedom which can be envied.

The Americans found thirty or forty tribes speaking different dialects in the

tropical and sub-tropical environment of the Philippines. The Filipinos were made up of a mixture of Malay stock upon which had been superimposed a Latin culture of the sixteenth century but slightly tintured with nineteenth-century ideas and customs. Much the same situation exists in most of the territories of the Near East, whose disposition at the present moment is of such importance to their peoples and to the future peace of the world.

The problem of the mandates is educational, as was the problem of the Philippines. Even if no mandate is offered to us or accepted, the experience in the Philippines will serve as an object-lesson in the reconstruction of the shattered social life and in the stimulation of the belated development of these unfortunate regions. While the mechanics of governmental control over a backward people has been learned in the Philippines, we have learned much more than this. We have learned how to conduct a school system for tribal instruction; how to regulate a just division of the land; how to reach a fair system of taxation, and how to establish courts where justice is not affected by the subtle influence of money or of political pressure. We have learned that our diplomacy is not altogether dollar diplomacy. We have learned that we can withstand the temptation to exploit a feebler people. And we have learned that we possess that virtue of practical idealism so essential to a mandatory function.

II. THE AMERICAN IDEA IN THE NEAR EAST

By TALCOTT WILLIAMS

SHALL the United States accept, as was originally proposed at Paris, a mandatory for the entire Turkish Empire or as is now preferred, after other powers have picked the better tracts, a trusteeship for Constantinople and for Central and Eastern Asia Minor and the elevated plateau of "Armenia," in which the Kurds, still primitive in their rude culture, are in a majority through one-half of this area?

If it does, it will bring peace on earth and good-will among subject peoples and lands misgoverned. If it does not, the large share it had in the war just over will bring a larger share in the next and greater world conflict, a war more devastating and more perilous.

Four new principles the American people have given the world in the political organization of society—a successful federal system of rule, the indispensable association of taxation and representation, a uniform civil status for all citizens and a colonial government administered with a view to the development, autonomy and ultimate equality in self-rule of the dependency without distinction of race. Complete success in applying these definitions of self-evident human rights may not have been secured. Collectively, they are silently transforming the world of man. The new organization of humanity proposed at Paris in the League of Nations shows the effect of all four principles; but the one most American in its origin, least understood in its practice and most revolutionary in its principle is the proposal in the Covenant that all the German colonies shall be governed for their development, and "certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire" "can be provisionally recognized" "as independent nations," "subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a mandatory, until such time as they are able to stand alone." The "mandatory" acting under this command of the Council of the League is to exercise colonial powers as a trustee for the development and ultimate self-rule of these "communities." This is the principle on which the United States from 1787 has administered all its dependencies. England has recognized it as to its colonies of English descent, and these alone. It has rejected it as to all its non-English dependencies, including Ireland. France has accepted the principle in form and evaded it in administration. Holland, Spain and Portugal still reject it. So has Italy in its colonial practice.

In November, 1918, when war was over, as far as the Ottoman Empire was concerned, and before the armistice, England and France were ready to consider the application of this principle to the entire area under Turkish dominion, outside of Arabia, as the declaration of November 11, cited below, shows—a declaration which has escaped the attention of the American public.

In Arabia, outside of the holy cities, Mecca and Medina, the Sublime Porte has exerted a most uncertain authority, broken by repeated and often successful revolt. Exclude Arabia, and there is left what is ordinarily called Asiatic Turkey, with Constantinople and 10,882 square miles held in Europe, including Adrianople. This makes 439,924 square miles, with a population estimated at 20,223,900, or about the population of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey spread over the area of New England, the Middle States, the Central States to the Mississippi, with Delaware, Maryland and West Virginia added for full measure. Practically, this is the United States north of the Potomac and Ohio, east of the Mississippi and south of the Lakes, an area which had in 1910 a population of 60,000,000. The Turkish Empire would swiftly rise to this number if law, order and sound administration developed its resources. It has coal on the Black Sea, oil fields on the Persian Gulf, unused grain lands whose yield could be raised in a decade to 200,000,000 bushels, the great copper area France is seizing, the world's current supply of opium, liquorice and the finer tobaccos, a natural silk area, land and rainfall suited to cotton in Mesopotamia and to wool in Asia Minor and the Southern plain. To all these is added the shortest railroad line to India and the best marine frontage of any land on the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, with a river navigation all told of 2000 miles.

The problem of administration would be easier than in the Philippines. The world's intercontinental trade would pass over its railroad system. The races that make up its population have each played a great part in history. Nothing is needed but credit, a development so prompt that it would forestall unrest by furnishing employment, an end of the manifold intrigues of Europe and the curse of exterritoriality, with its cruel advantage to the alien and its brutal denial of justice and equal rights to the native of the soil. The work the United States has done in waste lands, and

more recently in the Philippines and in Cuba, would be done on a greater scale in Turkey, as a whole, taken as a single integer, not divided for exploitation. It could not be done after England had seized the great fields of oil from Mosul to the south and monopolized the trade of the Persian Gulf, France exploited Syria and Cilicia, Italy cut off Adalia from its neutral market, Greece occupied Smyrna—with dire results—and seized the revenue-yielding products of the hinterland of this port. Nothing would be left but barren and unproductive stretches of Central Asia Minor and the tableland of the northeast, once wholly Armenian in its governing class and government, possessing large mineral wealth but certain to be slow in development owing to its backward Turkish and Kurdish populations, and to the few practical railroad routes, and those with some heavy grades, many obstacles and no nearby supply of fuel.

For the United States to become the unselfish trustee of humanity and civilization in raising the people and territory of the entire Ottoman Empire to security, self-government, self-rule, mutual respect and peace, were the happiest harvest that could grow from the red furrows of war watered by the blood and the lives of 10,000,000 men shed in the past five years. This once done, the world would have before it lasting peace. By some like method China would be raised to a like level without losing either the independence of its immemorial past or the self-government of its unknown future. The two halves of Africa, 70,000,000 of negroes who live south of the Sahara and 30,000,000 whites who live on the Mediterranean from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, now seething with rebellion, would gain peace and internal order. They would cease to be the despair of those who desire justice among men, and record instead the disappearance of a constant temptation to oppression for three great powers—France, Italy and England. The northern half of Asia would cease to be the prey of Russia without losing order and civilization and reverting to the menace and massacre with which these vast regions, Tartar, Turk, Mongol and Manchu, have, through forty centuries, overshadowed the fertile rivers and plains of China. For 1000 years the eighteen Chinese provinces have been gasping under the tyranny of some robber horde, whose chiefs rode into a helpless human herd of 300,000,000 from some predatory capital from Samarkand

to Mukden. Under examples like these the colonial policy of England in India, and France in Indo-China and North Africa, would cease to be on one side a "necessary" use of force and on the other an arousal of resistance to colonial rule, always growing, yet always disappointing to rulers and to ruled alike. A single successful example furnished by Turkey of an Asian people raised to self-government by external aid and direction would give hope to the subject lands of all the earth.

This method might accomplish results with the most difficult of all earth's administrative problems—Latin America. It includes a third of the world's "independent" states, in 1914 twenty in number. They furnish fully this share of the members of the Assembly of Nations as provided by the Paris Covenant of Nations for peace, though the population of these sovereign states is collectively not four per cent of earth's total. One state, Brazil, sends a delegate to the Council of the League. Yet no one of these Latin American states is stable. If they were all Indian they would long since have been reduced to order or the race would have disappeared before a white population. As it is, the Spanish population is too weak to rule, and yet strong enough to preserve independence and separation. Half-breeds complicate the situation. Indians furnish a rude fighting force, ready to hand for each fresh tyrant. A small oligarchy of landholders gives a strong but not a liberal government in Chile. In Argentina, foreign trade and foreign capital furnish the basis for a peaceful but fitful administration. Brazil is preserved from revolution by its size and its isolation, with English capital aiding its stability. The rest of Latin America has no administration equal to civilized standards.

Taking Asia, Africa and Latin America, at least one-half of the non-savage areas of the earth is today without the capacity to give a government which can protect property, enforce contracts, furnish education and keep the peace. In the past, areas in this condition have been absorbed by a foreign power. This has ceased to be possible. Suddenly, exactly as in the sixteenth century, it became clear that religion could no longer be imposed by authority, as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries representative government became inevitable, as in the mid-nineteenth century chattel slavery was suddenly abolished in a decade, so now it has ceased to be possible to govern any land or any people from without. This is as true of Ireland as it is of India, of the few surviving Letts, as it is of the hundreds of millions in China. The only possible escape under these conditions is super-

vision by a foreign power effectively using its authority as a trust, pledged to prepare for civilized self-government.

With the same supreme instinct for leadership of mankind which led the American people to be the first to originate complete religious liberty, to establish popular institutions on a new basis, and to abolish slavery under conditions which forced acceptance by the world—which was not true of the English emancipation of the West Indian negro—a new principle was established in the government of human beings when this country adopted in the Philippines the principle that the only justification for our presence would be preparation for our departure, leaving behind us a free, independent and self-governing people. This principle has made all other subject nations rebellious, and in European possessions has taken its first concrete shape in the mandatory clauses dealing with the colonies taken from Germany.

What Europe expected was to divide its conquest in the Near East as in the past. The European powers, England, France, Italy and Greece, are now trying to do this in the Ottoman Empire. They will fail. The public opinion of the three powers concerned is certain to assert itself. The attempt to divide the Ottoman Empire was repudiated a year ago by the expressed agreement of Eng-

land and France in the following statement. On November 8, 1918, at Paris, this declaration was agreed to and transmitted to President Wilson:

"The aim which France and Great Britain have in view in waging in the East the war let loose upon the world by German ambition is to insure the complete and final emancipation of all those peoples, so long oppressed by Turks, and to establish national governments and administrations which shall derive their authority from the initiative and free will of the peoples themselves. To realize this, France and Great Britain are in agreement to encourage and assist the establishment of native governments in Syria and Mesopotamia, now liberated by the Allies, as also in those territories for whose liberation they are striving, and to recognize those governments immediately they are effectively established. Far from wishing to impose on the peoples of these regions this or that institution, they have no other care than to assume, by their support and spiritual aid, the normal working of such government and administration as the people shall themselves have adopted, to guarantee impartial and even justice for all, to facilitate the economic development of the country by arousing and encouraging local initiative, to foster the spread of education, to put an end to those factions too long exploited by Turkish policy. Such is the part which the two allied governments have set themselves to play in liberated territories."



THE ARMENIAN GUARD ON AMERICAN FLOUR AT ERIVAN
The Chaotic Condition of the Near East Requires Armed Guards on Essential Commodities. Foodstores Have Been Ringed Around with Steel



CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS PRIZE HARBOR FROM THE HEIGHTS OF THE CITY
Constantinople Harbor Is One of the Finest in the World. The City Itself Is Just Now the Center of International Intrigue and Plotting That Involves Most of the European Powers

This was signed and by international law superseded the secret treaties two and one-half years earlier, which are now cited as the explanation of the present spoliation of Mesopotamia, Syria, Cilicia, Adalia and Smyrna. In the nature of things, these treaties can furnish no justification for the treachery and breach of faith towards the American people, who fought unaware that the victory they had aided to win would be used to enthrall peoples ready for self-government after a brief tutelage, peoples we had long served as our special task in Turkey.

The system which the three principal allied and associated powers in Europe are endeavoring to employ in partitioning the Ottoman Empire will collapse. It has brought Italy to the edge of revolution. Resistance in Syria will require a larger force than can be furnished by the Foreign Legion and the colonial army in France. The instant it is clear that conscript soldiers (*armée de la terre*) have to be used for foreign conquest, the ministry that makes the proposal will be thrown out as Freycinet's was because of Egypt and Ferry's for Cochin China. In England a Liberal Labor Union will accomplish the same result if the British army is used in extensive operations. It will be difficult

even to employ the Indian army in the task proposed.

The mandatory clauses in the Covenant of Nations for peace express no mere theory. It is the acceptance of what has come to be the common consent of the civilized world. Exactly as civilization has in the past agreed upon religious liberty, representative institutions and the abolition of serfdom, so soldiery is no longer the necessary or possible concomitant of a stable social order. Every man and every woman, every statesman and voter the world over, is aware that it is not possible to govern by force when Egyptian fellahs throw themselves against machine guns.

The United States alone launched this conviction among men, and was the first of nations to prove it by turning over Cuba to its own people, and ruling the Philippines with reference to the final independence of a region far more backward than the peoples and population of the Ottoman Empire. It was logically inevitable that the world would turn to the United States as the one power which could carry out on a large scale this new and essential program in the development of a special region. The American people stand before the world as the only great power ever in existence which has and has had no desire for foreign dominion. Twice Mexico could have been annexed without resist-

ance, once when our army easily overran the northern provinces and occupied the capital in 1846, and again when the departure of the French troops in 1869 left no force equal to resistance anywhere, the only representative of the Republic at that time being Juarez, penned into a corner of the territory of Mexico with a few hundred ill-armed soldiers. In both instances the United States refused to take any region which was inhabited. The territory we annexed had white settlers minutely small in number. The Indian population was so sparse that it was negligible and has never at any point offered resistance to occupation. The rest of Mexico was left to its own destiny, which has proved to be one of despotism, misrule, bloodshed, devastation, terror and destruction. In every attempt to introduce railroads or modern institutions, despotism has been the only possible guarantee of order.

All the predictions which have been confidently made by European observers for the last sixty years that the United States would eventually administer Latin America have been set at naught. The Latin states collectively could offer no adequate opposition to the United States army, but the American people do not believe in conquest, annexation, or in any policy which does not look to the education and development of lands which the accident of power bring under

their control. This alone would have been enough to suggest the United States as the proper authority to rule on a large scale in the new order brought by the war, aside from our successful experiment in the Philippines. This experiment is not yet complete. It will take longer than most predict to make independence safe either for the Philippine Islands or for the world. Even today there are no "Filipinos." There is only a group of different tongues and different peoples scattered over the archipelago, ranging from the partially civilized Tagals of Luzon to the Igorots and Moros, directed by the few thousand who enjoy a knowledge of Spanish and English, and thereby acquaintance with European civilization. These are not yet numerous enough either to control the archipelago by force or to weld its score of languages into one common tongue. But while the experiment is not complete, it has forced the reform of the British government in India; it has furnished the principle of action cited in every subject colony the world over, and it has brought unrest into every subject people in Asia or in Africa. The moral effect of our Philippine administration is far greater than its visible record. It has come to be accepted because it came at a time when the world was ready for a recognition of the fact that it was no longer possible to govern colonies save as a step to their choice of independence or of free and federate union.

The position, the principles and the

practice of the American people on this subject are the natural evolution of our origin, experience and history. Colonials all, we began, and we were colonies for a longer span than we have been an independent people. When colonies came to us in the Northwestern Territory we alone of all earth's nations saw the problems of dependencies from the standpoint of a dependency. Dane's Ordinance, passed in 1787, provided for autonomy, self-rule and future equality for States yet unborn and lands yet unsettled. With a skill born of experience, it maintained a central power to control the new dependency, and it provided for training, education, equality and practice in self-rule which would lead to autonomy. We pledged the commonwealths, yet unknown, all of freedom that the thirteen colonies had won through war. We avoided the evils which had driven us to revolution and separation, and we promised in advance the rights and privileges which would have kept us loyal subjects to the English crown. Exactly as our legislation on the Philippines has guided Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford in our day, so two generations ago Lord Durham followed the example of the Ordinance for Governing the Northwestern Territory in drawing the Act for Canada which began the first self-governing commonwealth in the annals of English Colonial Empire. Step by step we have followed this path which we hewed out 132 years ago in the wilderness of colonial rule. Neither a Carthage nor an Ireland have we in

our history, and the area over which our flag flies is to all the earth the sign of liberty, order and self-rule.

Thus is democracy justified of her children, and liberty through law breeds law through liberty. All peoples know this of us, as witness the native colonial press of all subject lands which finds, as in Ireland, the Near, the Central and the Far East, that there is no form in which sedition can be so safely and so surely preached as by narrating the policy and the practice of the American people in dealing with dependencies. Nowhere has this lesson been better learned than in the Ottoman Empire. Just a century ago last November two American missionaries landed in Turkey. Through all the century we have been known to every people and to every city under the rule of the Sublime Porte for acts of mercy, of faith and of education. In our colleges and universities we have given teaching in modern science and schooling in the ancient guards and safeguards of freedom and of justice. Our hospitals are in every city of Turkey. Our preachers and physicians are known in every village. Where other lands have been known by concessions, monopolies and oppressive trade, we have been known by mercy, healing, teaching and righteousness. Where others have invested for profit, we have invested \$20,000,000 in founding colleges, \$40,000,000 in feeding the hungry and \$50,000,000 in preaching, instruction and free medicine, whose only profit is recorded in the viewless ledgers of the



THE DEVASTATED AND DESOLATE ARMENIAN CITY OF KARS

One of the Scars of the War, Burned by the Armenians When They Withdrew from the City in 1918, and All That Was Left Later Destroyed by the Turks

divine economy which record the growth of mental and moral value, and leave no column for the entry of selfish profit.

Such a record and such an influence no people has ever had in another land. Not in history has there been the unselfish enterprise crowned by the success through private benevolence never before equalled, of those smitten by massacre and starvation. Where other nations would need armies to keep order, our flag would need only a police. Turkey is today bankrupt, stripped of cattle, food, timber, fruit trees, and all the needs of the farmer and mechanic. Its one trunk line is a wreck. Its public credit is gone and its currency near collapse. Its great resources are untouched

and undeveloped. They furnish the sure basis for any loan needed. If the European powers are willing to keep the pledge specifically made to America in November, 1918, the path is clear.

Guaranties will be needed before we can safely put even the moderate force needed in an area all of whose marine avenues are held by England, in the Persian Gulf, the Suez Canal and the Straits of Gibraltar. Our General Staff has justly insisted that we ought to share in garrisoning at Gibraltar our necessary pathway to the Atlantic.

Outside of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches, whose missions have made our record in Turkey, there has been no general approval of this

step, but this has not been due to the plan proposed or to a rooted objection to our accepting these new responsibilities. The chief influence which has halted favorable public opinion is European policy and action in the past year seizing the most profitable portions of the Empire, refusing self-government, introducing into Syria the Moslem reaction and fanaticism of Arabia and breeding over the Ottoman Empire a general resolve to resist the old colonial policy of the past, which manages dependencies for the profit of the suzerain, and taxes subject peoples to support the armies that oppress them, to aid the trade of the oppressor and to provide dividends for his corporations.

HALIDEH HANOUM

By GERTRUDE EMERSON

SHE is slight. Often she is spoken of as beautiful. But the well-drawn eyebrows, the big brown eyes that seem a little too large for the delicate contour of the face, the expressive mouth, belong to many Turkish women—they are features that express a distinct racial heritage. The red gold hair, visible where the thin silk veil is thrown back off the face, is probably also an inheritance from her Deunme mother—as the Jews who are converted to the Moslem faith are called. Her real beauty consists in mobility and sensitivity of expression, a compelling forcefulness of mind and personality, which belong entirely to herself. Perhaps she is also distinguished by her very lack of conspicuousness. In manner she is extremely quiet and reserved. In dress she chooses invariably soft dark colors, trape or brown or grey, and that expensive simplicity which the woman of taste and position usually favors. She is, above everything, essentially feminine. And she is Halideh Hanoum, the most-talked-of woman in Turkey.

The day of the latticed window and the veiled woman has by no means passed in Turkey, though the feminist movement, as we should term it, dates back farther than one might suppose. Certainly the revolution of July 24, 1908, when Sultan Abdul Hamid was forced by the Young Turk Party to proclaim the long-delayed Constitution, and when Turkey first began to think in terms of modern institutions, went a long way toward initiating social freedom for the women of Turkey. Back of that coup, however, lay many years of careful preparation, of education, of secret propaganda, in which women had already

played their part. Some day the records may be laid bare, but it is still unwise to talk too openly in Turkey. Thirty years of censorship, of secret agents scurrying through the Empire to report back to the Great Ear at Yildiz Kiosk in Stamboul any shadow of "treachery," were not calculated to produce anything but trickery with which to meet trickery, astuteness with which to match power. The espionage system made it impossible for men to come together without being watched, and it was the women who carried back and forth thousands of letters for the Young Turks and for the Society of Union and Progress. The wives of these men saw to it that messages were delivered to their friends whom they met, by chance, as it were, in the bazaars or shops, and they, in turn, passed on the information to their husbands. Women were even sold as slaves into the households of important officials whom it was necessary to win over to the cause, and later were bought back again when their work was finished. The Turkish law does not permit women to be arrested for political action, but sometimes they paid the full price of courage. Just after the ex-Sultan, who had accepted the Constitution only to introduce a period of reaction blacker than any that had preceded it, had left his palace for the last time on the way to exile, a newspaper published the report of how he had murdered a beautiful Circassian in the palace. Among initiated circles it was known how, in his harem, a certain Circassian had used her beauty and charm to good effect in the subtle interests of the Young Turk Party. Even the Sultan's own sister worked secretly against Abdul Hamid, whom she always referred

to as the Usurper. Probably the first woman actually to be admitted into the Young Turks organization was Refeka Hanoum, daughter of Kiamil Pasha, who refused marriage at eighteen in order to devote all her energies toward bringing about a higher freedom for her oppressed sisters. Among this little group of daring women, Halideh Hanoum, who has since assumed the role of Turkey's leading feminist, early showed herself one of the leading spirits.

Under the old régime it was against the law for any Turkish girl to attend a foreign school. Needless to say, the native schools for girls were entirely inadequate. As a young girl Halideh Hanoum exhibited such marked intellectual gifts that her father, who was Secretary in the Department of the Treasury in the palace of the Sultan, decided to sacrifice his own career for hers, and on the plea that he would ask for no further promotion, obtained consent to place her in the American College for Women at Constantinople. From this institution Halideh Hanoum was graduated in June, 1901, the first Moslem woman to obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts. At fifteen she had already translated into Turkish one of those English books which somehow survive on the shelves of far-away libraries when they have completely disappeared from those at home—*The Mother in the Home*, by Jacob Abbott, an American pedagogue of the sixties. For this unusual accomplishment she was decorated by the Sultan, and her proud father had printed one thousand copies of the book, which were distributed to the wives of soldiers. In spite of her general aptitude, especially in literature, history and astronomy, geometry proved a

stumbling block. When she was seventeen it was necessary for her to be tutored for a short time in this subject. The young Turkish girl and the tutor, a professor of the Imperial University, soon found romance more interesting than geometry, and Halideh was led to sign a marriage paper, not knowing that her husband already had a wife and children in Paris. This was not, of course, illegal according to Turkish law.

The marriage resulted in two children, but it did not prove a happy one. Educated according to advanced modern theories, Halideh Hanoum was shut up in a harem for seven years, living the conventional life of the Turkish woman. It was a period of disillusionment and unhappiness, later resulting in divorce. Fortunately for her, however, her husband possessed a very fine French library, and here Mme. Salih Zeki Bey buried herself, absorbing to the full French thought and culture. This French influence left an indelible impression on her own subsequent literary production. At this time, also, she became intensely interested in Turkish history, and the study of Turkey's brilliant past with a comparison of her present position led her to the support of the Young Turk program, which promised much-needed reforms.

All modern literature had been ruthlessly crushed by Abdul Hamid, who was terribly afraid of any insurgent or progressive ideas. When the Revolution snapped the iron clamp of despotism, print became the medium of popular expression throughout the Empire. Halideh Hanoum's first published work after her fifteen-year-old accomplishment was a patriotic poem purporting to be an address from Othman, founder of the Ottoman Empire, to the Fourth Army Corps, which had effected the Revolution. This poem exactly expressed the feelings of the Young Turks, and the author at once sprang into popular fame. Her novels, written in the period of seclusion in the harem, were published in serial form in the daily papers and periodicals. She was asked to become a contributing editor of the *Taninc*, the Young Turk paper, in which she discussed the radical movements of the day. Recognition came to her from abroad; she was invited to come to England to give an address before a formidable political league. Because of her American education and her vital interest in constitutional government she was able to meet and associate on equal footing with the political leaders at home, including the great triumvirate, Enver, Talaat and Djemel—Young Turks who occupied, respectively, the posts of Minister of War, Grand Vizier



HALIDEH HANOUM, WRITER, EDUCATIONALIST AND PATRIOT
Recently She Has Addressed Enormous Mass-Meetings of Her Fellow Countrymen, Urging Them to Stand Firm Against Any Partition of Turkey

and Minister of Marine during the European war, men who are still powerful in spite of the vicissitudes of military defeat and political disaster, as the latest dispatches announcing Enver's operatic claim to the title of King of Kurdistan and Talaat's espousal of communism sufficiently prove. In the salon of Halideh Hanoum there gathered some of the most interesting minds of Turkey, and here, under her influence and with her coöperation, many decisions affecting the destiny of Turkey undoubtedly were worked out.

Naturally she invited danger by her ardent espousal of the Young Turk cause. A year after the Revolution, when Abdul Hamid made a sudden effort to regain his lost power, agents were sent out with proscription lists bearing the names of two hundred officers and two hundred civilians upon whom death sentence had been passed, among them the names of two women, including that of Halideh Hanoum. The office of the *Taninc* was raided and wrecked and all her manuscripts destroyed. It became

necessary for her to hide for her life and one day in April, 1909, she appeared with her two boys at the American College, asking for permission to remain at the College during the period of danger. Later she was smuggled off to Egypt, where she remained until the reins of government were once more safely vested in the hands of the Young Turk Party, and the arch-autocrat, Abdul Hamid, a figure pitiful in his defeat, had been deposed once and for all.

In the new freedom for Turkey the position of women was a burning topic of discussion. Dozens of woman's clubs were formed, largely under the influence and direction of Halideh Hanoum, and women openly demanded as their right the social and intellectual opportunities so long withheld from them. Woman's papers, presenting serious discussions of political, educational and social problems, commanded enthusiastic and widening circulation, and the press in general gave its staunch support to the new feminist movement.

Turkish women have, according to

civil law more rights than some of their European sisters, though of course it must be recognized that in practice a woman is very much at the mercy of her husband or male relatives. Mahomet omitted from the Koran certain instructions dealing with the complex actions of civil life, and it was found necessary to supplement his foundation of Moslem law with rules for a civil administration. The Justinian Code, in which women were regarded as citizens equally with men, formed the model to which the Turkish authorities turned. Women in Turkey have, therefore, for centuries been permitted to hold property in their own right. Marriage does not invalidate this right, and a woman is free to dispose of her property in any way she sees fit. Her signature is required for all legal documents relating to her own affairs. Even schoolgirls are frequently called from the classroom to consult on matters relating to their business interests. When a woman marries she is presented with a stipulated sum of money, and what is known as a reserve dowry of equal amount becomes hers automatically in case of divorce. In the law courts women have always been permitted as witnesses, and they may even plead their own cases. As nurses and "half doctors" they have extensive opportunities to practice their profession for an economic return, since it is still considered illegitimate in the provinces and among conservative Moslems for men physicians to attend the women of the household. From time immemorial a woman has occupied the important post of treasurer of the harem in the Sultan's palace. Looking after the expense accounts and jewels of some three or four hundred extravagant women is no simple task, and a whole retinue of scribes and clerks are kept busy under the supervision of the treasurer. Woman's property rights have given them a familiarity with business in general, and today they are showing themselves unusually competent in meeting the changing economic conditions of this oriental country. The women of Turkey fill a large number of positions in the competitive business world—in the telephone exchanges, the postoffice department, and ordinary commercial houses. Not long ago a joint stock company was formed in Stamboul with a capital of 10,000 Turkish pounds, or \$44,000, for the purpose of working a black amber mine in Asia Minor. The board of directors for this company consisted entirely of Moslem women.

On the social side, however, the women of Turkey have not fared so well. The laws forbidding attendance at foreign schools, the absence of any except the most elementary schools, and the re-

stricted harem life, have effectually closed up all avenues of progress to Moslem women. It was schools for girls which were most wanted. The Department of Public Instruction asked Halideh Hanoum to outline a course of study necessary for the reorganization of girls' schools throughout the Empire, and at the same time she was appointed as government inspector for thirteen schools in Constantinople. The *Kadinlar Dunyasi*, or Women's World, the weekly organ of the Society for the Defense of the Rights of Turkish Women elaborated a program involving comprehensive reform in various social, educational and economic fields; the abolition of the veil in the outdoor costume of women, an amelioration of the marriage laws, changes in social conditions which would permit women to become in the true sense members of society, better educational facilities, and economic opportunities tending toward their greater economic independence. In the first exuberance of the new-found freedom the veil was recklessly thrown off—symbol of woman's seclusion from men. It is symbols to which the world generally clings longest, even when the thing symbolized has already passed out of existence. A great hue and cry was raised from the conservative forces on every hand, and the veil was consequently, and obediently, put on again, and is still largely worn, although in the principal cities it is considered as a mere ornament of dress rather than a social obligation. Real freedom, however, the intellectual emancipation of the Turkish women, progressed with rapid strides.

Meanwhile, political matters were rapidly going from bad to worse. Party strife at home resulted in an unsettled government, which suddenly found itself involved in war abroad. The first Balkan War of 1912, however, temporarily succeeded in uniting all factions, and a wave of patriotic emotion swept over the country. For the first time women participated in national affairs. The Society of the Red Crescent, the Turkish equivalent for the Red Cross, was organized under the presidency of Princess Nimet, and Moslem women went into the field and into hospitals to nurse their men, against every tradition of the past. Two giant mass-meetings of 5000 women each were held at the Imperial University, supporting a national organization and patriotic appeals on behalf of the country. Halideh Hanoum was instrumental in arousing and stimulating a new sense of responsibility on the part of Turkish women. Typical of her fervent oratory is a speech of these days:

"Listen to the words engraved on

stone hundreds of years ago by an early Turkish Padishah: 'God appointed me ruler that the name and fame of the Turkish race might not be extinguished. I was not appointed to rule over a rich people, but over a poor people scantily supplied with food and clothing. For the Turkish race I slept not at night. I rested not by day. I worked for my people till death.' Let us each, in our measure, adopt these words of our great ruler.

"The supreme need is a burning patriotism. It was the love of race which first made the Turks a great nation. It is our loss of this sentiment which has lessened our historical renown and laid us low. It is this love of race among our enemies which has made the Bulgarians, who were our milkmen half a century ago, a nation that has won the respect of Europe. It makes one ashamed to pass our border into little Bulgaria and see there on every hand so much better evidences of love of native soil. Whose fault is it? It is ours. It was for Turkish mothers to instill into the minds and hearts of their children a love of nationality and fatherland. But it is no time to despair of our future. Look at France and the French. They met a great defeat at the hands of Germany forty years ago, and lost portions of their territory. But their ardent patriotism kept them from despair. In twenty-five years the strength and glory of their country shone more brightly than ever before. Come nearer home. Look at the Greeks. For hundreds of years they were our subjects, without independence or a country of their own, their chief city like a dirty stable. Look at them now. Their little Athens is a city much cleaner and more beautiful than Stamboul.

"Whatever may come, let us be assured that the Turkish race will not die, that it has immortal life. Even if we must stand against the world, let our love of race give us courage. Let it fire the zeal of our poor sisters working for the soldiers with their needles under the dim light of candles.

"Let us solemnly covenant that in our struggle to make Turks worthy of their race and an honor to it, till they can proudly take and hold their place by the side of other people, we will shrink back from no obstacle or sacrifice, and when finally we close our eyes in death, let our consciences repeat the words, 'For the Turkish people I have not slept by night or rested by day.'"

At the close of this appeal Halideh Hanoum stripped off her jewels, her ear-rings, her finger-rings, her bracelet and watch, and dropped them into a box as a donation for the national defense. Others present were fired to do likewise, and twelve boxes were filled with jewelled thimbles and those intensely personal contributions which women in all ages and all countries know how to make, when the call comes, with so much grave simplicity.

Certainly no country has attempted to inaugurate progressive reforms under less auspicious external conditions than Turkey, unless it be Russia. After the

two Balkan wars Turkey plunged almost immediately into the European maelstrom. That she threw in her lot with the Central Powers was due to Enver Pasha's German military tutelage, to the fear of a Russian advance on Constantinople, and to England's stupid Turkish policy, inaugurated by Disraeli.

During the war Halideh Hanoum, who was now happily married to a prominent Turkish physician, devoted herself to the work of establishing schools for girls throughout Syria and the organization of great orphanages for the starving children of Armenia and Asia Minor. Her work centered chiefly in Beirut, although her supervision of schools extended to Damascus and other places. The scale upon which this school organization was undertaken reflects credit on the Turkish administration. It would seem as though Djemel Pasha wished to prove that Turkey was able to build schools as well as western countries. Two private cars filled with teachers were dispatched to make the long journey from Constantinople down through Asia Minor. As soon as she arrived at Beirut, Halideh Hanoum took over the great *Dames de Nazareth* School, a magnificent building situated on a high hill overlooking the city and the Lebanon mountains. This school had been abandoned by the French at the beginning of the war against Turkey. No expense was spared in fitting it up. Perhaps beautiful carved-wood furniture and oriental tapestries might be considered superfluous as schoolhouse furnishings in a country suffering from all the deprivations of war. But Halideh Hanoum's friend, Djemel Pasha, Viceroy of Syria, footed the bills, and this school, as well as many others, was opened under the most favorable auspices. The school system followed approved lines of modern education, and included, among other subjects, dramatics and athletics, an innovation for Turkish girls. The religious freedom of the schools was carefully guarded, and Christian and Moslem girls sat side by side in classrooms, with a perfect atmosphere of comradeship and harmony. Largely through the example of Halideh Hanoum herself and of her sisters, who were also engaged in educational work in Beirut, the emancipation of the women in this part of the Empire received a great stimulus. Last year, for the first time in the history of Syria, hundreds of Moslem women left their harems unattended and went to a big public gathering at the American College for the purpose of organizing an association of the women of Beirut. At a public entertainment given for the benefit of a Moslem industrial school,

some two hundred and fifty Moslem women appeared in the gallery of the auditorium without their veils.

A task even more difficult than the organization of Syrian schools undertaken by Halideh Hanoum was the management of the orphanages. After the Armenian massacres the Turks had sent a large number of orphans to what had originally been a beautiful French boarding-school at Antura, fifteen miles north of Beirut, on the slopes of Mount Lebanon. By government order the children were given Moslem names, and their Armenian identity was ended. At the start the institution had been subject to all manner of graft and mismanagement. When Halideh Hanoum took charge she first had the institution thoroughly cleaned. Then she engaged an entire new force of teachers, including two Russians from the American College who had been left stranded in Beirut, a Turkish doctor originally in control of a military hospital, a trained nurse who was the daughter of the professor of Arabic at the American College, several young women who were graduates of American schools in Turkey, and a number of Spanish Jewesses. The former Moslem director of religion was made chief steward in charge of the food, and nuns from a convent nearby were delegated to take care of the children. The use of a military automobile was obtained for the orphanage in order to insure an adequate supply of food. Halideh Hanoum's most important work consisted in establishing intelligent industrial departments, such as shoemaking, sewing and loom-weaving. Other orphanages, also under her direction, were established later in Constantinople and were developed along similar lines.

In April, 1918, it was generally understood that the British were to advance on Syria. Halideh Hanoum felt the responsibility of seeing that some fifty of her teachers from Constantinople were returned to their families, and on their account, rather than her own, she decided to give up her work in Beirut and to return to the Turkish capital. As a matter of fact, the British advance did not come off until the following autumn, and in the meanwhile the orphanages and schools suffered from the general demoralization. Before leaving Asia Minor Halideh Hanoum asked the American Relief to do what it could to provide for the poor women and children of Syria. She showed her liberal attitude when she stated she was not interested in whether the children became Christians or Moslems, but that what she really cared for was that they should be good boys and girls.

Today it is the program of the Nation

alists, who have temporarily supplanted the old clique of the Young Turks, that Halideh Hanoum is championing with all her remarkable energy. The threatened partition of Turkey and the question of the mandate are uppermost in the minds of all the people. Constantinople is on fire with a sudden passionate "love of race," and everywhere one finds the leaders exhorting the masses to uphold Ottoman integrity against any infringement of a foreign power. Someone has said that the Turks have already forgotten that they lost the war; they remember only Gallipoli and Kut. Not long ago a vast mass-meeting of one hundred thousand Turks was held in the Hippodrome at Constantinople, and Halideh Hanoum, novelist, poet, educationalist and ardent patriot, urged the Turkish people once more not to forget their proud history as a conquering race, not to permit the humiliation of an alien heel on their necks. So stirred was her audience and so hot the national sentiment aroused, particularly against the Greek occupation of Smyrna, that public meetings were pronounced dangerous by the inter-Allied control and have since been altogether forbidden in Constantinople.

Halideh Hanoum recognizes that Turkey is in need of foreign assistance, and it is to America that she appeals on behalf of the Turkish people. The Wilsonian League of Turks organized an elaborate American propaganda throughout the Empire, and even went so far as to submit a plea in support of American control to the Peace Conference at Paris.

"What Turkey needs," Halideh Hanoum is quoted as saying in a recent interview with the Associated Press correspondent at Constantinople, "is peace, modern agricultural development, territorial integrity, wherein are equal rights to Moslems and Christians, and education.

"With growing economic prosperity, Turkey will become a better country, but to accomplish what we need we realize that we must have outside help, respected both by our people and the Christians. Coming from an unprejudiced source, reforms instituted by a friendly outside power would be accepted. I don't think any nation in Europe, except perhaps Belgium, would be disinterested enough, or would be permitted by the other powers, to take over the work that must be done here. So we have organized an American propaganda, which is evident in all parts of the old Empire. Even the humblest people realize the truth of our contention, and for that reason it has been easy to persuade them to favor an American control."

IS THE CALIPHATE IN THE MELTING-POT?

By FREDERICK JONES BLISS

SINCE Abu Bakr, father-in-law of Mohammed, was proclaimed by the people of Medina to be Mohammed's Khalifa or successor, the Caliphate has often been in the melting-pot. In his story, "On the City Wall," Rudyard Kipling gives us two pictures of Ali Dad, the typical "modern" Indian. First we see a young gentleman, thoroughly up-to-date, a would-be man of the world, cool and supercilious, lolling among the cushions of the House on the Wall, while he points his agnostic philosophy with quotations from Dickens. Next we see the same man transformed into a fanatic, caught in the maelstrom of the Ashura street procession on the Shi'ite Moslem Good Friday, dishevelled, foaming at the mouth, ejaculating "Ya Hasan, ya Husain!" Dormant heredity, stirred into life by the spirit of the mob, has fired his pale blood corpuscles with red. He sees red. He is drawn back through more than eleven hundred years into the first melting-pot of the Caliphate. This was the time when, as the result of the battle fought on the Plains of Kerbela by the forces of Yezid, the son of Mu'awiyah, the first Omayyad Caliph, in defeating those of his rival Husain, son of Ali, the last of the quartette of Caliphs universally acknowledged, there emerged an Islam, no longer one, but divided into the hostile camps of Sunnite and Shi'ite sects.

Even down to the present time, during the ten days of the Ashura, the melting-pot comes to a fresh boil in all the Shi'ite world. In Persia there are not only street demonstrations of undying loyalty to the House of Ali, but on hundreds of stages is enacted the tragedy which took place on the Plains of Kerbela on that Good Friday of the Shi'ites, A. D. October 10, 680. Before the excited spectators at these plays once more the battle rages between the unequal forces. The air echoes and re-echoes with the impassioned speeches of actors, now no longer actors, but participants. In the realism of the moment men may meet real death.

Is the Caliphate in the melting-pot at the present time? Whether this question can be answered or not to the satisfaction of the reader, light may be thrown on the possibilities of an affirmative answer by a brief consideration of the origin and history of the Caliphate. At the very beginning I beg to acknowledge my indebtedness to that prime authority on the subject, Professor D. B. Macdon-

ald, not only for articles bearing on points touched in this paper,¹ but for hints given to me in private conversation while it was in the writing. From this conversation I have not hesitated to incorporate in the present article certain pregnant phrases of his own.

The word Caliph means successor. Mohammed was both Prophet and Administrator. The prophetic function admitted of no succession. It is the fundamental dogma of Islam that he was the Seal of the Prophets, perfecting all that went before, while proclaiming the last word to be said on religion. But he had laid down religious doctrines and had announced religious practices that had to be administered. Hence the need of an administrative successor, secular and religious at the same time. Indeed, Moslems would not admit any distinction between the two functions. Mohammed was satisfied with creating the necessity for a Caliph. Like the great democrat he was, the choice of an individual he left to his people. Thus the elective principle was established. Of the first four Caliphs, Abu Bakr was chosen by the acclamation of the people of Medina; Omar was named by Abu Bakr, and the choice was ratified by the homage of the people. Thus a second precedent was established—nomination of his successor by the incumbent, made effective by popular ratification. Othman was chosen by electors appointed by Omar, and this choice was ratified in the same way. The election of Ali followed the lines of that of Abu Bakr, but the people are said to have acted under the compulsion of the Regicides, who had killed his predecessor. Ali's son, Husain, was elected Caliph by the people of Kufa, but the election was not accepted by Islam in general. His name does not appear on the list of orthodox Caliphs. The name following Ali's in this list is that of Mu'awiyah, who was his active rival for some years. This was the period of the double Caliphate, when Ali ruled in Kufa and Mu'awiyah in Damascus. Following the example of Abu Bakr, Mu'awiyah named his successor, choosing his son Yezid, but the choice

had to receive popular ratification. Thus was introduced a qualified hereditary principle. The tradition of popular election has seldom if ever been lost sight of. In A. D. 1538 the last representative of the Abbasid Caliphs, residing in Cairo, whose authority had been reduced to less than a shadow, chose as his successor the Ottoman Sultan, Suleiman the Great.

So much for the theory and practice of the Sunnites or Orthodox Moslems, who comprise a vast majority of the followers of Islam, estimated at 240,000,000, and who are under very various rule: Arab, Turkish, Persian, Afghan, Chinese, British, French, Russian, Italian, Dutch, assorted Balkan, American, etc. Their view of the Caliphate is democratic. On the contrary, the Shi'ites, who split with the main body at the Battle of Kerbela, entertain an entirely theocratic view of the Caliphate, which, indeed, they call the Imamate. They hold that by divine right this is inherent in the descendants of the House of Ali. For the Shi'ites of Persia and elsewhere the Imam was the mouthpiece of the Almighty. His power was spiritual, not of this world. Their list of twelve Imams terminates with Mohammed, ibn Hasan-al-Askari, who disappeared from mortal ken about A. D. 874. Not without pregnant meaning is he called the Expected One. In a mysterious way he still has an existence in this world, suddenly appearing in one form or another to aid the Faithful in time of distress, and as suddenly disappearing. The Shah of Persia is but his agent to administer affairs till he returns. These facts should be remembered when we come to the talk of a Persian candidate for the Caliphate. But another counterbalancing fact may also be remembered. Fear of their tyrannical Sunnite rulers early drove the Shi'ites to develop the doctrine of Taqiyyah. This is a sort of religious camouflage by which a good Shi'ite may legitimately pretend, for policy or self-protection, to be what he is not, and by which he may put into practice principles that he inwardly repudiates.

Two other principles have governed the choice of a Caliph. Early in the history of Islam the Canonical Lawyers placed among the alleged "Sayings of Mohammed," which have practically the same authority as the Koran, the dictum that the Caliph must belong to the Arab tribe of the Qu'raish. Following the

¹"The Caliphate," *A. Y. Nation*, July 13, 1916. (Reprinted in *The Moslem World*, with a few corrections and additions.)

²"The Disruption of Islam," *Yale Review*, October, 1916.

³"The Arabian Situation," *A. Y. Nation*, November 8, 1917.

⁴"The Situation in the Moslem World," *The Review*, August 30, 1919.



Donald Thompson

BOWING TO MECCA IN THE DESERT AT THE HOLY HOUR OF MOSLEM PRAYER

The Moslem Feels His Close Bond to All of Islam When He Repeats "Allah Akbar," the Cry of Unquestioning Faith Taken Up from Minaret to Minaret Throughout the East

political disruption of Islam came the conviction that a Caliph, to be effective, must at the same time be the ruler of the strongest Mohammedan State. For almost four hundred years these two principles have been in theoretical conflict. Practically the second has dominated the first. For an Ottoman Sultan to claim lineage from an Arab tribe is, of course, impossible. On this point the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid was so sensitive that he caused the inconvenient tradition to be omitted from the collection of traditions printed at Constantinople. However, as long as Turkey continued to be the strongest independent Mohammedan State, the Moslem world closed its ears to the tradition.

But, with the progress of the world war, a new situation was created. The Sultan's challenge to Islam in his proclamation of a Holy War, in the first winter of the great conflict, calling on the Moslems subject to belligerent nations to refuse, under penalty of Hell, to fight for their immediate masters, but, on the contrary, to rebel against them, kept the whole world in suspense for a few weeks. But it met with no response. Instead of presenting a solid front against the Infidel, Islam was still in arms against Islam. The Moslems of India continued to fight loyally with the British. The Moslems of North Africa still stood by the tri-color of France. The prestige of the Ottoman Caliph, thus vitally threatened, was further impaired by the defection of Husain, the Grand Sherif of Mecca in 1917, when he threw

over his allegiance to his Caliph, proclaiming himself King of the Hejaz. This defection involved not only the center of the Mohammedan religious world, with the two sacred cities, Mecca and Medina, but all Syria and Palestine, though in these countries the sedition, which had long been seething in the breasts of Moslems and Christians alike, could not find active expression under the stern rule of Ahmad Djemal Pasha, Military Dictator of Syria. But the rows of gibbets in Damascus, Beirût and Jerusalem, from which hung prominent Arabian leaders, were the closest allies which the British propagandists in Arabia could have possibly had. They turned the scale. After centuries of living in the shadow, Arabia began to fill the Arab World with new hopes of regaining supremacy in Islam.

But still another situation has been created during the past months. Or, if not created, it exists in the nebulous form that may harden into almost any shape. The unexpected and tragic prolongation of the armistice has brought with it the cooling of patriotic and religious passion in general, and a weakening of the sense of Arab solidarity in particular. The fulfillment of King Husain's wide-reaching ambition is problematical. Turkey is still nominally Turkish. The partition, however inevitable, has not yet taken place. The whole Eastern World is still in the melting-pot, but for the moment on the scum at the top of the boiling still floats the Sultan of Turkey as Caliph. As to those who may treas-

ure the ambition to succeed him, thus far, to my knowledge, no one has openly announced himself as candidate.

Who are to be ranked among the future possibilities? First is the Sultan of Turkey himself. India has always looked to his predecessors, especially to Abd-ul-Hamid, as to vague, mysterious figures, symbolizing the political strength and the spiritual unity of Islam. Ottoman stock, greatly depreciated during the war, has begun to rise again. It is highly significant that a recent meeting of representative Indian Moslems protested vigorously against the partition of the Turkish Empire and the loss of Constantinople to the Turks. Professor Macdonald points out that while the Turk himself might be content to remove the capital to Broussa or Konia, "for India much of the magical glamor which surrounds the figure of the Sultan Caliph of the Ottomans is because he rules there in Stamboul." In Stamboul he still remains. For the problem of Constantinople no completely satisfactory solution is possible. There might well be a worse solution for the peace of the world than to retain the Ottoman Dynasty in its present capital, under strong control from the outside, either international or, far preferably, under a single mandate. Continuation of the Ottoman Caliphate might be a direct corollary.

The possible candidacy of the Sultan of Morocco as sole Caliph may be dismissed in a few words. It would controvert the principle that the Caliph should

to be the *Imam al-Fa'im*—A Commander of the Faithful, a title which the Sultan of Morocco claims, and which is interchangeable with that of Caliph, he is already recognized as the latter by a large part of North Africa a land which adds to the requisite that the Caliph should be of the tribe of the Qu'raish the further restriction that he should be of the line of the Prophet. The Moroccans have, accordingly, never given allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey. In a sense the position of this Commander of the Faithful is canonical, as certain Islamic lawyers have contended that geographical conditions might permit of two Caliphs at the same time. Islam was once divided into three Caliphates, though the Omayyads of Spain and the Abbasids of Bagdad, however they may have regarded each other, united in denouncing the heretical Shi'ite Fatimids of Egypt.

Among the many rumors, heralded as "authoritative" but regarded with suspicion by unbelieving students of rumor (and would there were more of these!), there is a recent one to the effect that the British are planning to put forward a Persian candidate for the Caliphate in the interests of a strong Persian state. We may here parenthetically register our opinion that British statesmen are too canny to "put forward" any candidate. They know, or ought to know, that the Caliphate is a matter for Islam to settle for itself. Here is an Ark of

God that must not be shaken except possibly by some timely jolt that must appear to be accidental. Whether there is to be one central Caliph, or two or more Caliphs, just how the precedents may be adapted to present conditions, are matters which the Moslems must at least suppose that they are answering themselves. As to a Persian candidate, who must surely be a Shi'ite, it has already been indicated that such a candidacy would involve a stringent application of the Shi'ite doctrine of religious camouflage, for, as we have seen, the Shi'ites among themselves acknowledge no Caliph but their own invisible, all-pervading Imam. It has also been stated that the Agha Khan of Bombay has ambitions for the Caliphate and that his desires have found echoes in the British press. Here, indeed, would be a case of religious camouflage raised to the nth power. The Agha Khan is a chameleon-like personage, whose changes of color rival the animal itself. The claims of his family—long since exiled from Persia—to be official descendants of the Lords of the Assassins, and hence to have the right to the Peter's Pence of the heretical sect of the Isma'iliyah, who are scattered over the Moslem world, was proved by his father in the British Courts. For the Isma'iliyah of Syria he is the incarnation of Deity itself. According to strict Isma'ilian doctrine he is no Moslem, for this sect maintains that Mohammed, held by the Orthodox

to be the Seal of the Prophets, was superseded by Mohammed-ul-Habib, the seventh Imam. For the British in India he is the representative of Indian Islam, Sunnite as well as Shi'ite. For society in London he is a gay man of the world, a versatile linguist, a haunter of clubs and races, where, by the way, he drops the savings of his humble worshippers dwelling on the fringe of the Syrian Desert. The turn of events might make him a desirable candidate from a political point of view, though this is very unlikely, but his candidacy would be a theological joke comparable only to the choice of a Quaker as Pope of a United Christendom.

The only serious rival to the Sultan of Turkey is the King of the Hejaz. Had the Gallipoli campaign ended in the capture of Constantinople, which would have put an end forever to the prestige of the Ottoman Caliphate; had it been possible to follow up at once the taking of Jerusalem by the conquest of Syria, so gloriously achieved by General Allenby ten months later; had an armistice immediately followed, and had this armistice been soon succeeded by the signing of peace with Germany—then the King of the Hejaz might have been acclaimed as Caliph throughout the Moslem World. Hearts since cooled were then burning hot. Idealism had not yet given place to selfish opportunism. The claims of Mecca and Medina, those centers of the religious power of Islam,



D. C. Thompson

TURKS PERFORMING THEIR ABLUTIONS BEFORE ENTERING THE MOSQUE OF SAINT SOPHIA
 Pious Moslems Precede Their Prayers at Dawn, Noon, before and after Sunset, and at Close of Day by Washing Their Faces, Hands and Feet According to Prescribed Ritual

might have proved to be paramount. But what has been, has been. The King of the Hejaz has not the prestige he had two years ago. Yet Mecca and Medina still remain the religious centers. As Dr. Macdonald suggests, the fulfillment of the Sherif Husain's hopes for the Caliphate depends on his ability to demonstrate to the thousands of Moslems that flock to the Holy Cities every year at the time of Pilgrimage that he is the strongest single force in Islam.

Moslems theoretically are bound together as a political unit under one administrator. But no matter how far hard facts may militate against this theory, there always exists a certain spiritual unity. Political disintegration is not incompatible with an inner bond, which ties together in moments of crisis Sunnites, Shi'ites, and even heretical sects that, theologically speaking, cannot be called Moslem. No better illustration of a common bond can be given than the annual meeting of the Moslem Society in the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut on the occasion of Mohammed's birthday. Here are Sunnites for whom Mohammed is the last word of revelation; here are Shi'ites for whom Ali is even dearer than the Prophet; here are Druses who believe that their founder Hamzi superseded Mohammed; here are Bahais who for the exclusive brotherhood of Moslems have substituted the universal brotherhood of mankind—all united in common praise of the Prophet. This meeting is, as far as I am aware, unique. It is, to be sure, fostered by the spirit of the College, which, while never ceasing to preach the way of Jesus Christ, cordially recognizes good in religion wherever found.

In this spiritual unity lies the chance for the Caliphate of the King of the Hejaz, secure in his sacred cities of Mecca and Medina. But he may well learn from the principles of the Bahais that the only hope for harmonious relations between the mandatory powers and the Moslem peoples whom these are to educate, is in the recognition of the brotherhood of man. It will be said that to do this would strike at the very root of Islam, for which the Jihad, or Holy War against non-Moslems, is not, as is often supposed, an act, but a normal, constant attitude, made indeed acute by circumstances, but always existent. Well, this may be so. But Reformed Judaism is with us to show that a brotherhood, as exclusive as that of Islam, has adopted broader ideas without self-murder. Among the most powerful Zionists there are Reformed Jews. And time has a slow way of working miracles, no less miracles because the work is slow. That there is something in Islam more fundamental than the

Jihad and contradictory thereto was convinced by the almost hysterical joy with which, after the Turkish revolution of 1908, Moslems, both Turks and Arabs, claimed their brotherhood with Christians and Jews. This was no epidemic of fraternity, but a feeling that sprang spontaneously from twenty different centers at once. Too soon, however, the enemies of the Lord were given their chance to blaspheme. "Look at the Adana massacres!" they cynically said in the spring of 1909. These massacres indeed brought discouragement and dismay to those who had dared to hope that a wedge had been driven into the exclusiveness of Islam. Tradition and heredity had proved too strong for the new idea. But the new idea *had* emerged.

This brings me to the part of this paper where I am most at home. I have never met any of the supposed candidates for the Caliphate, but with the Emir Faisal I have been intimate. He is the third son of the King of the Hejaz. His mother was an Arab, though his father has also a Turkish wife. By the way, the pseudo-Grand Sherif of Mecca, a distant cousin of King Husain, appointed by the Sultan to succeed the latter on his defection, has an English wife. This titular Grand-Sherif never got far beyond Damascus and the Lebanon, where he lived in great boredom, humbly grateful to anyone, even a belligerent, who would play with him. Though Faisal was seventeen years in Constantinople, between the ages of seven and twenty-four, he is an Arab of the Arabs. He is now about thirty-five years old. He represents his father in Syria, where the relations of Moslems with Jews and Christians present an acute problem. Should his father become Caliph it is conceivable, even likely, that he would succeed him. Of his attitude towards non-Moslems he speaks with no uncertain sound. His cautious utterances in regard to the aspirations of the Zionists have been friendly to the Jews. He has stated that he has no more precious hope than to see an American College at Jiddah, the port of Mecca. In his immediate entourage are Christians of many sects. One is a Maronite priest, a famous orator and preacher. This fact is of very special significance, considering the united stand the Maronite "nation" is supposed to present in favor of French as over against Arab control.

And now for my own impressions of Faisal. The tangled tale of British policy relating to Arab lands, or, rather, the tale of clashing policies; of mutually annulling promises, made to different parties; of evasion; of plausible and desperate attempts to reconcile irreconcilable engagements, fathered by the

short-sighted opportunism of supposed military necessity; of the present dismay and wrath of those who feel themselves to have been swindled and betrayed—this tale is not yet complete and the time for publishing to the world the finished chapters is not yet ripe. But of a friend one may speak at any time. It is held that a Prince cannot have friends, but this Prince of the Desert, whose pedigree, going back to Mohammed, relegates the sovereigns of Europe to the ranks of *parvenus*, calls his friends "my brother." Have I not heard him? He addresses the members of his military staff by their first names, without any title. No wonder they adore him. As I motored back with him through the foggy streets of London late one night of last October, after acting as friendly interpreter in an important interview during which he had bared his soul, I fully realized what hero-worship for a living man might be.

To this state of mind I had been gradually brought. At my first meeting with him, which had taken place at Beirut some ten or twelve months before, I was not greatly impressed. I saw the typical Arab face, the long Arab nose, the bearded chin, the straight Arab carriage. I noted his reticence and his sudden gleam of pleasure when an English officer closely connected with him came into the room. But I gained little idea of power, of determination, of intellectual quality. Some months after this I was his guest at a function in Damascus, and there I saw the perfect host, a host full of ease and charm. The next day I was received by him officially in the Government House on the occasion of a great Moslem feast, and there I learned to believe in his seriousness, his frankness, his sincerity. But I still asked myself, is he strong? After my first interview in London I ceased to ask myself this question. He had come to claim what he believed to be his rights. There was no weakness shown in that half hour, no hesitation, no indecision. Rather, indeed, there were clearness of purpose, strength of will, power of character. And then came the interview of that foggy night in October. It revealed the leader, the patriot, the idealist, but a leader who confessed the limitations of his race and who was longing for guidance; a patriot who wished the good of the world as well as of his own land; an idealist who held to his ideas in no dogmatic way, ever seeking for light.

Let me present a scene in which Faisal's was the chief figure. The great dinner party already mentioned was given in a house and garden on the road to the Salahiah in Damascus. It was a triple festival. The dinner was in honor of the American Commissioners, but the



Donner Thompson

THE INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE, THE CROWNING GLORY OF BYZANTINE ART

Greek Orthodox Christians for Five Centuries Have Aspired to Set the Cross Above the Dome of Saint Sophia, Which Holds for Them All the Memories of an Early United Christendom

night chosen was the night closing the Moslem Fast, ushering in the Moslem Feast, while, by chance, on that afternoon peace had been signed with Germany. On entering, the chief guests were draped in silken cloaks of many colors, and silken veils were bound to their foreheads with silken ropes. The sight of the round spectacles on the face of one of the American Commissioners, a grave college president, peering over a rose-colored garment was typical of the "Alice-in-Wonderland" atmosphere that permeated the scene. What an assembly of all sorts and conditions of men! The guests must have numbered 600 or more. Here were real Arabs from Arabia, with swarthy faces and side curls, bristling with weapons. Here were British and French army officers with their wives. Here were Druse Sheikhs from their impregnable hills in the Hauran. Here was a band of Boy Scouts from Jerusalem. Here was a bevy of little girls, daughters of Damascus notables, the "martyrs" whom Djemal Pasha had hung. Here were the leaders of the present Arab movement, Christians as well as Moslem. Here was a gentle, inoffensive-looking old gentleman, no other than Izzet Pasha, that head of Abd-ul-Hamid's "Kitchen Cabinet," who, with pockets lined with loot systematically extorted from applicants for office, had escaped

from the Young Turks eleven years before in a British coal steamer hurriedly purchased for his flight. And walking from group to group was the Emir Faisal, easy, affable, democratic, every inch a King! For the chief guests dinner was served on the open balcony overlooking the garden. We sat cross-legged on carpets and ate in true Arab style, without plates, each dipping into a huge pyramid of rice infiltrated with chicken. This dish, with bread, curded milk, and a heavenly sweet concoction in which I believe pounded almonds flavored the cream, constituted the repast. Forks were conceded to us Westerners, but Faisal merrily ate with his fingers. When a guest got through he rose and gave his place to another. In the beautifully lighted garden below, Beduin dancing and sword play was going on. Coffee was served in this garden, in the manner of the desert, by a negro who two or three times passed around the circle with little cups which he half filled with the blackest coffee. Then came the entertainment. There was music from Arab musicians playing Arab instruments. There were patriotic choruses from the Boy Scouts. There was more dancing. There was a short play in which one of the daughters of the "martyrs" represented "Damascus in Captivity," bewailing her fate in a high monotone, which changed to songs

of joy at the entrance of another girl impersonating the deliverer, Faisal with his army.

Faisal has many of the great, simple qualities of Mohammed and of the best of the "Companions of the Prophet," Abu Bakr, Omar, Khalid and Ali. He lacks the originality and genius of the Prophet, but he has a personal chastity not characteristic of Mohammed in his later years. He has the power of personal attraction, which led the later followers of Ali to apotheosize him. Has he in his following an Abu Bakr, an Omar, a Khalid, an Ali? On the answer to this question grave matters hang.

Faisal looks to America for guidance, for help, for chiding. His faith and trust in her are as the faith and trust of a simple man in God. This is no ill-considered phrase. Behind each syllable is a fact, a meaning, which I may not now explain. His faith and trust are shared by a great multitude of Syrians and Arabs, as well as by the smaller circle of the men close to him, for whom America was incarnated in the first President of the Syrian Protestant College, whom God has taken to Himself. Will Faisal and his followers ever come to the hour when they must acknowledge in bitterness and disappointment that their oft-repeated cry to the Great Republic, "Come over and help us!" has fallen on deaf ears?

TURKS—AND TURKS

By THERON J. DAMON

ON January 1, 1914, at Mr. Morgenthau's New Year reception in the American Embassy, Constantinople, I encountered a much-subdued Russian correspondent. It was not that his Happy New Year, according to the old "Orthodox" calendar, was still thirteen days off. He was depressed over some news. Enver was to become Minister of War. Enver Bey, just turned thirty-one, was all of a sudden to be Enver Pasha or General Enver, Minister of War of the Ottoman Empire. Izzet Pasha, a stalwart soldier, an Albanian of fifty-five, who for several months had been shouldering the ignominious problems of the defeated Turkish army, would be set aside on the morrow to allow this youth to step into his place.

Enver the hair-brained! Six years before, a handsome, almost pretty, lieutenant of twenty-six, he awoke one morning to find himself famous. Blushing, shy, modest to an extreme, he was compelled to meet universal popularity and acclaim, for he had been heralded as one of the twin heroes of liberty. His face, with that of Niazi, the other "hero," was emblazoned in every coffee-house and shop in the land—the man who had wrung a constitution from Abdul Hamid. His name was chanted by happy school children all over the Empire. Millions of sedate grown people joined in, child-like and happy for the first time in thirty years. The Hamidian régime was over. To the unthinking populace Enver and Niazi were responsible. In reality they were merely two individuals to whom Fate, in the form of the real conspirators at Salonica, said: "Yours is to take the glory."

At first Enver found glory-taking somewhat difficult. He was so very modest. But, being handsome and intelligent, he was soon sent up to Berlin as military attaché. In the school of Prussian society he began to learn not to be so modest. Soon he could take all the glory. Niazi, a very different character, fat-cheeked, coarse, ignorant, resigned from the army "on account of his eyes" and retired to his wild Macedonian hills. At the outbreak of the Balkan war in 1912, Niazi, when about to embark for Constantinople, was murdered, and thus terminated an already sinister career. Enver was to flourish without a rival.

The second Balkan war had meant the Turks' re-entrance into Adrianople, Enver Bey at their head. That, and the subsequent treaty with Bulgaria, made the Turks feel as cocky as if they had really come out victorious. They is-

sued beautiful London-engraved postage stamps to celebrate their prowess and the triumphant righteousness of their cause. Six months before, in January, 1913, had not Enver (just back from a Quixotic year in Tripoli) positively refused to give up Adrianople? Had he not ridden down on the Sublime Porte, personally assassinated Nazim Pasha, Minister of War, and compelled the octogenarian Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, to resign? Yes, but a few weeks later he set forth with an armada to clean the Bulgar army away from the shore of the Sea of Marmora. He returned, after having made an egregious failure, and on May 30, in London, the Turks signed away Adrianople. All the more, then, the return of Adrianople was from Allah! Indeed, Allah did seem to favor Enver, for in June, a month before his triumphal march into Adrianople, events took place in the capital which seemed to threaten the end of the Young Turk clique. Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, the Grand Vizier who came into power through Enver's assault on the Sublime Porte, was assassinated. That was part of a plot to do away with Enver and all his group. Shevket alone fell. The failure of the plan gave the people of Constantinople an opportunity to see twelve of the conspirators dangling from between twelve tall tripods erected in a public square. Among the dozen was a member of the imperial family.

History, not merely Turkish, but world history, would have been written very differently in the last five years if Enver's funeral had taken place, as scheduled, instead of these hangings. Without the second Balkan war, moreover, even these hangings would soon have been avenged. But Fate or Allah seemed to be looking out for Enver and not for history.

Among the most sinister events of the dread year 1913 was the arrival in Constantinople of Liman von Sanders. He came in December at the head of a great German military mission to reform the Turkish army. It was only a few days until New Year's, when the secret was out: this mission was to take orders from Little Enver, the Turkish Napoleon, who was to become Minister of War. Small wonder, then, that my Russian friend was depressed and so slipped away from all the New Year happiness at the American Embassy.

No sooner had the Russian gone than I came upon a British correspondent. He knew nothing about Enver's approaching exaltation. His ignorance

was significant. But the reflection was not on the correspondent. It was rather on Downing Street, which had sent a charming gentleman to head the British Embassy at Constantinople at a time when the pressing need was a statesman powerful enough to grasp and frustrate German intrigue at the Porte.

The significance of the von Sanders mission was that William the Second had chosen Enver as his man. Enver, however, with an insufferably growing egoism, soon considered William the Second as *his* man—not necessarily forever, but at least until Enver, at the head of a Turanian Empire, extending from the Adriatic Sea to the deserts of Central Asia, should be able to dispense with the War Lord. Pan-Islamism, as a side issue compared to Pan-Turanianism, would nevertheless give Enver control of such further spheres as India, Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis; indeed, why not most of Africa? Such puny Christian nations as Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece would be glad to offer obeisance as in the days of Suleiman.

When Europe mobilized in August, 1914, Turkey immediately followed suit. But Turkey was penniless and exhausted and needed a chance to recuperate from the economic disasters of the Tripolitan and Balkan wars. There was just one explanation for her foolhardy course: Enver was in the saddle.

Among Enver's colleagues in the Turkish cabinet were three important men, each a stronger personality than Enver. But none of them had Enver's marvelous amalgam for success, namely, luck, a German-made conceit which understood no failure, and, most important of all, German backing.

Djavid Bey, Minister of Finance; Talaat Bey, Minister of the Interior, and Djemal Bey, Minister of Marine, were the three men of innate strength. The Grand Vizier, Said Halim Pasha, an Egyptian prince, was a nonentity.

Djavid was a Moslem of purely Jewish blood. He had begun life as a school teacher, and he was still teaching at a very modest salary when the revolution of 1908 called him to high things, especially high finance. Before a year of Young Turkey was over he became Minister of Finance of the Ottoman Empire. There was very much for him to learn after assuming office, and his first trip to Paris to negotiate a loan was a costly experience for his Government. He was obliged to return via Berlin with German money at a high rate of interest. But he had acquired no love for Ger-

many, and he had learned to respect French bankers.

Talaat was a heavyweight, both physically and otherwise. His non-Turkish blood is called Gypsy by some, Bulgarian by others. He was born in Adrianople, where he grew up, a boisterous leader among his fellows, but most meagerly educated. Although the revolution found him a humble telegraph clerk in Salonica, it gave him his chance. Through his association with the revolutionary committee, he quickly became Minister of the Interior, which proved to be, in title at least, his special post during most of the next decade. Close contact with the diplomats of Constantinople polished him wonderfully. He became bland. He learned how to dress well. He practised the amenities of life. Scrupulous he was not. Indeed, it was he and a group of kindred spirits who drove the better type of Young Turks from public life. He was not pro-German and he never became pro-German, delighting always to give a rap at his powerful allies. He was simply for Turkifying Turkey, suppressing the subject nationalities who were dangerously capable, and making a powerful Moslem state. The Germans were necessary instruments in the immediate phase of the task.

Djemal did not come into great prominence until 1913; but when Enver rode down on the Sublime Porte in January of that year, Djemal was on horseback beside him. They were twins for the moment, though Enver had the advantage of popular fame. Both were soldiers. It looked as if they were going to divide future honors between them in friendly fashion. Instead they developed into deadly rivals. But when Enver became Minister of War the Ministry of Marine was thrown to Djemal as a sop.

Djemal had been in France just before the outbreak of the European War. His reception and entertainment there, including visits to French warships, had flattered his inordinate vanity. He had never been obliged to go through any schooling to overcome modesty, and he could not brook German pride. He had eyes that could twinkle, but they generally gleamed with unrelenting, piercing cruelty. His mouth could smile, but more characteristically it was set with a cruel sneer.

A good illustration of the different positions of Enver and Djemal occurred at the beginning of the war. England, in the critical first hours of August, bungled the seizure of two Turkish dreadnaughts which were building on the Clyde. Heaven, with the aid of more British mistakes, seemed to send the German dreadnaught *Goeben* and the cruiser *Breslau* into the Dardanelles to

replace the seized dreadnaughts. And there was a German admiral, to boot. Nothing could have pleased Enver better. But it did not wholly please the Minister of Marine. Djemal now had ships, but he did not have free hand. After weeks of apparent certainty as to what Turkey was going to do, the German admiral went into the Black Sea under the Turkish flag and sank some Russian ships at Sebastopol. Djemal was playing bridge at the fashionable Cercle in Pera when told the news. He turned livid with surprise and anger. He knew absolutely nothing of the matter. But Enver knew all about it. It was all right. And with the might of Germany at his back Enver laughed at rival authority. He was thirty-one and at play. Among his playthings were the lives of millions of people. He would stake them all. Germany had worked out with him the Moslem Holy War which should put Egypt, India, Turkey and other portions of the Entente world into a blaze of revolt. The end of Russia's perpetual threat, the end of Britain's proud oppressive might, the end of French insolence, were at hand. And the ruin should contribute to the rise of Enver.

Enver had got Turkey into the war, whether Djemal or Talaat or Djavid wished it or not. Djavid and some Christian members of the Cabinet were so convinced of the folly of Turkey's participation on the German side that they immediately resigned. Talaat, however, was in the game for keeps, whatever the vicissitudes. Djemal thought it best to control his anger, stay in the Cabinet and bide his time. As a result he played the King in Syria for the next three years, hung Arab notables galore, starved whole populations, prepared to conquer Egypt. He kept the German leaders in Turkey on tenter-hooks, for they never knew when he was going to succeed in making way with Enver. But he did not overrun Egypt, and he did not kill off Enver. His "time" never came.

The war in Turkey was Enver's war. His death in any of the reported numerous attempts at assassination might have changed the course of events. But Enver led a charmed life. So far as possible his enemies were put out of the way or cowed. Even so, the immunity with which he journeyed the streets of Constantinople in his open car astonished everybody. Nor did disasters seem to affect him. When an army corps under his direct command was annihilated by the Russians the first winter, he had so many happy things to think of that the serenity of his too finely chiseled face was undisturbed. When scarcely a soul in Constantinople doubted that the British fleet would

come through the Dardanelles, when steam was constantly up in the imperial train to take the Sultan deep into Asia Minor, Enver rode unperturbed through the capital. The British would not get through the Dardanelles, he declared. And Enver proved to be right.

After the British left the Dardanelles, the capture of the British army at Kut-el-Amara again flooded Enver's streaming cup of joy. The Russians, too, failed in all their threats in the Caucasus. The only thing necessary was for the Germans to compel peace on the European fronts. This, so thought the naïve Turks, would automatically result in the fulfillment of dreams about Egypt, India and a few other little matters relating to Pan-this and Pan-that.

Sometimes Turkish patience—not Enver's—was nearly exhausted, for life was going very ill in Turkey. Although Enver and scores of his henchmen were fattening beyond their pre-war dreams, the common people were suffering extremely. The humble Turkish populace wanted peace. They had none of the Germans' supposed intelligence over the whys and wherefores of the war. They wanted to drink real coffee again instead of the substitutes of burned cereal, for which they paid terrific prices. They wanted to know the taste of sugar, which at five dollars a pound was prohibitive. They wanted metal money instead of the worthless bits of filthy paper that were forced around and around. Whenever matters got to the breaking point, however, the Teutonized Government was always able to produce some diversion, such as the overrunning of Rumania, in which Turkish soldiers shared the glory, or Turkish coöperation in Austria and in Macedonia. The collapse of dreaded Russia and the glorious treaty of Brest-Litovsk also helped. Mecca and all southern Arabia was lost, but what matter? It was only temporary. In 1917 the British recaptured Kut and entered Bagdad for Easter: Jerusalem fell in time for Christmas. But Enver was so sure of his star that he could smile serenely.

During more than two years of the war Talaat continued in the humble titular position of Minister of the Interior. Early in 1917, however, the Grand Vizier, Said Halim, who had remained basking or strutting in the foreground, but standing literally a little behind Enver, on public occasions, was discarded. Talaat Bey became Grand Vizier and received accordingly the title of Pasha. Since the beginning of the war he had really had the power of Grand Vizier, except in so far as he was obliged to share it with Enver. Take the Armenian question, for example. Both Talaat and Enver were wont to



Courtesy of Luther Fowler

SAID HALIM, TURKISH GRAND VIZIER AT OUTBREAK OF WAR

This Egyptian Prince Had Little Influence in the Cabinet, and in 1917 Was Set Aside for Talaat Bey



Courtesy of Luther Fowler

ENVER PASHA, WHO HAS JUST BEEN CROWNED KING OF KURDISTAN

The Turkish Minister of War, Working with Germany to Realize Pan-Islamism, Led Turkey into the War

claim the responsibility for the terrible deportation of the bulk of the Armenian race in Turkey. It was a "war measure," and therefore the poppinjay Napoleon, as Minister of War, perhaps rightfully boasted of his deed. But Talaat as civil participant was proud to say that in a brief six weeks he had done more to settle the Armenian question than Abdul Hamid had accomplished in his long reign. Moreover, when Talaat was questioned by inquisitive newspaper correspondents, neutral diplomats and other suspicious well-wishers of Turkey, he disclosed all manner of documents which he claimed as proof of the formidable conspiracy of the Armenian race. Could anyone's conscience be more patriotically pure than Talaat's? When taxed too seriously with the horror of it all, he would fall back on the unanswerable Turkish position: If we lose, we lose everything; if we win, who will take us to account? Later, when the question still persisted, he would say: "Yes, yes, it was a *mistake*." Mistakes, however, sat lightly on the broad shoulders of Talaat.

As Grand Vizier it was easier than before for Talaat to rap the knuckles of the Germans and the Germanized War Minister. Whenever the Germans insisted on some special thing, such as delay in letting Americans leave Turkey, it was Talaat's delight blandly to take the other side. One reason why Enver and Talaat were so easily able to dominate Turkey was the weakness of the old Sultan, Mahommed the Fifth. Enver had an advantage here as in other matters. He had married an imperial princess since becoming Minister of War, and any interference at the Sultan's palace seemed a family affair.

Mahommed the Fifth was a doddering, benevolent old gentleman when in 1909, after a third of a century of palace imprisonment, he was led out into the glare of freedom and girded with the imperial sword of Osman. Unlike his infamous predecessor and half-brother, Abdul Hamid, he was neither suspicious nor cruel. He was good-natured, indolent, pathetic. His desire to please was like that of a good child. For the least courtesy he would smile his thanks,

showing prominently his white teeth. This was the sovereign upon whom Enver and his group bestowed the title of "conqueror," the very title borne by his great ancestor, Mahommed the Second, who in 1453 took Constantinople from the Greeks. The modern title of glory was bestowed because the Dardanelles were not forced by the Allies. The pomp and circumstance of this negative conquest was a mockery to the dear old gentleman, who hated war and who had no lust to add grandeur to his name. And so far from being "conqueror" it had been his fate to occupy the Ottoman throne when Tripoli, Albania, Macedonia, western Thrace, Crete and many Aegean islands ceased to fly the red flag with the star and crescent. Anything which was represented to him as wrong pained him, but, unfortunately he was unplagued with the intelligence to try to set it right. In matters of state he was merely a rubber stamp at the end of a prepared document. Once or twice he tried to assert himself, but the outcome was like the yielding of a helplessly low patient to a firm nurse. It was a relief



DJEMAL BEY, A FORMER PILLAR OF TURKISH INTRIGUE

He Was Minister of Marine in Enver's Cabinet and Ruled Syria During the Turkish War Occupation

to himself, but a source of trouble to Enver and Talaat, when he died on July 4, 1918.

Two years before Mahommed the Fifth's death the Government had dramatically announced the suicide of Prince Youssouf Izzeddin, heir apparent, on the very day when he was to start for Germany, and possibly Switzerland, where who knows what trouble he might have made. He certainly had no faith in the people who were running his country. As to the manner of his death, the report said that, following the example set by his father forty years earlier, he had opened wrist arteries with a pair of scissors. Be that as it may, on July 4, 1918, the Young Turks had to deal not with Youssouf, but with the next in line, Prince Vahheddin. He came to the throne as Mahommed the Sixth.

The new Sultan is a tall, spare man, with a greater combination of intelligence and good intentions than any incumbent of the Ottoman throne in the last sixty years. He wants to save his country, but, with considerable percep-

tion, he has expressed the fear that he has arrived too late.

Turkey signed an armistice with the Allies on October 30, when Mahommed the Sixth had reigned a little less than four months. It would have been signed even before General Allenby began his whirlwind campaign in Palestine in September if the new Sultan could have had his way, but Enver and Talaat died hard. To the very end they hoped to save themselves in the negotiations, and it was only on the refusal of the British to have anything to do with them that they resigned. With the revulsion of feeling which took place when the inevitable collapse came, Enver and Talaat decided that discretion was the better part of valor and they escaped from the capital. They are supposed to have left Enver's Bosphorus palace one night just an hour before the place was surrounded by guards. The story goes that the fugitives took a German cruiser to Batoum, and from there escaped to the Caucasus. According to the latest reports, Enver has been crowned King of Kurdistan. Talaat Pasha, who is living in Berlin, is



TALAAAT PASHA, TURKISH GRAND VIZIER DURING ENVER'S WAR

After the Armistice He Escaped to Berlin, Where He Is Said to Be a Recent "Convert" to Socialism

said to be "converted" to socialism. Djemal, who likewise escaped, has been reported to be in Germany.

The year which has passed since the Allies entered Constantinople and become morally responsible for the situation in Turkey has been such a snarl that one would be bold indeed to say that these personalities of the war-time have ended their careers.

To return to the period of the armistice: Izzet Pasha, the man whom Enver had replaced as Minister of War at the beginning of 1914, now became Grand Vizier. The escape of Enver, Talaat and Djemal, also of the two former chiefs of police—Bedri and Azmi—and of a certain Ismail Hakki, the arch profiteer, upon all six of whom the public would have liked to take personal revenge, proved quite enough to discredit Izzet Pasha as their friend. His term as Grand Vizier lasted about three weeks.

Izzet's successor was Tewfik Pasha, an aged man, who had represented the Ottoman Empire at London before the war. So out of touch was he with the world about him that, according to popular

belief, his first list of appointments for the Cabinet contained two names of his contemporaries who had recently died. Such a Grand Vizier could not be expected to cope with the problems of Turkey's disintegration. There was, however, one Turkish statesman of tried patriotism who throughout the war, as a senator, had maintained a dangerously hostile attitude to the Government and to the Germans who were wounding their web about the country. That man was Achmet Riza. For years previous to the revolution he was an exile at Paris, where, obscurely and industriously, he labored for his country. When the revolution came and Parliament met, he was chosen President of the Chamber of Deputies. He was not popular. His austere, cold bearing repelled native politicians and many foreigners. Mahommed the Sixth had at first shown marked consideration for Achmet Riza, but for some reason or other soon turned from him. Last spring, when Tewfik left his post, Riza would seem to have been the man required for Grand Vizier. Nevertheless, the appointment was given to Damad Ferid Pasha, a man of much theorizing and little capacity.

"Damad" signifies that a man has married into the imperial family, and thereby hangs a tale in the case of Damad Ferid. As a young and handsome Turkish diplomat in the days of Abdul Hamid, he had seen the courts of Europe and was passing through Constantinople to take up a consulship in India. But a sister of Abdul Hamid, looking over a set of selected photographs in order that she might find a husband, hit upon Ferid. His public career was accordingly cut short. He was straightway married to the princess and endowed with a superb estate on the European shore of the Bosphorus, where, until the revolution set him free, he was virtually a prisoner.

Damad Ferid Pasha's contact with Europe had given him what would be known in the days of old Turkey as erudition. He spoke and read French. In the long years of his seclusion in a library of richly-bound volumes he had absorbed and could recite fluently many of the theories of eighteenth and nineteenth century France. He read English literature also. With the coming of the so-called constitutional régime in 1908, he aspired to play an important rôle as head of a liberal party in opposition to the rapidly developed tyranny of the Committee of Union and Progress. But the committee had almost all of the vigor of the new day on its side and brooked no opposition. Damad Ferid was soon convinced of the wisdom of retiring from politics. Last spring he came forth to fulfill the ambition of a

lifetime and receive the highest office in the Government.

Ferid Pasha took office at an awful moment in Turkish history. British, French and Italian soldiers were policing Constantinople, so that the city was safe enough. But the dirt in the streets, worse than in the days of Abdul Hamid, was symbolic. Everybody was throwing mud at everyone else. The Armenian, Greek and Jewish press were naturally aiming at the Turks, and the Turks were replying. The Turks were also fighting among themselves. Each Entente power had its coterie of admirers, some of whom were even rewarded for their admiration. Damad Ferid Pasha was hardly the man to face this chaos in the capital. The uncertain situation in Asia Minor, where most of the officers were of the Talaat régime, was a still more serious problem. The obvious stroke to placate a variety of political elements in the capital was the arrest and trial of the prominent war-time officials. If the six arch-enemies had fled, there were still several score lesser lights of the same general group, and these were accordingly rounded up. Said Halim Pasha, the Egyptian prince, and a number of other ex-Cabinet members were among them. To bring them to trial proved more difficult than to arrest them. The competency of the court was questioned. Some members of the court were afraid. Some were at loggerheads with the Government—a serious hitch in judicial proceedings in Turkey. Finally, however, the trial of the ex-Cabinet members and a few other choice souls—leaving the less distinguished to languish longer in doubt—was begun in the very chamber where Young Turkey's Parliament had been so auspiciously inaugurated a decade before.

The trial had continued over several sessions, when something happened to interrupt all interest. On May 13, 1919, the Greeks occupied Smyrna. The landing was accompanied by confusion and bloodshed, for which the Greeks were responsible. Into the floundering life of the Turks in the capital this event came like an earthquake. Consternation, despair, anger, statistics, then burst forth. It was claimed that 1,239,782 Turks were to be enslaved by 298,373 Greeks! At the end of ten days a monster mass-meeting was called in the great square on the site of the Byzantine Hippodrome. Some 20,000 people assembled. Turkish newspapers put the attendance at 250,000. Perhaps 3000 were within range of the speakers' voices. The flags and banners, instead of being red, were black. Women sobbed as at a funeral. It seemed to be the funeral of Smyrna. The story of that meeting, in highly exaggerated language, went to every cor-

ner of Asia Minor. The friends of the Entente powers were taunted with the tangible results of their friendship. People who had been apologizing for the part played by Turkey in the war once more displayed pride in the recent feats of Turkish arms.

The trial of the men who had led the country against the enemy was growing unpopular. So one morning these men were quietly put on board a British ship and taken to Malta, where they still are. In June, Damad Ferid Pasha came to Paris, ostensibly to answer questions. But instead of doing this he read to the Peace Council a memorandum, which in the most cavalier manner absolved Turkey of every obligation except that of receiving the sympathetic aid of the Entente. To enforce a favorable solution of the Turkish problem he used as a threat the 300,000,000 Mahomedans of the world—a figure, by the way, which is far too large. The Council replied in no equivocal terms. The Turks did not know how to rule alien people; they had proved their incompetence in the past, and they would not be allowed to try again in the future. So Damad Ferid Pasha returned to Constantinople. Then one of Enver's old friends started a revolt in Asia Minor, with Konia as headquarters. Damad Ferid Pasha resigned, and a general friendly to the reactionary movement at Konia was appointed Grand Vizier in his place.

Thus the days of Turkey drag on with one adventurer after another striving for his own self-seeking solution. Public security and economic stability are fading more and more into the merest dreams. Enver is still young, and Talaat and Djemal are not old. Somewhere they are all watching the commotion and praying that the Allies may quarrel further among themselves, that America may reject the Peace Treaty, or that even if we accept the Treaty we may shut ourselves up from the rest of the world and take no mandate anywhere near Turkey. That would give them their chance once more. Ever since the governing Turk was the Turk, his strong point has been to wait till some of his opponents quarrel or until others grow tired of the game. Then he has lifted his head, mildly and with many promises of good behavior at first, then with assertive boldness, and finally with bloodshed and arrogance.

Enver, Talaat and Djemal are typical of the kind of statesmen that Turkey produces. They are the kind of advisers who have made the country an open sore, whose virus spreads even across the ocean. They are the kind who must not be allowed once more to spoil the peace, not only of Europe, but of the world.

NEW TRAILS IN TRADE

Blazing the Way in the Near East

By LEWIS HECK

BY its widest interpretation the term Near East covers the countries bordering on the Eastern Mediterranean, Aegean, Black and Red Seas, extending from Greece eastward to Transcaucasia and Persia, and from Serbia and Rumania southward to Egypt and Arabia. The Turkish Empire has shrunk from a maximum area of about 2,000,000 square miles and a population of almost 50,000,000 at the end of the sixteenth century to a territory of some 280,000 square miles and a population of not much more than 10,000,000. Constantinople has naturally lost much of its former importance, but it is still the largest city in that part of the world, and remains the center of political influence. Just before the war it stood third among all continental European ports in point of movement of shipping, and today holds out the possibility of further development as a commercial and distributing center. Large stocks of staple articles could be kept on hand there in order to avoid the delay involved in placing individual orders in the United States. For the American trader and investor it offers today the best base of operations. Even if it should suffer further loss of political prestige, it is possible, although not certain, that by the new conditions thus established its commercial importance as a politically neutral city would be enhanced. Odessa, Batum, Alexandria, Alexandretta, Salonica, Samsoun and Basra will also be the gateways for large regions of the Near East still awaiting development.

There is probably no geographical division of equal size and importance to which the American business world has given so little attention as to the Near East. We have always secured from this region a number of staple raw materials and a few manufactured articles, notably carpets and rugs, and have been one of the largest purchasers of these goods. By all of the unselfish help from America through missionary and educational work—in 1914 there were 627 American schools in Turkey with 34,000 students—there has been established a foundation of confidence in America and in her good faith which can be of great value to American exporters if they will but avail themselves of the many opportunities. Today, nearly all of these countries are looking to the United States as the great nation that can best

restore them out of their present state of misery and demoralization to something approaching their ancient prosperity.

FOREIGN TRADE

During the last few years before the war the annual purchases of the United States in the Near East amounted to about \$50,000,000. From Turkey the principal items making up a total of from \$20,000,000 to \$22,000,000 were tobacco, wool, mohair, skins, licorice root, carpets and rugs, opium, rose oil, figs, dates, nuts, cotton lace, and a few mineral products—chrome, emery, mercury, meerscham. From Egypt our principal purchase was long-staple cotton, of which we bought more than any other nation except Great Britain. Aden sent us several million dollars' worth of wool, coffee and skins. From Persia we naturally purchased carpets, although many Persian carpets found their way to the United States via Constantinople. Transcaucasia furnished us with licorice root, manganese, wool and hardwoods to an amount of about \$3,000,000 per annum. Waste rubber was the largest single item we received from Odessa and other ports of Southern Russia.

Rumania was the one country which did not sell to the United States as much as the value of our exports to it, as there was no market here for the main Rumanian products—cereals and petroleum. Bulgaria is the largest producer of rose oil, of which we bought a considerable quantity, together with tobacco and skins. Serbia's principal exports to this country were blister copper and plum jam, while Greece sent us tobacco, olive oil, cheese, currants, and emery from Naxos. With few exceptions, all of these goods are natural products which are more advantageously produced in these countries than in other parts of the world, and in which there will always be a steady trade. They show that the productive activities of these countries are principally agricultural and pastoral in character, and that consequently the region offers a permanent market for manufactured and finished articles of foreign origin.

Our annual pre-war sales to all of these countries amounted only to an average of from \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000, a very small share of the total annual imports of the entire region of about \$550,000,000. To Turkey we sent

merchandise worth slightly under \$4,000,000, the largest item being cottonseed oil, a striking example of failure to secure the fullest possible development of the native olive oil production. Mineral oils, some textiles, agricultural machinery, hardware, typewriters and office appliances, leather, boots and shoes, etc., made up the balance. The other countries imported small quantities of American goods, none of them buying more than \$2,000,000 worth per annum, and Persia taking almost nothing. These goods consisted mainly of certain standard American lines of manufactured articles in which we hold first place in the world markets.

It will be seen that the balance of trade was heavily against us. This balance was further increased by ocean freight and insurance charges, all paid to foreign companies, and by heavy remittances from natives of these countries who have come to the United States. In 1913-14 the total of such remittances to Greece alone was nearly \$20,000,000, and Turkey must have been a close second, although no figures are available.

Can we not in the future pay more of this balance in goods? During the first few years of the war the purchases by Greece and Egypt alone in the United States increased by several thousand per cent, averaging some \$35,000,000 per annum, or fully three times the pre-war American imports of the entire Near East. Since the lifting of the blockade against Turkey last February we have sold American goods to the port of Constantinople alone many times more in volume and value than we formerly sold to the entire Ottoman Empire. The purchases of Southern Russia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Jugoslavia, are today limited only by credits and exchange.

We know that American goods during the war have been sold where they were not well known before in a variety and quantity that have introduced them to all masses of the population. There is, therefore, no reason why our peace sales to this region cannot be maintained at a rate which will approximately equal the total of our purchases and of the total financial balance against us if American firms make a real attempt to hold a fair share of our war business.

INCOMPLETE TRADE MACHINERY

Only in the course of the past year

have the first three essentials of our foreign trade machinery been introduced into the Near East. In this year a number of American exporters have established their own agencies in the various countries, and are seizing the chances offered by the present state of general liquidation to form connections for the future. Not only have three American shipping lines with direct services to the Near East been formed, but British, Italian and even Japanese steamers are making direct voyages between New York, Philadelphia and Levant ports. The third important factor, an American bank at Constantinople, with branches in other large cities, has not yet been established, although efforts leading to the opening of such an institution promise to be successful as soon as the political atmosphere of the Near East shall have become a little clearer.

Until the conditions of political and economic life of Turkey, Southern Russia and other countries shall have been stabilized by the conclusion of peace treaties and the settlement of pending questions, foreign trade must continue on a relatively small scale. Many districts now have nothing to export, and insufficient money and credit to purchase anything but the bare necessities of life for immediate use—foodstuffs,

clothing, shoes, tools, simple agricultural implements. As conditions become more settled and the present dire needs of many districts are gradually satisfied, the demand for more general lines of merchandise will begin, and there will then come the real resumption of import trade on a large scale. Most of these countries can be said to need everything which they have ever imported or used in the past. The American exporter who wishes to have a share in this trade revival must now make his plans and establish connections, especially in Turkey, Rumania, Egypt and Southern Russia, which have the largest natural resources and the best markets.

AGRICULTURE

Americans have long been familiar with the Smyrna fig, the Mesopotamian date, the Sultana raisin and Zante currant, which in certain respects are unsurpassed by the similar fruits of other parts of the world. Another natural product which comes almost exclusively from the Near East is licorice root. The licorice plant grows wild, and in its native home has no value, but brought to the United States it enters into the life of very large elements of our population in the form of flavoring for chewing tobacco, in the manufacture of candy, and as a medicine. The fibre remain-

ing after the juice is extracted is made into box board, and only recently another valuable by-product has been put on the market in the form of a fire-fighting agent, which has proved successful.

Other natural products of the Near East are opium, the opium of Anatolia being considered the best for medicinal purposes; attar of roses or rose oil, now produced principally in Bulgaria; mohair, although South Africa and parts of the United States now have large numbers of Angora goats; Mocha coffee from the Arabian Peninsula; the long staple cotton of Egypt. Turkish and Macedonian tobaccos have a special charm of their own, and nearly all of the best grades grown are bought for the use of the American cigarette smoker.

It is the cereal crops, however, that are most important, both for the domestic population and for export trade. Before the war Southern Russia was one of the main granaries of Europe, and all through the autumn and early winter hundreds of grain-laden steamers used to pass down the Bosphorus on their way to England and continental ports. Turkey possesses vast areas that might have been used for the production of cereals on a large scale, but lack of transportation, insecurity, absence of irrigation or other causes inherent in



EXPLOITING A GEORGIAN MILITARY ROAD IN TIMES OF PEACE

Sheep and Goats Constitute an Important Economic Asset of the Caucasus. Among the Largest Items of Export to the United States from This Region Are Wool and Skins



New East Relief

ARMENIANS IN REFUGEE CAMP PREPARING THREAD FOR RUGS

Rug Weaving, Conducted Chiefly as a Home Industry, Has Always Been a Principal Commercial Occupation of the Near Eastern Peoples

the situation of that country prevented the full utilization of these broad plains.

The animal products of the Near East are not so varied, but they are important. Herds and flocks of cattle, sheep and goats are a universal sight, especially in the sections which do not possess a highly developed agricultural life, such as certain parts of the Balkans, Turkey and Persia. The sheep and goats are especially valuable to the native population, furnishing them with a very large proportion of their food and clothing. They also provide some of the largest items for export to the United States, wool and skins figuring heavily.

Apart from the purchase of these products of the Near East, America has furnished large quantities of agricultural tools and implements to Rumania and southern Russia, and to Bulgaria, Turkey, etc., in lesser degree. This business will naturally continue in the future. Not only has much agricultural machinery been destroyed or worn out during the war, but new districts, especially in what was the Ottoman Empire, have been opened to new influences. It is estimated that of the total agricultural production of that Empire not more than 20 per cent was in any way touched by modern machinery and tools, the other 80 per cent being handled by methods that in many instances were

followed in Biblical times. But little has been done to improve the breeds of domestic animals. Dairies in our sense of the word scarcely exist, even near large cities, while regular poultry farming is unknown, although Asia Minor from its village flocks used to export eggs by the million, one line of steamers to France being principally devoted to carrying eggs from Samsoun and other ports.

The improvement of agricultural methods throughout the Near East will open up new markets for American machinery and appliances, but there will be no occasion for the investment of American capital unless it be in the development of irrigation schemes and the further extension of transportation, without which the great natural resources of many sections must remain untouched. The development of many broad plains of great potential productivity will consequently have to depend upon the political settlement adopted for the Near East. The manufacture of artificial fertilizers might afford some opportunities, as animal manure is very generally used for fuel in the more backward districts, and a preliminary survey shows that phosphates, nitrogen and potash are all available.

The introduction of new kinds of crops may also prove feasible. Cotton

can be grown in many parts of Turkey, is already the main crop of Egypt, and under the fostering care of the Russian Government it was beginning to be produced extensively in Turkestan, to such a degree that Russian cotton oil was threatening active competition to the American oil in Constantinople. The sugar beet can be grown to advantage.

The most important areas calling for further development in irrigation lie in the territories of the former Ottoman Empire. This method of assisting agriculture will constitute one of the most important tasks of the powers assuming mandatory control of these territories. The plans of Sir William Willcocks for the restoration of the former irrigation works of the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates will now be carried out under British control. The future ownership of the Konia Plain irrigation system constructed by Bagdad Railway interests is still uncertain. The only other project of importance so far undertaken concerns portions of the fertile Adana plain in southern Asia Minor.

MINES AND FORESTS

It is probable that the mineral resources of the Near East offer the most interesting prospects for the attraction of American capital. Soon after the Turkish Revolution of 1908 a syndicate of American firms applied for a concession from the Ottoman Government for the construction of 1200 miles of railway in Asia Minor, which would have opened up to exploitation many supposedly rich mineral fields. This was known as the Chester project. It naturally incurred the opposition of German interests already strongly entrenched in Turkey, and this opposition and other factors caused the abandonment of the scheme in 1911. But no one else has built the railway and the mines are still unworked. Planned to extend in a general northeasterly direction from the Gulf of Alexandretta, the railway would have been of inestimable value to the Germans and Turks in their Caucasus campaign against Russia.

The amount of American capital invested in the Rumanian oil industry is relatively small in comparison with German, British and Dutch holdings, while in the Baku fields no American company has been interested. The Transcaucasus produced 13 per cent of the pre-war world output of petroleum, and 15 years ago produced more than the United States. All possible containers in the Baku district are today filled with petroleum, awaiting the return of conditions that will render normal distribution possible. The region containing the oil wells is now under the *de facto* govern-

ment of Azerbaidjan, and there have been proposals that it shall come under the scope of a future mandatory régime for the Near East. About 60 per cent. of the Baku field is controlled by the Nobel group, Swedish and German in nationality, and 25 per cent by the Royal Dutch group, of joint Dutch and British ownership. The production of the Baku district was decreasing before the war.

British and American interests own the Dzansul copper mine in what is now Georgia, and some American capital is also associated with British in the emery mines near Smyrna and borax workings near Panderma, on the Sea of Marmora. The writer is aware of no other American investments in mining operations in the Near East.

Asia Minor has often been called a region "rich in poor mines." The same qualification can perhaps be applied to Transcaucasia. Modern methods have never been used to any extent in the former region, and only on a limited scale in the latter, but there are many indications of copper, iron, silver-lead, zinc, petroleum, antimony. There has been actual production of some of these minerals, and also of chrome, emery, mercury, borax, potash, meerschaum and alum. Anatolia produces 7 per cent of the world's chrome, having very large deposits at Kutahia. During the war Krupp interests purchased a number of chrome mines. Three per cent of the annual world production of mercury comes from Asia Minor. In 1914 Turkey produced \$834,600 worth of silver by relatively old-fashioned methods. Western Asia Minor and the Island of Naxos have almost a monopoly for supplying emery rock. The Turkish production of coal, principally in the Eregli field, is a little over one million tons per annum, and elsewhere coal and iron exist in unknown quantities in close proximity to each other. The town of Eski-Shehir is the source of supply for practically all the meerschaum used by the world.

The entire Caucasus produces 58 per cent of the world's manganese. In the rest of Southern Russia, the Donetz basin produced 12 per cent of the world's output of coal, and the Ukraine 4 per cent of the iron ore. The new territories acquired by Rumania have valuable mineral wealth, and the copper mine at Majdanpek, in Serbia, has always sent fairly large quantities of its product to the United States.

The oil fields of Persia, Mesopotamia and the Arabian Peninsula offer what are probably the most important mineral possibilities in the Near East. Just before the war the Standard Oil Company of New York had a large party of engineers in Palestine to undertake operations near the Dead Sea, but the war



BAKU OIL TANKS SET ON FIRE IN STREET FIGHTING

The Vast Oil Resources Located at Baku on the Caspian Form One of the Prizes of the Near East. British Interests Are Largely Exploiting These Oil Fields

caused the temporary postponement of these operations. A number of oil claims have also been located along the northern shore of the Sea of Marmora by various concerns. The oil indications around the Persian Gulf are by far the most interesting, and this region promises to be one of the great oil fields of the future. Unless American interests take prompt action they are likely to see themselves excluded from this field, just as they are from Burma, and from the

Baku region and other Russian fields.

The British oil companies have been the first to undertake active operations in the Persian-Mesopotamian region. The great Anglo-Persian Oil Company is principally owned and controlled by the British Government, which also holds 50 per cent of the shares of the Turkish Petroleum Company (formed before the war), the balance having been equally allotted to British and German interests.

The forests of the Near Eastern coun-



VIA THE ANATOLIAN RAILWAY TO CONSTANTINOPLE

Future Development in the Near East Depends Primarily on Expansion of Transportation Facilities. The Ottoman Railways Total Only about Four Thousand Miles



Reed, A. V. S. 1917

SORTING COCOONS IN NORTHERN SYRIA

Silk Is Produced in Large Quantities in Sections of Asia Minor and Promises to Become a Competitor of Asiatic Silk in the European Markets

tries are not without importance, although vast areas are almost treeless. Of the Balkan countries Rumania is the richest in forests and has acquired valuable new timber resources through the expansion of her territory. The Caucasus has many well-wooded districts, Circassian walnut being one of its timber products to reach the United States. In Asia Minor there are still large areas covered by forests of pine, fir, oak, elm, beech, chestnut, walnut, etc., located along the northern watershed towards the Black Sea and also in the Taurus Mountains. All forests within easy reach of transportation have been cut down, so that further lumbering operations must follow or be accompanied by extension of the transportation system.

RAILROADS, INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT,

FINANCE

In a subsequent article I shall take up the question of railroads, public utilities, building, ports and general industrial development, in connection with banking and finance and the need of an

American banking system and loans. Suffice it to say here that all future industrial and natural resource development in the life of the Asiatic Near East depends primarily upon the expansion of transportation facilities. Shortly before the war the total mileage of the railway system in the Ottoman Empire, with an area of a little under 700,000 square miles, was about 4000 miles, as follows:

Ottoman (Hejaz Railway)...	925 miles
German (Bagdad Line and branches)	1366 miles
British (Aidin Railway out of Smyrna).....	390 miles
French (lines out of Smyrna and system in Syria)....	920 miles
Austrian (Oriental Railway in European Turkey).....	204 miles
Various	26 miles
Total.....	3831 miles

It is still too soon to judge whether any distinctly American railway projects will be undertaken, but all existing lines are in a deteriorated state as to roadbeds and rolling stock, and this

situation offers a large field to exporters of American locomotives and railway supplies, including bridge material. Indeed, a considerable amount of American railway equipment has already been sold in Palestine and to the Greek Government lines. Yugoslavia and Rumania are also in the market for all that is needed to restore their railway systems to normal conditions.

In governmental finance the situation in the Near East, with the exception of Egypt and Greece, is everywhere desperate. The first essential for amelioration is re-establishment of reasonably stable political relations. The United States had never participated in any of the governmental loans of Near Eastern countries until it made large advances to Greece, Serbia and Rumania during the war. Additional loans from America are now being sought for other than war purposes—for the rebuilding of railways and bridges, for the resumption of specie payments, and for other constructive projects.

TRADE RIVALRY

The Near East has never been a very easy market in which to operate, and there will continue to be keen rivalry between the principal exporting nations. The Germans and Austrians have been temporarily eliminated. Not only have their heavy gains during the war been cancelled and their nationals sent out of Turkey, but pre-war investments, such as the Bagdad Railway, will probably pass from their control. Nevertheless, Germany and German plans will always be an important factor in trade rivalry, whether by special inland all-water routes to the Black Sea or by the future political configuration of eastern Europe. Austria-Hungary formerly ranked next to Great Britain in sharing Turkey's foreign trade. This trade will, of course, be divided among the new countries, although Italy has for the moment at least fallen heir to much of the Austrian banking and commercial connections at Constantinople.

Great Britain is sparing no efforts to retain her commercial leadership in the Near East and to extend her interests in every direction. Backed by the fullest support of the British Government, commercial and financial houses have undertaken plans which, if realized, will restore the former prominent position held by the British in the early construction of railways, public works and other large enterprises. The name of the Levant Company, Limited, famous for several centuries in British foreign trade, has been revived and assumed by a subsidiary of the British Trade Corporation, and it is extending its activities to all sorts of commercial, financial

and investment propositions, especially in Turkey and Southern Russia. The Federation of British Industries, comprising in its membership all export houses of any importance, has opened its own office at Constantinople. A large commercial exposition of British wares has just been held in Athens, and been visited by business men from all parts of the Near East. Individual British firms, whether of pre-war standing or new, can at once avail themselves of all the advantages offered by the existing British machinery of foreign trade—banks, local experienced commission and shipping agencies, cable lines, the political prestige due to the past.

The French have always had special interests in this part of the world, and do not propose to be ousted from the position they have long held in finance, investment, and the dissemination of French culture. Government aid of the strongest possible sort—several degrees beyond the customary official support before the war—has been furnished to the French trader by French official representatives at Constantinople. The "Bureau Commercial Francais du Levant" has been formed in Paris, with the participation of strong banking interests, and will have its own semi-official offices in Alexandria, Cairo, Beirut, Athens, Salonika, Constantinople and Smyrna.

The three new banks opened at Constantinople since the armistice have all been Italian, and a special Italian bank for dealing in the Caucasus has been formed. Although not the most wealthy foreign colony, the Italian is now the largest after the Greek in both Smyrna and Constantinople, and Italian interests in general have made plans for an aggressive campaign for the trade of the Near East, which they consider as their special domain because of proximity and the traditions of Venice and Genoa.

Japan has also taken steps to gain a foothold in the Near East, and her sales in Egypt are steadily increasing. Japanese cotton goods were the first to be sold in Constantinople after the lifting of the blockade, and numerous Japanese cargoes have been imported.

In many portions of the Near East the great mass of merchants in both domestic and foreign trade is composed of Greeks, Armenians, Syrians and Jews. Energetic, intelligent, shrewd, they are keen traders. Among them may be found many firms of absolute integrity and reliability, although, as elsewhere, there are some undesirable elements which have tended to create a mistaken impression of the majority of business men of the Levant. The fact that with all the business crises due to the numerous wars of the past ten years there

have been no serious losses from bankruptcies is well worth noting.

Trade rivalries are but phases of the international conflicts and cross currents which center in the whirlpool of Near Eastern politics. As a dam raises the level of a stream and covers many obstructions to a depth which renders them harmless, at the same time controlling the flow of the current and turning it to useful purposes, so the entry of the United States into Near Eastern politics by the acceptance of a mandate would tend to calm the course of racial jealousies and international strife and give to all these countries a better chance to devote their national energies to construction rather than destruction.

If the American people should, after full consideration and upon mature judgment, and, most of all, only at the most urgent appeal of the principal Allied Powers and the respective peoples directly concerned, decide to assume such a responsibility in the Near East, the American investor could count upon the security of his investment, and upon an even break with his European competitors. Pending a political settlement the outlook will be obscure for some time to come. For the far-sighted trader, who looks beyond conditions of export trade created by the war, there is here a prospect of a permanent market.

THE WEAVER

(Continued from page 19)

thing, although so pre-occupied was I that I saw but little of it all.

"Look, Beyim!" I heard a timid voice speaking from the great ox-cart I was passing.

I looked, and saw—a string of large blue beads. That is, I caught an impression of blue beads. What I really saw was a face, oval in form, and of delicate, creamy coloring, a pair of sparkling blue eyes, and hair the color of ripened grain when the morning sunshine strikes glittering through the stalks.

To me the sight of the young Turkman girl was a revelation of feminine beauty; for until that moment I had never even imagined the possibility of so much loveliness in human form. And as I looked at her, at the blond-gold fairness inherited from unnumbered generations of North-dwelling ancestors—at the sky-tints in her wide, inquiring eyes, I felt the blood leap forward in my veins.

And she, too, I saw took note of my rugged Kurdish build. For although but a boy I had the tall figure, the massive shoulders and gigantic frame so common to my people, which, with my black eyes and hair and swarthy complexion, con-

trasted so widely with the short, square figures and uncertain coloring of the men of her race.

Suddenly a rush of color overspread her face, and as though aroused from some spell, she continued talking of the string of beads which she held toward me. I could understand but little of what she said—not through lack of knowledge of her language, but because in her agitation she spoke so indistinctly. However, I caught the word, "*Nazar*."

"*Nazar daghmassin!*" I returned, looking boldly at her now—as once more the flood of crimson flushed her face. Then, alarmed at my boldness, I turned and fled.

But at the next wagon I paused. There was something about the back of the fezzed and European-clad man standing there talking to the proprietor that attracted my attention. Then, as I stood quietly waiting he turned; it was the Armenian rug-buyer from Stamboul.

"Allah!" he cried, "it is Ahmed, the weaver, the son of Moustafa. And what dost thou here, Ahmed, so far from thy own village? Ah, I suppose thou seekest designs for rugs—is it not so?"

I made a negative gesture. True, I was pleased to see a familiar face once again, but this was no time to talk of rugs and designs for rugs—of weavers and the art of weaving. The fate of many men—my kinsmen—hung upon my actions. I approached the Armenian. "I am a prisoner here," I whispered.

"A prisoner?" he echoed.

"As I say," I replied. "I was taken yesterday." Then I told him of the many strange turns of Fate since his recent visit to our village.

"Of course you wish to escape?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Listen," went on the Armenian, approaching and speaking so that he could not be overheard. "This wagon next thee," indicating the one at which I had seen the girl, "belongs to old Hassan Ali, a Turkman who owns many cattle and horses—a rich man for one of his race. At one time it came my way to render him a service, an important service—and now he would do anything for me. It may be possible for thee to ride out of the village under the unsold rugs on Hassan Ali's wagon. Wouldst care to go?"

"Yes," I cried, seizing the rug-buyer's

hand. "I should like to go. And may the blessing of Allah rest upon thee!"

* * *

That evening I rode out of the village in Hassan Ali's great creaking ox-cart, and with me rode the girl in whose soft hair the sunlight strove with ripened grain for mastery. Then, too, there was a great lot of a boy named Osman, who guided the oxen, and old Hassan Ali himself, who alternately praised his daughter for her success in selling certain articles, and blamed her for failing to dispose of the goods that they were forced to take home again.

But the girl, Leila, would not talk—at any rate, nothing more than in monosyllables. And when she did address a word to me, young Osman would assume a proprietary air with her, and force himself into the conversation. Besides, the mutterings and grumbling of old Hassan Ali himself as he struggled to keep his narghilé lighted, despite the bumping and jolting of the lumbering ox-cart, were in themselves an effectual dampener to our feeble attempts at conversation.

Osman I soon discovered was also a weaver of rugs. And as I listened to his idle, boasting talk of his work I came to dream and picture to myself what such work really must be. And I imagined it coarse, brutal, soulless, like himself.

Night was darkening when I dropped off Hassan Ali's wagon, and before the second dawn broke I had delivered my message to Hakki Bey. Four of the seven days which were to have elapsed before Toghrul Bey's entertainment had passed. By hurrying we could arrive there on the evening of the sixth. Fortune favored us, and we made our camp just out of sight of Toghrul Bey's village on the evening before the great day.

"It would have been better if we could have arrived a day earlier," remarked Hakki Bey that evening as we sat smoking in his tent. Hakki Bey had taken me into his confidence since the delivery of our fellow-tribesmen seemed to rest with me. "Tomorrow there will be a great throng of visitors from neighboring tribes. No doubt their fighting strength will be doubled on account of the celebration the chief is giving."

"True, Beyim," I replied, "but it is Allah's will. Thus far has He directed us right—let us not doubt Him."

The sight of the Turkman village on the following morning proved the truth of Hakki Bey's surmises. Horsemen in vast numbers thronged about the camp, or rode back and forth from more or less distant points as if to try the speed and mettle of their mounts. Meantime one could see that preparations for the coming entertainment were being made.

We had approached as near as we dared without revealing our position, and I, with two or three other young men, was posted as a lookout in a position from which I could see without being seen.

Suddenly a cry rang out, and was taken up by throat after throat, passing the length and breadth of the Turkman village.

"Come!" I cried to our men. "Come. They are beginning!"

That the appearance of a large body of Kurdish horsemen came as a surprise to the Turkmans there can be no doubt. But compared with them our numbers were so small that they gave us but little attention. Acting upon old el-Akreb's advice the Kurds inside were resisting their captors as best they could, to the extent that that fierce old warrior had many an opportunity before the struggle was ended to gratify his wish to bathe his hands in Turkman blood.

We struck. Allah, the feeling that sprang up inside me, as I saw the Turkman front wasting away before our onslaughts, as soft earth is worn away by the constant and irresistible mountain torrent! I, Ahmed, son of Moustafa, son of Mahommed Abdullah, the weaver, was leading the men of my tribe to battle—yes, to victory. And in those wild, glorious moments as I rode at the head of the Kurdish forces, the change that had had its beginning on the day when my father lay dead in our tent in Kurdistan was consummated within me. The blood of a hundred, yes, a thousand generations of light-hearted fighters rushed and pounded through my veins, singing in my ears and tingling hot at the roots of my hair. The boy, Ahmed, the Kurdish rug-maker, was no more; in his place had risen Ahmed the warrior, and leader of warriors.

As one entranced I went through it all. Yet there remained a strange sense of blows received and blows given, the hiss of the descending sword and the biting crunch with which it sheared its way through flesh and bone. Then suddenly I stood before Toghrul Bey.

I was wide awake then, every sense alert and keen. Toghrul Bey was a powerful man, perhaps thirty years of age, in the very prime of his splendid strength and manhood, and I was a boy yet under twenty. True, I was taller than the Turkman chief, and in time came to be a stronger man than he ever was, but he was broad and deep of chest, and his heavy limbs indicated a strength that I was but ill-fitted to match myself against. Besides, Toghrul Bey was a very rich and powerful chief, and had had the advantages that wealth alone can give in training in the art of arms

under the best masters of Occident and Orient.

I had nothing—neither the training of masters nor the training that comes of experience. I had only the sword of Shir Djelaleddin—a weapon that until a few short weeks before had never been in my hand. And now, as my horse stood motionless but alert before that of Toghrul Bey, I experienced a strange sensation—a sensation in which were mingled something of the hopelessness of despair and the grim steadfastness of new-found resolution. Then I looked into the Turkman's eyes, and what I saw there, no less than the vile curses his lips hurled at me, made me act.

For an instant I stretched my arm upward. The sword of my ancestors pointed toward the heavens, while a prayer rose to my lips unuttered. Then I struck. He parried my first blow, and returned with one that he evidently expected to break through my guard and terminate the combat at once. And as it glided harmlessly from the well-tempered blade of my old sword a look of surprise and—it seemed to me—doubt crept into his eyes. The instant's hesitation that followed this failure was fatal for Toghrul Bey. My next blow brought blood; it was only a flesh wound, though deep, yet it marked the beginning of the end. His defense weakened with the loss of blood, and, although I would gladly have spared his life, he would not give up until my last thrust found his heart. Toghrul Bey was dead. Our fellow-tribesmen were released, and the Turkmans had fled in utter rout.

But in the battle both Remzi Bey, our chief, and his cousin, Hakki Bey, had lost their lives. Our tribe was without a head.

"By Allah!" cried one gray-bearded old warrior, as he and a number of his fellows seized me, "this is our new chief."

"Yes," assented el-Akreb, smiling grimly as he polished his blood-stained daggers, "he is of the blood; there is no nearer kinsman left. May Allah shower His blessings upon our new chief!"

So they carried me to a tent—it was the abandoned tent of Toghrul Bey—placed me upon the divan, and held tribal council with me as chief.

"Ahmed Bey," I said to myself, "Ahmed Bey." I was tired and sleepy, and the noise of the battle still rang in my ears. After all, I was only a boy.

* * *

And so, as the tale of Ahmed Bey comes to an end, the span of life set for him by Allah also runs near its close. Its space is almost covered now, as was decreed for Ahmed, son of Moustafa, son of Mahommed Abdullah, even before the

THE DIFFERENCE

Between Poverty and Self Respect

A TEN DOLLAR BILL



BEFORE



AFTER

AND

Armenian family of five fatherless children clothed with garments made by their mother from cloth (alaya) woven in one of the many industrial plants established in Armenia by Near East Relief, the former Committee on Armenian and Syrian Relief.

800,000 Are Starving

250,000 Orphans Must Be Fed, Clothed and Sheltered

100,000 Women, Released From Turkish Harems, Must Be Provided For

"In the Near East is the most desperate situation in the world." — Herbert Hoover.



NEAR EAST RELIEF

1 Madison Avenue - - New York

Send Checks or Money Orders to Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer



creation of the world. "The secrets of life and death are His." Oh, Allah!

But one moment I craved your patience, effendi. Call for me Reshad Ali from the tent door.

More cushions, Reshad. I must have more cushions under my head if I am to finish this tale. Let the wise young Osmanli physician say what he likes. I am chief here, and while I live my bidding shall be done.

For the rest, much of my tale is surely known to you. No one could withstand me and my conquering warriors. From Turkey to Afghanistan, from Urumiah to Herat, and from central Persia to the Kara Kum desert, we fought and conquered. And woe to the tribal chieftain who dared pit his forces against mine. Thus in time it came about that the name of Ahmed Bey, son of Moustafa, son of Mahommed Abdullah, was feared wherever it was known. Yet I was never a cruel man—never. My victories were never attended by those frightful scenes of pillage, rapine and massacre that have so often characterized the wars of conquerors. Neither have I grown rich from the spoils of my enemies. True, I have occasionally taken from some rich and greedy chief that I have held in my power, but never from one who could not well afford to lose.

Thus sped the years. I, Ahmed the weaver, the dyer's son, came to middle age, and never had the hard, exacting responsibilities of warrior chief left me time for those tender thoughts of love and women that play such an important part in the lives of many men. Once, indeed, did the chance glimpse of a black-eyed Herati girl, caught in a bazaar, cause me to pass a restless night or two; and then again a girl of my own race, city bred and educated, a maid of Teheran, speaking to me with the free, easy customs of our Kurdish people, awoke to short life a smouldering fire in my lonely heart. But all these came to naught, and threads of silver began to glisten in my glossy hair and beard, and I knew that there was no woman for me.

But always the weaver's craft remained dear to me.

One day in passing near the southern shores of the Caspian Sea I heard of a weaver whose work was said to bring the highest prices in the Stamboul market—a Turkman named Osman. I called to see this Osman, wishing to discuss with him my boyhood trade. He was not at home, but his wife was. She met me at the door, and as my eyes rested upon her features I was carried back to that market day so long ago when I heard a timid, girlish voice say, "Look, Beyim."

Threads of silver were there, too, amid the corn color of her hair, while from

her eyes had faded a trifle of the azure of the sky, yet I knew her instantly—knew her before she spoke—for Leila, the daughter of old Hassan Ali—and more; for then there flashed up into my consciousness something that told me this was why the flashing black eyes of Herat, why the beautiful and cultured Kurdish woman of Teheran had failed to attract me. I loved her, Leila, the daughter of Hassan Ali, the Turkman farmer, wife of Osman the weaver, and now, no doubt, mother of a family of grown children. No matter—I loved her—and I was Ahmed Bey, and accustomed to getting what I wanted.

By her expression when she first saw me I realized that the recognition was mutual—the love, also, I imagined by a certain quick intaking of the breath. Still, I am not versed in the ways of women. Yet I knew that this was the woman I wanted—the only woman I have ever wanted. Another man's wife? No, by Allah! I wanted no other man's wife. Ahmed Bey might be a fierce warrior, hard at times as steel, but he was no despoiler of other men's hearths. No, again, by Allah!

"So you married Osman?" I demanded, rather fiercely, I presume. Yet nothing is to be wondered at; I scarcely knew what I was saying.

She made an affirmative gesture.

"And you have children?"

"Four," she whispered.

"Are they grown?"

"The youngest was married within the year." And still she stared as though her eyes, greedy, insatiate, would never be done with looking.

"So your husband is not at home." I spoke a trifle gruffly, and half turned as if to depart.

"Ahmed Bey," she exclaimed, and the voice, scarcely above a whisper, thrilled me through and through, "you see I remember you. I have never forgotten that day at the market when I tried to sell you a string of beads. And you are married, Ahmed Bey?"

"Yes," I lied stubbornly. As I said before, I have never been versed in the ways of women, but I detected danger in her voice—something that threatened to cause me to forget myself—and there has never been a stain upon the honor of Ahmed, son of Moustafa, son of Mahommed Abdullah.

"I commend you to Allah's keeping, oh daughter of Hassan Ali," I managed to say as I turned away.

It was late when I slept that night. And when I did sleep it was a restless, troubled sleep, fitful and unrefreshing. Suddenly I awoke with a start; there was a strange feeling about me—one of peril, of impending doom. With a quick motion I flung the clothes aside and sat bolt upright.

As I did so something sharp and cold pricked my left breast.

Through the gloom of the tent I was barely able to make out a gigantic figure bending over me.

"Coward!" hissed the stranger, "Dog, and son of a dog! Destroyer of homes! Wrecker of lives! Despoiler of women's virtue! Oh, yes, Ahmed Bey, I know thy saintly outward reputation—yes, and I also know thee for what thou art, oh villain of unnameable immoralities! And thou wouldst take my wife, wouldst thou? By the splendor of the noonday sun, thy vile preference has for once fallen wrong! Never will she come to thee—Leila, the daughter of Hassan Ali, and wife of Osman the weaver. No!" and he laughed, "thou shalt not have her to be thy paramour. The knife at thy breast is even now wet and sticky with her life blood."

"Osman!" I cried. I knew him now. "Osman, the love of man and woman comes oftentimes unbidden, for who is there among us who has mastered the canons of the human soul? The soul is free and beyond our control, but our actions are not. Osman, I tell thee——"

"Yes," interrupted the Turkman with a laugh of fury, "I know. She said I must divorce her—her, the mother of my children—the only woman I ever loved. She said that she had loved thee since that day so long ago when thou didst ride with us in her father's ox-cart. Yet she married me, and throughout all these years has been a good and faithful wife. But yesterday she saw thee again, and then she said that she would follow thee—that she would be a servant to thy other wives if need be, but that she must be near thee, Ahmed Bey. And that—is why I killed her—and that—is why thou too must die!"

"Osman!" I cried. I cared but little in that moment for death; in fact, death seemed sweeter to me than life. Yet there is something in man's nature that even in the hour when death seems kindest bids him stay the executioner's hand. Kill me if thou wilt, but think not evil of the woman who was thy wife. Listen, Osman——"

But the grief-crazed Turkman would wait no longer. He struck, and I knew no more until I awoke to find Reshad Ali and Nouredin Bey, the young Turkish physician, bending over me. His dagger missed my heart, but nevertheless the wound is fatal. And, if I could, I would not have it otherwise. What is life to me, who have lost the most precious thing that life contained—to me, who, though possessing it through all these years, have remained in darkest ignorance?

Thus you see, effendi, why I say that I was ignorant of the love of woman.



Trade Balances—and Buying Power

From Far Eastern countries we bought last year \$440,000,000 more than we sold them. Such a credit balance *in their favor* is an opportunity for us—the solid basis on which to build the export trade our factories require.

We have the goods and the ships to deliver them. They have the money to pay. All that we lack to complete the business cycle is knowledge of their market needs and individual recognition of the golden hour that will not wait—or return.

The Irving hand-book, "Trading with the Far East" will help you to determine what you have to sell in the Orient—and where and how to sell. It comes at your request. It is one unit in a foreign trade series growing out of Irving activities over-seas and the Irving conception of customer service.

IRVING NATIONAL BANK

WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK

美國友華銀行

Above is the "chop" (trade-mark) registered in China by the Asia Banking Corporation

Our Newest Branch in the Orient—CHANGSHA

AT this inland city in China, situated in a widely-developed mining district, noted for its coal and antimony deposits, its exports of grain, and its foreign trade—which, in 1916, amounted to about \$28,000,000—the Asia Banking Corporation has opened its eighth branch in the Far East.

The other branches are at Shanghai, Hankow, Peking, Tientsin, Hongkong, Canton, and Manila—thus affording American importers and exporters *direct* and *personal* banking service of every nature with those important trade centers.

Merchandise shipments financed in the United States and in the Far East; bills of exchange bought, sold, negotiated, or collected; commercial letters of credit issued; mail or cable transfers effected; and so on.

We shall be pleased to discuss with you any matter relative to trading with the Orient.

Branches in the Far East

SHANGHAI
TIENTSIN

HANKOW
CANTON

HONGKONG
CHANGSHA

PEKING
MANILA

ASIA BANKING CORPORATION

35 BROADWAY NEW YORK

CAPITAL \$4,000,000

SURPLUS \$1,100,000

ASIA'S TRAVEL LOG

BY VIRGINIA LEE

EVERYONE was on the *quai* as the time to land drew near. I hadn't much to pack, because I had lived in the same clothes nearly all the trip, but the ship's company were either putting luggage in shape or writing letters for posting on landing. Women blossomed out in trim suits and shore clothes instead of rough-and-ready deck coats; men discarded their steamer caps for hats. The rail was lined with expectant passengers looking for friends or relatives on the dock. Those of us who knew none would meet us stood modestly back and wished we were dead. I mean just for a while, because as soon as the passport men came on board we were too busy to be blue. Luckily a reporter from the *Japan Advertiser* came to interview me, and he was most helpful about the baggage at customs. If one intends to stay only a short time, most of the luggage can be left in bond on the wharf without charge and checked by one's ticket later when going out of the country either by rail or boat. I put two of my trunks in bond with the help of the reporter. Because of the fearful congestion in Yokohama, Russian refugees to the hundred thousand and many commercial travelers, I decided to go right up to Tokyo that night. It was well I did. Some of our ship's people slept on the floor in hotels, thankful to get even a mattress. I considered myself very fortunate to get a comfortable room at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo.

Then I fled to Nikko. The Japanese have a proverb that no one can say *kekko* (beautiful) until he has seen Nikko. One simply has to see Nikko. There are two or three very good foreign hotels in Nikko, the Kanaya and the Nikko Hotels, where one will receive courteous treatment and good service. But I went to a native hotel, partly because I knew it would be an interesting experience, and also because it put me in touch with Japanese life, otherwise likely to be closed to the foreigner. And if you try a Japanese hotel, take with you Kelly & Walsh's *Handbook of the Japanese Language*, which has a chapter on "In a Japanese Hotel," and is, on the whole, a useful book for colloquial phrases.

The first requisite on arriving at a Japanese inn is to take off your shoes; so wear shoes easy to slip on and off. The hotel supplies soft sandals, but a pair of bedroom shoes will be advisable to wear about your room. Do not refuse to do as you are asked in this respect, because it is the unbreak-

able custom to leave shoes on the threshold before entering any Japanese house. There are several other little customs of the country that it would be well to follow. From the beginning of your Japanese travels bow often and deeply; it is courteous and makes people well-disposed to you. Try to take everything good-naturedly. A good laugh will lighten the atmosphere when you are striving to make willing but worried servants understand—and they don't. Bows and laughs! Don't forget either. Say *Ohayō* when you enter a Japanese hotel or house. It is a sort of general "How do you do?" It serves for "Good-morning," too. Tea appears by magic everywhere you go; take a few sips even if you don't like it. You can have sugar (*sato*) for your meals. In asking for it it will be well to say *dozo*, meaning "please." *Arigato* is "thank you."

The room will seem empty to you; the floor is your chair, your bed and your table, to a great degree. The maid will bring you a cushion or *zabuton* to sit on, and will set low tables for your meals, but your floor is your castle. Remember that there are no locks to your room, and anyone is likely to burst in on you without knocking! It will not be done as an impertinence or liberty, but because it is always done in Japan and—*honi soit*. There are usually a few hooks and a sort of clotheshorse and in one corner a small cupboard. *C'est tout!* Clap your hands when you want your maid; you will have one assigned to you who will be very anxious to please. Ask for an *hibachi* (a charcoal brazier) if there isn't one; it will keep the room comparatively warm and the kettle boiling. Take with you a glass or bowl and a towel, as those supplied are inadequate. By signs and saying, "*o-yu, dozo*," you can show that you want to wash in your room in the morning. The maid will bring you a basin from the general washroom. A bath will be offered, but don't try it unless there is someone to interpret and explain that you want to bathe before others have used the general tub.

Meals are served about the same time as ours. Most inns will have a rude set of forks and knives or spoons, but it isn't a bad idea to carry some with you, as chopsticks are not practical for the uninitiated. I like Japanese food very much; you may not. It makes one rather thirsty, and fruit is seldom provided, but this can be bought in any town. Sweets are offered you on your arrival, but not usually afterwards. You can buy various forms of palatable paste,



ONE OF THE CARVED AND LACQUERED GATES LEADING TO THE MAGNIFICENT TOKUGAWA SHRINES AT NIKKO



THE PEERLESS FUJI—A FAVORITE THEME FOR JAPANESE POETS AND ARTISTS, A POPULAR GOAL OF SUMMER PILGRIMS



Banking Service for INTERNATIONAL TRADE

THIS bank has opened a special department to aid in extending export and import trade between the Central Western States and other countries. Merchants desiring to buy or sell in this extensive industrial territory, producing and consuming diversified products, are invited to use our facilities to form business relations with reliable companies.

Inquiries and Correspondence Solicited

Central Trust Company
OF ILLINOIS

125 W. Monroe St., Chicago, U.S.A.

Capital and Surplus..... \$7,000,000
Deposits\$50,000,000



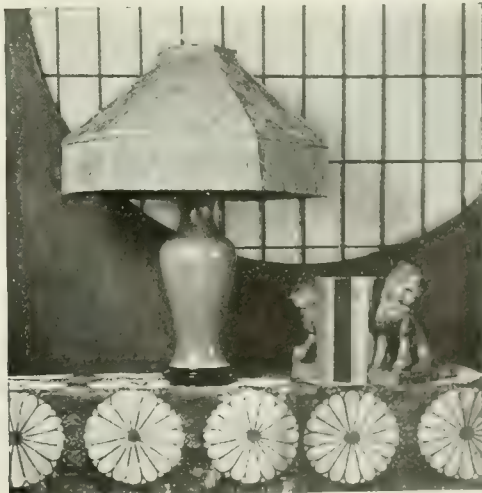
A Bank of SERVICE and SAFETY.

YAMANAKA & Co.

LONDON
SHANGHAI
OSAKA

680 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

BOSTON
PEKING
KIOTO



**WORKS OF FINE ARTS
FROM ASIA**

A cordial invitation is extended to visit our
new galleries

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

THE utmost in bank and trust facilities for American manufacturers, merchants, banks and individuals.

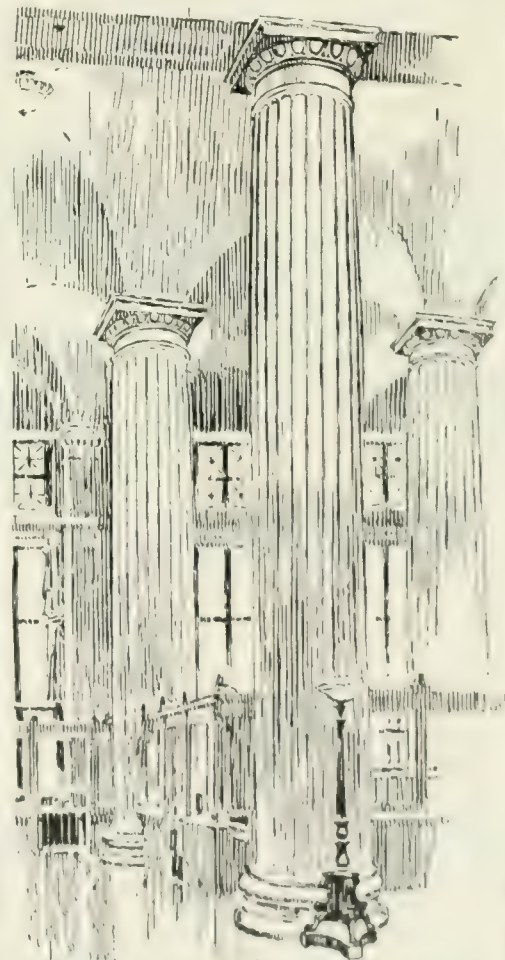
Continental and Commercial
NATIONAL BANK

Continental and Commercial
TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Continental and Commercial
SECURITIES COMPANY

Continental and Commercial
SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY

208 South La Salle Street, Chicago



RESOURCES OVER \$500,000,000



Where Credit is Made

The National Bank of Commerce in New York is a manufacturer whose product is credit.

Knowledge is the raw material of which credit is made—knowledge of men and markets, commerce and finance, drawn from original sources, tested and woven into a fabric of mutual confidence which is national credit.

The vast resources of the National Bank of Commerce in New York insure a credit production which is adequate to the needs of expanding business.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
Over Fifty Million Dollars

one kind like our gumdrops, **the other**, most popular with the Japanese, bean paste in neat boxes.

Nikko is wonderfully beautiful. My advice to travelers is to stay long enough to explore the neighborhood of Nikko, and not merely rush through the usual cursory tour of the temples. You will want heavy boots for walking, as the paths are rough and steep, and often paved with cobblestones. The hills and mountains nearby are accessible and well worth the effort to climb. Of the temples I won't speak, because it is almost impossible to describe them—too much magnificence for just ordinary adjectives! They are low and squat, but lumps of richness. I enjoyed watching the pilgrims. So will you, if you care for humanity. The guides who take the small armies of old men and women about wear bells, for all the world like the bell-wether of a flock of sheep. The poor simple peasant folk act exactly like sheep. One can't help wondering how much religious uplift they can get from being rushed about from spot to spot while the raucous voice of the guide chants information. In spring and fall it is the custom in Japan for school children to be taken in large parties to the famous temples and places celebrated for historical interest or scenery. A very cheap rate is made for these excursions, both by railroads and hotels, and although the families pay this cost, it is usually within the means of all but the poorest. In every native hotel is a series of rooms which open into each other to form a community living-room, where these excursion parties are received. One of these dormitories in action is a sight to be remembered. The floor is a solid mass of sleeping boys or girls lying like sardines on neat blue and white *futon*. Their clothes are folded in neat piles; nothing is left at loose ends; they sleep in order and quietness.

From Nikko I returned to Yokohama. For my virtues (such as they are) fate ordained that I might be taken into a private house, shared by two delightful Y. W. C. A. girls who have charge of the work in that city. Ah, what a difference when one can have a touch of home! Miss Mary Baker, the regional secretary, made me charmingly welcome to their half Japanese, half European house. She has been seven years in Yokohama and speaks the language fluently.

If ever a woman was born under a lucky star, I am she. Travelers may long and hope to see Fuji-san for months and not succeed. I saw it in all its splendor without trying. About three-thirty one afternoon I went to Kamakura from Yokohama, because it seemed as if the rain was over and the sun might shine for an hour or two. Most folks go in the morning to spend the day. Since I have learned how to live in native hotels I feel so independent I am willing to try anything once, so off I started on the train, knowing I could spend the night somewhere, and not worrying much about it. When you get to Kamakura, which is about an hour from Yokohama, don't take a carriage or rickshaw, but use the trams which are just across the street from the station. At Hase (the little stations are clearly marked and the conductor calls out each one) one must change for another car going on to Katase if one wants to see Enoshima—and I assure you one does.

My car was packed with kiddies, mostly girls. Sunset was coming on and the light was ravishing over the sea, which one reaches soon after leaving Hase. I was hanging to a strap. Suddenly a buzz went over the car; I leaned forward to see what the others were looking at, and—Fuji! We all caught our breath and then a cry went up, "Fuji! Fuji!" With a promontory at the right, on which were picturesque fishing huts and boats, with the sunset sea, with a rose-colored cloud drifting across its face, Fuji soared up in unbroken perfection of line into a sky beginning to blush with the afterglow. From that moment I moved in a spell of

INTERNATIONAL BANKING

Our branches in the Orient do a general banking business, specializing in import and export trade. Rates of interest on deposits, time and current, at our China branches furnished on application. Bankers' accounts solicited.

INTERNATIONAL SHIPPING

We act as general shipping agents, issuing Through Bills of Lading, and attending to Marine Insurance and all other features of shipping service.

Offices in the Orient:

Manila, P. I.	36, Escolta
Yokohama, Japan	75-A, Yamashita-cho
Hong Kong, China	11, Queen's Road Central
Shanghai, China	8, Kiukiang Road

Head Office: 65 Broadway, New York

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.



Japan Hotel Association

In Japan Proper:

CHUZENJI (NIKKO)	KYOTO
LAKESIDE HOTEL	KYOTO HOTEL
KAMAKURA	MIYAKO HOTEL
KAIHIN HOTEL	MATSUSHIMA
KARUIZAWA	PARK HOTEL
MIKASA HOTEL	MIYAJIMA
KOBE	MIYAJIMA HOTEL
ORIENTAL HOTEL	MIYANOSHITA
	FUJIYA HOTEL

In Taiwan (Formosa):

TAIWAN RAILWAY HOTEL
Taihoku

NARA
NARA HOTEL
NIKKO
KANAYA HOTEL
NIKKO HOTEL
OSAKA
OSAKA HOTEL
SHIMONOSEKI
SAN-YO HOTEL

SHIZUOKA
DAITOKWAN HOTEL
TOKYO
IMPERIAL HOTEL
TOKYO STATION
HOTEL
TSUKIJI SEIYOKEN
HOTEL
YOKOHAMA
GRAND HOTEL

In Chosen:

CHOSEN HOTEL
Kemio Seoul

FUSAN STATION HOTEL
Fusan

SHINGISHU STATION HOTEL
Shingishu

In Manchuria:

YAMATO HOTEL
Changchun
YAMATO HOTEL
Dairen
YAMATO HOTEL
Hoshigaura
YAMATO HOTEL
Hakata / Mukden
YAMATO HOTEL
Ryoun / Port Arthur

Free Distribution! 120-page Handy Guide Book to Japan. Apply to Secretary, care of Traffic Department, Imperial Government Railways, Tokyo.



Merit forced the steady Yale expansion

THE little three-story Yale factory of 1870 stands dwarfed today amid the giant modern buildings that year by year have grown up around it. That expansion is the result of a continuous recognition of the world that all "Yale" products are built to serve, built to endure.

Today the great modern Yale plant, covering 24 acres, with its 4500 operatives housed in 55 buildings, stands as a monument to "Yale" ideals.

The trade-mark Yale today is more than ever a mark of excellence that guarantees the trustworthiness of locks for every purpose, builders' hardware, door closers, chain blocks, bank locks and "Autometric" carburetors.

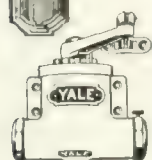
Write for Catalogs.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

Established 1868.

New York

U. S. A.



Commercial Pacific Cable



TO
Hawaiian Islands
Philippine Islands
Dutch East Indies
China and Japan

Exclusive Connection with Postal Telegraph Co.

CLARENCE H. MACKAY - President.

GEO. G. WARD, Vice-President and Gen'l Mgr.

wonder. The car stopped. We rushed over the path to the bridge which leads to the Gem-Island, Enoshima. Every step of the way the scene changed for something more fascinating, more spectacular—a creek with fishing craft dark against Fuji, the sky deeping into orange and gold and scarlet with floating feathers of rose and gold high above; or the long bridge from Katase to Enoshima, with the slow-breaking waves swishing-swashing under us, making swirls to catch the orange which reached from us to Fuji-san, now purple against its fast-darkening heaven. There are people who must be led blindfolded over the Enoshima bridge when the waves are swirling under it. Try it, and you will see why. Alack, the evening had so shut down by the time we reached the island that it was impossible to visit it, so I decided to spend the night at Katase, hoping after such a sunset there might also be a sunrise with Fuji still visible. At dawn next morning I dragged myself out of my warm futon and, huddling on clothes any old way, I went out to see the sunrise. It was lovely, but there was no Fuji. Also, it was cold. The inn I chose for my stay was not very clean; that is to say, it was cobwebby. Outside my window I found a community spider-web with eighteen enormous black and yellow spiders occupying it. The food was good and the room and bedding clean enough, but I resented paying five yen for the twenty-four hours I spent there. The real charm of the inn is an unbroken view of the sacred mountain across a creek filled with picturesque fishing craft. That is worth a great deal of discomfort, for the good native hotels on the island have no view except of the sea and shore. I think they have chosen sheltered spots because of the fierce storms which sweep Enoshima from the sea. Kinochuniya is the name of the Katase hotel, which really isn't bad.

In full sun I climbed the steep steps to the central shrine, about which I could not be over-enthusiastic, but later I discovered the most lovely thing I have seen so far in this land of lovely things in a small temple to the left and a bit beyond the hotel. The main ceiling is squared off into panels about a foot and a half wide, and on each of these squares different artists have painted the most exquisite things. I wonder if the old priest who watched me study it knows what a treasure his temple holds. Don't miss spending a half hour looking at each square meticulously. Nothing is duplicated. There will be peonies in all forms, but each will have individual charm and personality deserving real study. I shattered the Tenth Commandment into a hundred pieces as I looked at one square and wished preposterously hard that I could own it—a spent lazy wave on a beach with two turtles crawling into it, one behind the other.

Do what I did, when you come here, for you can make no mistake if you cross the Pacific and visit only Kamakura and Enoshima. Go out to the farthest point of the island for luncheon after you have visited the temples. There is a winding path from which you can get glorious views now and again between the numerous shops and teahouses. After a leisurely walk of about a half hour, during which you admire babies and take insipid lemonade at the insistence of a good-natured old ruffian of a woman who swears Fuji is seen from her terrace, you will come to the jumping-off place, occupied by a terrace restaurant, which is the most delightfully amusing place imaginable, to say nothing of its superb view. Sit yourself down with me this minute.

There are little platforms covered with blankets and zabuton, on which one will be very comfortable sitting western style. There, isn't that sea marvelous? Clear as crystal all the way down below us for several hundred feet and full of curious edible shellfish. And look! That Japanese diver is just swimming down to pull them from the rocks, deep, deep, down. Up he comes like a bronze statue,



THE PACIFIC MILLS

are the largest manufacturers of Cotton Warp and All-wool Dress Goods which are exactly adapted in construction, qualities, widths and colorings to fully satisfy both domestic and foreign requirements.

They also have the largest Print Works and most modern Bleachery in the world, and produce an unrivaled output of Printed, Dyed and Bleached Cotton Goods of every description.

Among their most popular lines of Bleached Goods are—

Bleached Muslins
Bleached Madapolams
Bleached Cutre Cloths
Bleached Nanzu
Bleached Twilled Jeans
Linen Finish Suitings
Shrunk Muslins

The above classes of fabrics are manufactured in various qualities and widths

Duretta Cloth

A twilled fabric, with lustre finish, unequaled for Middy Bouses, Sport Skirts, Waists, Suits, Rompers, Nurses' Uniforms, and similar uses. Be sure and ask for samples of this special fabric.

OUR EXPORT DEPARTMENT

We have resident Representatives in forty-seven foreign countries, most of whom can promptly give full information regarding the very large line of textiles which the Pacific Mills manufacture.

Please make inquiries as explicit as possible, so that you may receive just the information that you desire.

LAWRENCE & COMPANY

Selling Agents

BOSTON

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

CHICAGO

ST. LOUIS

SAN FRANCISCO

LONDON, ENGLAND

Address all export correspondence to Export Department, Lawrence & Co., 24 Thomas Street,
New York

Cable Address "UNITREALM" New York

T A X I ?



Going out? To dinner? The theater? You're perfectly done, from your most cherished topper to your favorite English boots—correct—vogue in every detail. But what are you thinking about?

What will you say when the talk gets 'round to horizontal valve racing motors? When debutantes—you have to talk to them, you know!—rave on about Lillian Gish? When the champion heavyweight vers librist of North America demands your opinion on the Four Bronze Horses?

New dances. New plays. New arts. New crazes. New sports. New phrases. Do you know them all? Or, do you know where to find out about them?

read

VANITY FAIR

the magazine of leisure interests for men who know enough to have them

VANITY FAIR collects and reflects the gleam and brilliance from every shining facet of metropolitan life.

THE STAGE—P. G. Wodehouse—George Jean Nathan—Dorothy Parker—write about the stage, Dorothy being the master of "The First Hundred Plays Are the Hardest."

SAVING—Stephen Leacock—Robert Benchley—George Chapell—humorists with a bite—witty with a dash of acid.

SPORTS—Grant Rice and other keen writing sportsmen do the golf, motors, airplanes, and the skiing, skating, skidding winter sports.

LETTERS—Lord Dunsany—G. K. Chesterton—Hugh Walpole—Thomas Burke—voyageurs in a New World of letters.

ARTS—Sir William Orpen—Jo Davidson—Paulanship—Brangwen—and the younger artists.

CLOTHES—The only department of sensible, well-bred, correct fashions for men published anywhere.

PORTRAITS—Vanity Fair prides itself on knowing every lovely, brilliant, or bizarre woman in the world and printing her photograph in its pages.

Five Issues of Vanity Fair for \$1

Six, if you mail the coupon now

Six whole months of Vanity Fair for less than the cost of luncheon—Vanity Fair for half a year for less than a taxi fare to Grand Central. * * * Why hesitate? Life isn't so full of cheerful things that you can afford to ignore Vanity Fair.

Sign that coupon. Stick it in an envelope. Get contract at once * * *

And what's a dollar, anyway?

VANITY FAIR, 15 West 44th Street, New York City
I am going to see for myself if you are as good as you think you are. Here's my dollar. Send along your next FIVE issues—SIX, if this coupon gets to you in time (OR) I'll remit one dollar on receipt of your bill. (Canadian, \$1.25.)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

A M 1-20

Illustrations copyright Vanity Fair

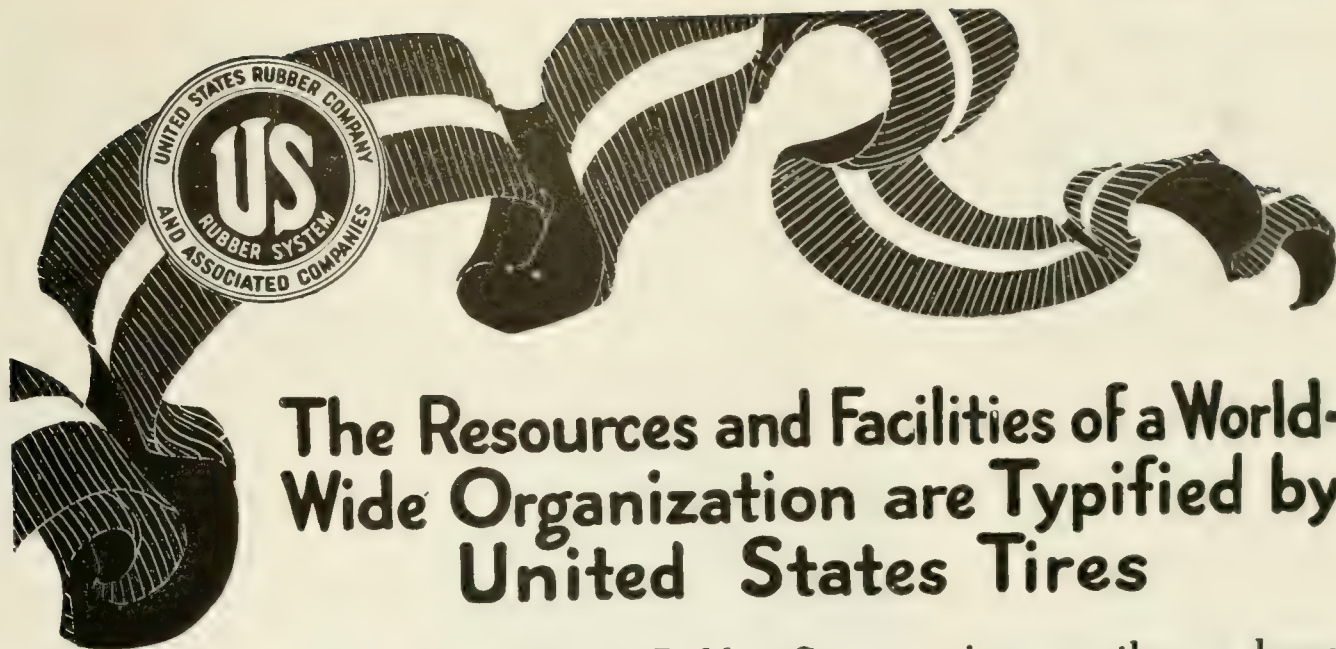
with a shell in his hand, his warm, reddish-brown body breaking the blue water. Bronzes don't rise in water? Well, you know what I mean. Just the right rugged pine branches are etched against the sea, not too many, but just as one sees them in Japanese prints. To this pretty little serving-maid we will make the eating sign. See how she sets down the neat little tray with tea things on it. Tea is the preliminary to every move in this country. Before us curves the wide ocean. There is just the hint of Fuji, hazy through low clouds, over to the right. Ah, here is our luncheon; do you like it? Isn't that bowl pretty? Don't turn your nose up at the odd-looking mess on top of the steaming rice. It is delicious—eggs scrambled with shellfish, well seasoned, and the pickled radish to give a flavor. Steaming in a most appetizing, tantalizing way in the interior of a pearl shell are more shellfish. You can have these hard-boiled eggs and apples if you don't like the "specialties," but you *must* eat some bean paste for dessert. What's that gentle cluck? Oh, do look at the gorgeous rooster! Black iridescence, white cheeks, scarlet comb! He has brought his two black hens to see if he can't wheedle some rice out of us. Now one knows why *kakemono* painters use roosters as they do. Isn't he tame? Those aristocratic Japanese women and the husband of one of them are laughing at us. That unbroken line of pilgrims and children streaming, streaming down the path to the cave almost makes me dizzy.

That is what one finds at the end of the island. One wishes time would cease and one could live forever in the Japanese *dolce far niente* of Enoshima. Yokohama seemed tame when I returned, but I had made an engagement to go to *thé dansant* at the Grand Hotel, and arrived there just in time for tea. Don't miss that sort of thing, either. You can add this hotel to the list of places which are like unto Shepheard's in Cairo, the Galle Face in Colombo, Raffles in Singapore and the Hongkong Hotel. These are the places to which only Kipling can do justice—where you can see any sort of creature, where the "East is East" atmosphere is concentrated.

Let me say here that in Yokohama you can see escaped Russians of all classes and conditions. They are welcomed as free spenders at first, but when princes were found to be buying things "on tick" without any funds to meet the "chits," when the big bills were paid a month or so, and then—*nichevo*—the good folk of Yokohama ceased to be so enthusiastic about their Refugee Titles. At the Grand Hotel *thé dansant* you will find the most attractive of the Russian group.

I have just heard some good news for women who have not skads of money. The Y. W. C. A. is starting a hostess house in Yokohama. No greater charity could be worked. Miss Sanger, after a long search, has at last found a house, servants and furniture. The "Y. W." here now has a dormitory for Japanese girls, but doesn't usually take Americans, although they will, of course, stretch a point for a foreign woman in need. Build or rent hostess houses all over the world, Y. W. C. A., if you want to benefit women in the most practical Christian way. Missionaries take a few travelers, but their accommodations are limited, if not their good-will.

Let's get down to facts now. I've stumbled upon some that might be useful. If you are living anywhere in the region around Yokohama or Kamakura, if you spend the summer months in that vicinity, especially with young children, do what you would do for puppies—give them a vermifuge and take one yourself about once a month. It is most advisable. I learned from the mother of a family who has lived here for years that, except for colds of a catarrhal kind, the above



The Resources and Facilities of a World-Wide Organization are Typified by United States Tires

The United States Rubber Company is more than a large corporation, with its far east rubber plantations and its more than 50 manufacturing plants on the continent. Besides being the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world, it is an *institution* closely related to the social, industrial and commercial activities of the nation.

The products of this company are used in every walk of life, in every department of industry. In their wide *diversity* of use and application they directly affect our modern standards of health, comfort and convenience.

This company has reduced the growth and manufacture of rubber to a science,—a system founded upon co-operation and co-ordination,—and operated upon *modern* lines of efficiency.

Thus there has been developed in this organization that degree of creative power and that high standard of quality reflected in the ever-increasing demand for United States Tires.

United States Tires are Good Tires

United States Rubber Company



WHO CAN SELL in the Orient?

Many an American manufacturer is today looking toward the markets of the East with covetous eyes. He hesitates to enter these profitable fields because he does not know the demand for his particular product, nor how to foster or create this demand. And guesswork in foreign trade is fatal.

But to an organization which has specialized in foreign advertising this problem is not baffling. For 15 years the J. Roland Kay Co., thru the personal contact of its advertising experts with the public and press of the Orient, has been amassing a store of accurate knowledge concerning this field. We understand the needs of modern China, the preferences of India, the likes and dislikes of Japan. But more than this, we know how to reach the buyer of your products in these countries.

We are now successfully advertising many American products in the Far East. From year to year the appropriations of our clients increase as the results of our consistent, intelligent publicity on their behalf become evident.

We shall be glad to confer with manufacturers interested in the markets of the Orient.

J. ROLAND KAY CO. INC.

INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING AGENTS

Conway Building, Chicago, Illinois
18 E. 41st Street, New York City

Associate House:

John Haddon & Co. (Established 1814)
Salisbury Sq., Fleet St., London

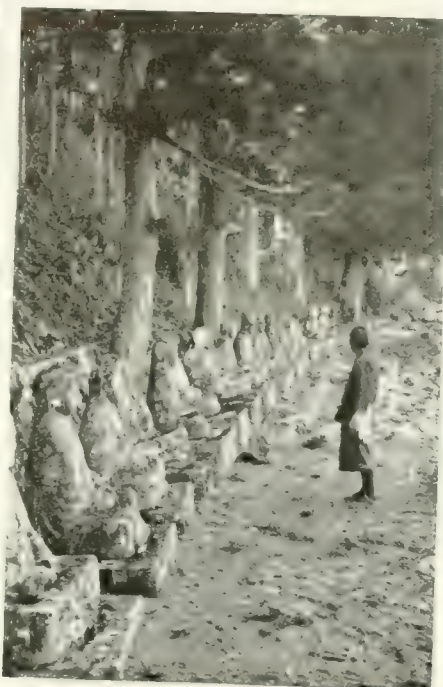
J. Roland Kay (Far East) Co.,
Tokyo, Japan

J. Roland Kay Co.,
Sydney, Australia

Paris

Buenos Aires

affliction is the only serious thing to contend with. Children seem to thrive. I have seen some fine specimens among the foreign families. The one fault to find is that women living in this part of the globe leave their children too much to *amahs*. When you can get a nurse who doesn't expect to coërcé her charges, but to give in to them in every way rather than to have them cry and disturb the household, when she is willing to be an abject slave rather than make them obey, you can expect nothing but spoiled kiddies. Because the children do not make a racket does not mean that



JIZO. THE COMPASSIONATE, SITS IN A LONG ROW ON THE BANK OF A NIKKO WHIRLPOOL

they are being trained properly, or that she isn't using methods that ought to scandalize you. Servants are cheap, and it is a temptation to have and use many. You would lose face if you didn't let them do your actual manual labor in the house, but you can insist on having proper supervision over your own children.

Just now house rents, board and all living expenses in Japan have increased enormously, as they have everywhere. Eight yen a day, American plan, used to be charged at the good hotels, but now you can expect to pay twenty-five or more. Those who wish to travel economically in Japan nowadays would do well to try native hotels; to get a reasonable rate you must be willing to eat the native food. I am, but others may not care for it. Nor would many tourists like the Japanese way of sleeping on the floor. I enjoy it. The average charge at a Japanese hotel is five yen a day. Rick-

Buying Listed Dividend Paying Securities

By The Partial Payment Plan

The use of the Partial Payment Plan enables you to purchase any of the leading industrial, railway, mining and STANDARD OIL securities at the prevailing market price in such amounts as you desire, and to pay for same in convenient monthly installments. Many investors are now utilizing this method of simultaneously saving and investing their monthly surplus income in standard securities.

Our circular "A" explaining the Partial Payment Plan will be mailed free upon request.

E. BUNGE & CO.

Investment Securities

44 Broad Street New York

Joshua L. Baily & Co.

Dry Goods

Commission Merchants

PHILADELPHIA	NEW YORK
BOSTON	ST. PAUL
BALTIMORE	CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS	ATLANTA
CINCINNATI	SEATTLE
SAN FRANCISCO	

Sheetings

Shirtings

Drills

Canton Flannels

Flannelettes

Domets

Denims

Coverts

Tickings

Ginghams and all
kinds of Cotton goods

Standard Oil Company of New York

26 Broadway

New York



The Mark of Quality

Socony Products

Illuminating Oils

Lubricating Oils

Gasoline and Motor Spirits

Lamps, Stoves and Heaters

Road Oils and Material for Road Building

Paraffine Wax and Candles

BRANCH OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES OF

Japan
China
Indo-China

Siam
Philippine Islands
Straits Settlements
Netherlands India

India
South Africa
The Levant



(Illustration from The House Beautiful)

The House Beautiful

One of the greatest pleasures in life

John Burroughs says: "One of the greatest pleasures in life is to build a house for oneself." Common sense adds, "Yes, and now is the time to indulge in that pleasure and release oneself once and forever from the ever-growing demands of the profiteering landlord. Let us own our own homes instead of a rapidly increasing pile of rent receipts."

We want that pleasure to increase

But going back to John Burroughs. We want our pleasure not only while we are building our house, but we want that pleasure to increase every day we live in our house. How can we be sure of securing this satisfaction?

Consider the whole proposition most carefully

First of all by considering the whole proposition most carefully. Perhaps our first thought will be what kind of neighbors we are going to have. Does our land afford us natural drainage? What about our gas, water and sewer connections. Are we too far removed from fire and police protection?

Of what shall we build our house?

Will there be enough land at the back to build our garage later, or shall we build our garage now in the basement of the house? What are the rules regarding this? Shall we build our house of pine, timber and stone, cement, or tapestry brick? Shall it be English Cottage or Dutch Colonial?

The subject of furnishings an engrossing question

The subject of our furnishings is an engrossing question. Shall we build in our bookcases? Shall we have French doors between our living and dining rooms? Shall we curtain them or leave them plain? Shall we have a gate-legged table and ladder-back chairs for the dining room? Shall we have our living room in wicker and chintz with a rag rug? What color shades shall we have for our lamps?

The whole subject of Homemaking a fascinating one

The whole question of homemaking is a fascinating one, whether we are now planning our first home of four rooms in positively the last apartment to be found in New York City, or are remodeling that old farmhouse which we have been thinking of purchasing for many years past.

But, let us not spend one penny unwisely; let us be sure that our color scheme is just the right one that it should be, that our house is remodeled most economically in these days of high prices, that the house we build is just the one we want, and one that we wouldn't exchange for the most exclusive "cottage" at Newport. How can we be sure of all these things, and be safeguarded against all disappointments? By subscribing to

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

Special Offer: FIVE MONTHS FOR \$1.00
Regular Rate \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a copy

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL PUBLISHING CO., INC.,
 41 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$1.00* for a five months' trial subscription, OR

Enclosed find \$3.00** for a fifteen months' subscription to THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL to be sent to

Name

Street

City State

*Foreign postage, 45 cents extra. Canadian postage, 20 cents extra.

**Foreign postage, \$1.25 extra. Canadian postage, 65 cents extra.

Asia 1-20

shaw men ask anything they want, because there is just now no tariff. What used to cost twenty-five or thirty sen is now from eighty sen to one yen. It is true that the rice bill for the rickshaw man is three times as much as formerly, but it is also true that money melts away when one has to use three or four rickshaws to get anywhere in the course of a day. Automobiles are coming more and more into use. Two yen will take you to a station with all your luggage; five yen is the fare by the hour.

The railroads have not much increased their tariffs, and it is possible to travel second class entirely except, perhaps, for night journeys. On many day trains I see no first-class carriages at all. If you go to the Tourist Bureau maintained by the government in the large cities and tell them what you want to see and where you want to go, they will map out your trip, give you letters of introduction and passes to visit places not usually open to the public. They sell circular-tour books at thirty per cent discount, and they will give you innumerable pamphlets with maps and pictures.

Shopping values are just as inflated as everything else. A cotton kimono of mediocre charm now costs as much as a silk one formerly. Prices are absurd, but it is no use to try to bargain except in little souvenir shops or booths, where the merchants will come down sometimes with manipulation. Some charming porcelain can still be obtained at fairly reasonable prices if you go to shops not usually patronized by tourists. Poke around in the small booths in out-of-the-way streets, pick up a set of cups in one place, some plates in another, and so on. Take along your Kelly and Shaw Phrase Book and your patience and your sense of humor, and all the time there is; then you may still discover treasures in Japanese shops. If I were to give names of streets you couldn't find them, so just do as I say. In any case, Japan has always been the tourist's paradise, and always will be.

E. D. CORDES & CO.

**DRY
GOODS**

*For
Export*

**16 and 18 Exchange Place
NEW YORK**

W. R. GRACE & CO.

Merchants

NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO

SEATTLE

CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES

NEW ORLEANS

WASHINGTON

EXPORTERS

of all American Products and Manufactures

IMPORTERS

of all Raw Material from the Far East, South and Central America

Houses and Agencies in all principal Cities of Asia, Europe,
South America and Central America

Grace Brothers & Co. Ltd.

London

Grace Line

Direct Sailings from New York for
Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia

The Grace China Co.

Shanghai—Hankow

W. R. Grace & Co.'s Bank

New York

Agents in Japan: Asano Bussan Co. Ltd.

Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Shidzuoka

NORTON, LILLY & CO.

Steamship Agents and Brokers

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

NEW ORLEANS

SAN FRANCISCO

SEATTLE

General Agents for Steamship Lines from NEW YORK to

Vladivostok
China
JapanPhilippines
Straits Settlements
East IndiaAustralia
New Zealand
TasmaniaSouth Africa
East Africa
South AmericaFrance
SpainRussia
Mediterranean Ports

And Any Other Ports and Places Throughout the World as Opportunity Offers.

Consignments from Interior Points of the United States and Canada to our care will be promptly forwarded.

INSURANCE EFFECTED UNDER OUR OPEN POLICY AT LOWEST RATES

SAILING CARDS AND FULL INFORMATION FURNISHED ON REQUEST.

DIRECT PASSENGER SERVICE

New York Direct to Montevideo and Buenos Aires, South America

New York Direct to Capetown, Durban, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon and Calcutta

BOOKINGS TO ALL PRINCIPAL PORTS OF THE WORLD

Sixty Thousand Men and Women

Who choose to do their own thinking instead of accepting the hand-me-down opinions of others, take

CURRENT HISTORY

A Monthly Magazine

Published by

The New York Times Co.

Because—

It presents each month in attractive, convenient form for quick absorption, *a survey of events of importance in the preceding month in each of the countries of the world*, including the essential official records and documents, authentic utterances of rulers, statesmen and publicists and the richest literature on all phases of international questions.

It does not thrust editorial comment on its readers. It relates the facts in all nations without bias or prophecy. It does not argue any questions, pro or con, but procures the facts from official or fundamental sources and prints them impartially.

Now, as never before, every man and woman, whatever his or her station, should be thoroughly informed in order to consider intelligently the momentous world issues so closely touching the important questions of life and the paramount interests of our country.

You are invited to join this select body of Independent Thinkers.

The New York Times Company,
Times Square, New York.

For the enclosed \$3.00 send me Current History Magazine for one year.

Name

Address

City.....

(A)

Funch, Edye & Co., Incorporated

.....
Established 1847
.....

**Steamship Agents
and Ship Brokers**

NEW YORK

Cable Address—"FUNCH, NEW YORK"

PRINCE LINE

BRAZIL SERVICE:

Para, Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro,
Santos and Rio Grande do Sul.

RIVER PLATE SERVICE:

Montevideo, La Plata, Buenos Aires and
Rosario.

AFRICAN SERVICE:

Cape Town, Algoa Bay, East London, Port
Natal, Delagoa Bay and Beira.

FAR EAST SERVICE

Vladivostok, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai,
Hong Kong, Manila and Singapore.

Sailings on Application.

Loading Berth:

Prince Line Pier, foot 45th Street, Brooklyn.

FURNESS, WITHEY & CO., Ltd.

GENERAL AGENTS

Furness House, Whitehall Street, New York City

Andersen, Meyer & Co., Ltd.

INCORPORATED IN NEW YORK

Cable Address DANICA

SHANGHAI

TIENTSIN, PEKING, HANKOW, HONGKONG, CHANGSHA,
TSINAN, KALGAN, URGU, HARBIN, VLADIVOSTOK
and 80 Wall St., NEW YORK



ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS

SPECIALIZING in Machinery and Supplies which bear the guarantee of quality of well-known manufacturers. We have resident engineers in China qualified to make recommendations in the application of machinery, prepare designs, and supervise installations for

Power Plants
Pumping Plants
Railway Equipment
Machine Tools
Mining Machinery and Explosives
Textile Mill Machinery
Flour and Oil Mill Machinery
Reinforced Concrete Construction

STOCKS CARRIED

Telephone, Telegraph, Electric Lighting and Power Supplies, Electric Vehicles, Semi-Diesel Crude Oil and Kerosene Engines, Pumps, Mechanical Transmissions, Surveying and Drafting Supplies.

GENERAL EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS



The Woman He Didn't Want

For weeks he had been dreaming of her—he couldn't eat or sleep. And now on this wild East Indian morning—when the sky was black with storm—in the darkness—breathlessly he had asked her to be his wife. And as eagerly she had said "yes." Then the clouds broke—and it was the wrong woman. Why did she say "yes?" Was this a tragedy—a scheme—or a madness?

The power and the passion of the East are in this story. Never in the writing of stories has anyone looked so deep into the heart of woman as Rudyard Kipling in this story.

Rudyard Kipling

*The First Complete Edition of All His Stories, Poems and Ballads
Ever Brought Out at a Popular Price*

Once in a generation a man is born in whom burns the fire of heaven—the world calls such a man a genius.

The genius does not learn. He flames into the world like a meteor. The heaven-given fire is his and urges him on. Of such is Rudyard Kipling. He has the message flashed from above. He has the vision of the seer. He sees into the hearts of men as though they were cased in glass. To him the future opens its gates. He is the high voice of authority, and to him there is

no answer and no change. His words are the rolling of drums. His message is the blaring of trumpets.

He has given us more different kinds of wonderful books than anyone who ever lived. Don't be satisfied with scattered volumes—own the complete 25 volumes of all his stories, poems and ballads—there isn't a single page that is not a living flame. There is as much variety in them as there is in ten different authors. In this one set are

25 Volumes

*Soldier Stories
Stories of the Submarine
Stories of the Automobile*

*Stories of the Jungle
and the Wild Animals
Stories of India*

*Love Stories
Ghost Stories
Sea Stories*

*Stories About Boys
Children's Fairy Tales
Poems—Ballads*

A Few Sheets Printed Before the War—Your Last Chance at the Low Price

THE LOWEST PRICE AT WHICH THE WORKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING will ever again be sold has now been reached in this new COMPLETE edition of all his stories, poems and ballads.

There are 129 thrilling stories and 183 splendid poems—the whole beautifully bound in silk cloth, in 25 volumes, with gilt tops and gold lettering on the backs.

It so happens that before the war we had printed a few

sheets of Rudyard Kipling and had no opportunity to bind them and offer them for sale until now. While these last, you can have them at the low price—but there are only a few. The edition is limited. Remember, there's no obligation to keep the books until you have tried them out for a week in your own home AND ARE SATISFIED.

But remember, too, this is the last chance you will ever have to get these books at so low a price. We planned the order for them before the war, and the sheets were stored away then, and are only now being bound up.

Put your name on the enclosed coupon and drop in the mail. Do it TODAY. Do it NOW.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.
Publishers of the American Review of Reviews

30 IRVING PLACE

NEW YORK CITY

ASIA
1-20

REVIEW OF
REVIEWS CO.,
30 Irving Place
New York City

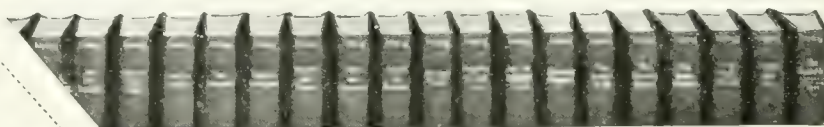
Send me on approval, charges prepaid by you, the complete 25-volume set of all of Rudyard Kipling's stories, poems and ballads.

If I keep the books I will remit \$1.00 in 5 days, and then \$2.00 a month for 19 months, otherwise I will, within 10 days, return the complete set to you at your expense.

Name...

Address...

Occupation...



Town & Country

ESTABLISHED 1846

The Mirror of American Life

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

TODAY business alone does not engross the American man, nor gowns monopolize the mind of woman.

Today world-wide views on politics and art, society, music and literature, outdoor sports, the appeal of the country and the diversions of town, the building of better homes—all these are essentially a part of the existence of cultivated people.

In pictures and in text, the magazine that covers these interests, and covers them more completely and with more sumptuous illustrations than they have ever been covered before, is *Town & Country*

Town & Country Interests Cultivated Americans

The cultivated American is a many-sided man and *Town & Country* is a many-sided magazine. Its interests are as broad and diverse as are the lives of its readers.

Town & Country comes to you **THREE TIMES A MONTH** with the news of what your world is doing and thinking and saying. It combines the timeliness of the weekly newspaper with the editorial thoroughness of a good review.

It is, first and last, the American illustrated publication of distinction whose presence in a home is the key to the tastes of its people. It has been edited for 73 years to reflect American social life, without sensation and without silliness, but with truth and strength. It represents the intelligent, cosmopolitan taste of cultivated people everywhere.

Town & Country is not and never will be offered at cut rates, for it is not edited for people who expect something for nothing. It costs 25 cents by the copy and \$6.00 by the year for 36 issues — three times a month.

SPECIAL OFFER: 12 issues for \$2.00

*Society
Recreation
Country Life*

Town & Country

*The Fine Arts
Literature
Travel*

NO. 8 WEST FORTIETH STREET, NEW YORK

You may enter my subscription for the next 12 issues of TOWN & COUNTRY and \$2 is enclosed herewith

Name

Address

BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVES IN THE FAR EAST



Pacific Type Passenger Locomotive, South Manchuria Railway.

Thirty-three years ago, the first BALDWIN locomotives were shipped to Japan. Today, our locomotives are in service on the railways of Japan, Korea, China, Manchuria, the Philippines and other Far Eastern countries.

Duplicate and Repair Parts for locomotives maintenance forwarded promptly. Our own private docks facilitate foreign shipments.

BALDWIN Foreign Service covers Engineering, Manufacturing, Shipping and Financing as required by the customer.

The name BALDWIN is a WORLD GUARANTEE.

THE BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS

Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

London Office: 34 Victoria St., S. W.

Cable Address—"Baldwin, Philadelphia,"—"Fribald, London"

Agents:—

ANDERSON, MEYER & CO., LTD.
SHANGHAI, CHINA

SALE & FRAZAR, LTD.
TOKYO, JAPAN

**AMERICAN
EXPORTER**

WE SERVE

**FOREIGN
BUYER**

CALDWELL & COMPANY CALDWELL SHIPPING COMPANY

FOREIGN FREIGHT CONTRACTORS AND FORWARDERS

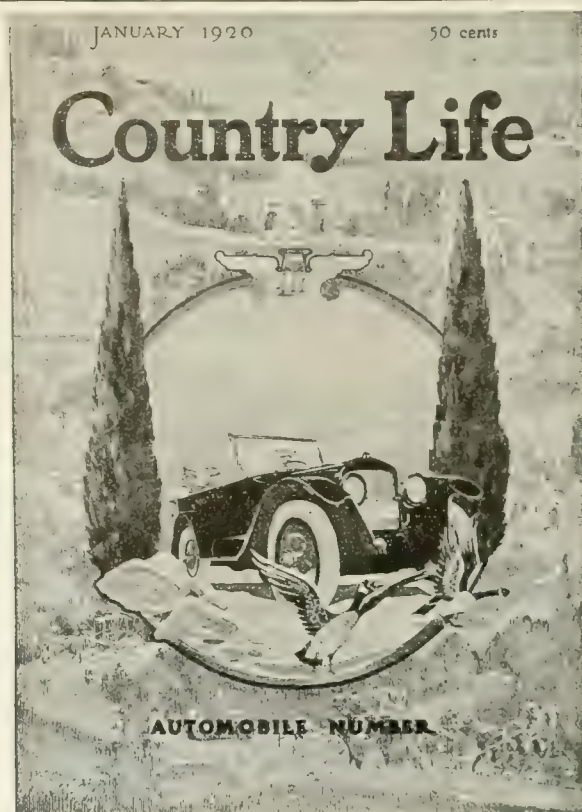
We Specialize in Handling World Wide Export Business. Apply
to Nearest Office for Sailing Schedules, Rate Pamphlets and
Export Shipping Data from Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Ports.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON PHILADELPHIA DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO TACOMA SEATTLE

Soliciting Agents

OSAKA SHOSEN KAISHA
(Osaka Mercantile Steamship Co., Ltd.)

NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA
(Japan Mail Steamship Co.)



A GLIMPSE AT THE CONTENTS OF THE JANUARY

Country Life

The First, and Still the Foremost, Outdoor Magazine

If you live in the country or go there for your recreation, you will find much that is helpful in each number.

The leading article, "America; the Touring Ground of the World," is by Alexander Johnston, editor of "Motor." Mr. Johnston describes the most famous automobile trips throughout the United States. The article has particular historical interest, not forgetting the vital element of where good roads can be found. J. Paul Verrees has painted striking illustrations of four of the most famous spots on the nation's highways. These are reproduced in full color and, with many other black and white photographs, make a splendidly illustrated article.

Captain C. W. R. Knight contributes a series of striking photographs of bird life in the tree tops. Most of these photographs were taken under extraordinary difficult circumstances in the tops of tall trees, and the result is both original and beautiful.

Zephine Humphrey's story, "City People and Country Folk," is an amusing and bright little sketch of the point of view of city folk transplanted to the country. Thomas Fogarty is at his best in illustrating this with a series of pen sketches.

Something novel in the way of photography are Charles Davis's moonlight photographs. These photographs, taken by the soft light of the full moon, are weirdly beautiful and distinctly original.

Probably you know that Josef Hofmann is a great musician—the foremost pianist of the day—but did you know also that he was as great a motor mechanic? Interested in automobiles since the very first days, Mr. Hofmann has designed no fewer than three cars himself. In an article entitled "Josef Hofmann, Motor Mechanic," he tells us of his interest in automobiles.

The attractive and picture-que home of Mr. Eldredge at Ardsley is clearly depicted in a series of photographs, and there are two pages of black and white pen sketches of well-known motor boats by Jack Manley Rose.

Clare Briggs, in a humorous vein, gives us a few practical points as to what constitutes a good garage.

If you are in the market for an automobile or are at all interested in the new models, there are four pages of specifications with photographs of the newest automobiles. These pages will tell you just what you want to know about a motor—the make, the price, the number of cylinders, etc.

Beginning with this number, Charles Phelps Cushing opens his series on famous country clubs of America, which will continue for many months to come. As a perhaps fitting Mr. Cushing begins in his first article, Clay Chase Club, possibly the most famous country club in the world and certainly the most national in America.

Blue Mt. which rapidly is going to the front as one of the foremost national American resorts, is something about Two Red Trees, and what trees grow to the right or to the left, and his observations and deductions on the same made after years of careful study. Striking photographs illustrate the text.

If you are interested in the activities of the great outdoors, this magazine can be of real service to you. To introduce it to new friends, we offer seven months for \$2.00. Mail the attached coupon at once if you want the current issue, as editions are limited to our actual needs.

In February, Interior Decorations is the Dominant note, and in March the Annual Garden Manual. You will get both of these and the big Spring Building Number in April if you accept this offer NOW.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

Doubleday,
Page & Co.,
Garden City,
N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send me
Country Life for seven
months. I enclose \$2.00.

Name _____

Address _____

Vol. 1, No. 1

American Trading Company

EXPORTERS IMPORTERS ENGINEERS CONTRACTORS

Head Office 25 Broad Street, New York

CABLE ADDRESS "AMTRACO"

BRANCH HOUSES OR REPRESENTATIVES

AFRICA Durban Cape Town Johannesburg	CALIFORNIA San Francisco	ENGLAND London	PANAMA Panama City
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Aires Bahia Blanca Rosario	CENTRAL AMERICA Leon Chinandega Guatemala City San Salvador San Jose Tegucigalpa	FRANCE Paris	PERU Lima
AUSTRALIA Sydney Melbourne Perth	CHINA Shanghai Hongkong Tientsin Peking Hankow	GUIANA Cayenne Georgetown	SPAIN Madrid
BRAZIL Rio de Janeiro Bahia Pernambuco Sao Paulo Ceara Curityba Corumba Pelotas Porto Alegre	COLOMBIA Cali, Cauca	ITALY Milan	URUGUAY Montevideo
	CUBA Havana	INDIA Bombay	VENEZUELA Caracas
	ECUADOR Guayaquil	JAPAN Tokyo Yokohama Kobe	WASHINGTON Tacoma
		LOUISIANA New Orleans	WEST INDIES Martinique Pointe-a-Pitre Port of Spain
		MEXICO Mexico City Merida Tampico Vera Cruz	

Publishers of "THE EXPORT WORLD AND HERALD"
Monthly in English and Spanish

Harry Edward Arnhold, Shanghai, China

Charles Herbert Arnhold, London, England

ARNHOLD BROTHERS & CO.

Limited

CHINA

Incorporated (October 1, 1917) under the Hongkong (British) Ordinances

Head Office: SHANGHAI

(Successors to the firm of Messrs. H. E. ARNHOLD, China)

IMPORTERS EXPORTERS

and Contracting Engineers

Agents and Home Offices

Arnhold, Karberg & Co.,

LONDON: 14 Fenchurch St., E. C.

NEW YORK: 21 State Street

JOSEPH READ PATTERSON, General Manager in U. S. A.

Your Last Chance to Get JACK LONDON *FREE*

THE sets of Jack London which we have been giving FREE with O. Henry are handsome sets of books, and the cost of making them has gone up so much that we can no longer afford to give such books away.

We have the choice of discontinuing the offer or giving you flimsier books. We prefer to stop the offer. But before

doing so we wish to make this one announcement. As long as the present edition lasts you can have the O. Henry at its regular price and the Jack London FREE. *This, however, is your last chance.* Send this coupon without money at once and get your O. Henry for examination and Jack London FREE.

Finish these
Stories for
Yourself

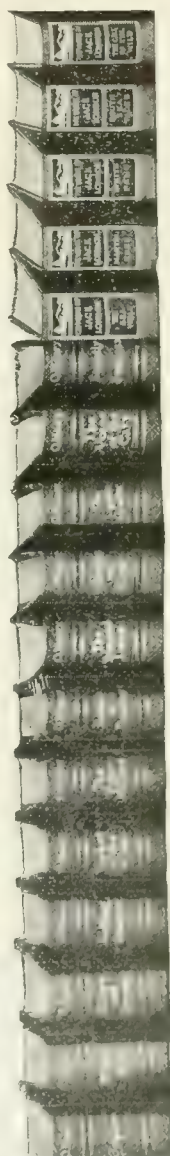


The girl got \$6.00 a week and was lonely "Piggy," you can imagine his kind, was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night? O. Henry tells about it in a story. Read it.



A Thief—She?

And yet with a shiver she told him all the sordid story! The stage life—the nights of drunkenness—the days of remorse for her sin—all was poured out in the desperate tale. But he loved her in spite of all, and—then came the astounding truth—the unexpected twist—that makes O. Henry (the most eagerly read of American story tellers,



O. HENRY

O. Henry has made another record. More volumes of his works have been sold than any short stories in the history of the world. Up to the day this page goes to press 3,784,000 volumes have been sold—in England and Australia, France and Germany—throughout the world—over two million in the United States alone. So many editions have been printed that the old plates were entirely worn out and we had to make brand new plates for this edition. So you will get the very first impressions from these new plates—clear, clean print.

FREE JACK LONDON

5 Volumes

He was the last of our classic writers to die. He was the founder of a new literature. He was more real—more primitive than any of his heroes. Go with him to the freezing North. Follow him to the South Seas. Fight your way with him around the Horn. *Get his best work absolutely free.* Send the coupon.

Your Last Chance to Get a FREE SET OF JACK LONDON

This is the last edition of Jack London's works we can get at the special price which permits of our giving them free with O. Henry. When this one edition is gone (and there are only a few hundred sets now left) you will be able to get Jack London's wonderful stories only at their regular price of a dollar or more a volume. Now while you can, get the O. Henry at the low price with the Jack London FREE. Never again can we give you such a chance. Don't miss it.

Cut the coupon. Send it TODAY.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.
Publishers of the American Review of Reviews

30 Irving Place
New York

ASTA 1-20
REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.
30 Irving Pl., New York
Send me on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 5 volume set of London, bound in green silk cloth. If I keep the books I will remit \$1.00 in five days, and then \$1.00 per month for 10 months for the O. Henry set, only until volume 12 is received, without charge. Otherwise I will within 10 days return the books at your expense.

Name _____
Address _____
Occupation _____
The beautiful illustrated Key to the O. Henry works only a few cents extra, and has passed a favorable test as one of the best books for reading and study in the world, and that's not all.

Are you reading the Roosevelt Letters in Scribner's?

THE AMERICAN METAL COMPANY. LIMITED

61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PITTSBURGH

ST. LOUIS

DENVER

PRODUCERS OF

Fine Silver
Refined Soft Pig Lead
Antimonial Lead
Electrolytic Copper
Ferro Molybdenum
Prime Western Zinc

Ferro Tungsten
Copper Sulphate
Zinc Oxide
Zinc Dust
Aluminum Sheets
Arsenic

BUYERS OF

Copper Bullion
Copper Matte
Copper Ores
Lead Bullion
Lead Ores
Zinc Ores

Tungsten Ores
Straits Tin
Banka Tin
Chinese Tin
Tungsten
Concentrates

LONDON: Mr. Henry Gardner, 2, Metal Exchange Buildings

PARIS: M. Lamy, 6, Avenue du Coq

MEXICO CITY: Cia. de Minerales y Metales, S.A.

PETROGRAD: Ringold Kalning Ekateringofsky pr. 29

BRUSSELS: Picart & Beer, 224 Rue Royale

KNAPP & BAXTER

INCORPORATED

30 Church Street
NEW YORK CITY

EXPORTERS OF

STEEL PRODUCTS

MACHINERY HARDWARE

CABLE ADDRESS

"KNAPTERCO"

ALL STANDARD CODES

ESTABLISHED 1910
ALL CODES USED

INCORPORATED 1912
CABLE ADDRESS: "AMIRON"

AMIRON

BRAND

EXPORTERS OF IRON AND STEEL

ANGLES	BEAMS AND CHANNELS
STEEL AND IRON BARS	CAR AXLES
BOILER TUBES	CUT NAILS
STEEL CASTINGS	BOLTS AND NUTS
GALVANIZING	HOOPS AND BANDS
WIRE NAILS	GEARS
STEEL AND IRON PLATES	STEEL AND IRON PIPE
SOIL PIPE	
SPRING STEEL	GALVANIZED AND BLACK SHEETS
RAILS, HEAVY AND LIGHT	
SPLICE AND ANGLE BARS	RAILROAD SPIKES
BOAT SPIKES	
TIN PLATE	TOOL STEEL
SHAFTING	WIRE ROPE
VALVES	STAPLES
BARB WIRE	GALVANIZED WIRE
ANNEALED AND NAIL WIRE	
MATTRESS WIRE	STRUCTURAL TUBING

American Iron Products Company, Inc.
107 Liberty Street, New York, N.Y., U. S. A.

BRANCH OFFICES

Obispo 59-61, Havana, Cuba Bouret Bldg., San Juan, P. R.
Calle Huerfanos 761, Santiago, Chile
159 Calle Veinticinco de Mayo, Buenos Aires, Argentina
318 Kneeder Building, Manila, P. I.
Water St., St. Johns, Newfoundland

*Start Your Subscription to This New
National Quarterly With a Free Copy of*

THE
**YALE
REVIEW**

Edited by WILBUR CROSS



FOR JANUARY, 1920

Law and Order.....	Felix Frankfurter
New Ideals in Education.....	Lord Haldane
The Sprig of Lime. <i>Verse</i>	Robert Nichols
George Eliot in Retrospect.....	Wilbur Cross
Henry Adams: A Niece's Memories.....	Mabel La Farge
Lyric. <i>Verse</i>	John Masefield
Industrial Partnership.....	John Manning Booker
The Commercial Basis of Peace.....	William S. Culbertson
Constantinople Under the Germans.....	Barnette Miller
The Modern Science of Food Values.....	Henry Prentiss Armsby
In Provence; Lyrical Epigrams. <i>Verse</i>	Edith Wharton
Swinburne: A Study in Pathology.....	Jeannette Marks
Is Nature Beneficent?.....	John Burroughs
The Menace of Localism.....	Florence Finch Kelly
Tact. <i>Verse</i>	Edwin Arlington Robinson
James Whitcomb Riley.....	Henry A. Beers
Except America!.....	Wilbur C. Abbott

Forthcoming international articles in THE YALE REVIEW of interest to readers of ASIA will be "The Situation in the Far East" (conditions in China today), by Eugene Chen; "India," by Lionel Curtis, a specialist in Eastern politics, and "British Policy," by A. E. Zimmern.

THE YALE REVIEW has become noted for its articles on international questions, and for the authority of its writers.

Among its articles of American interest will be "How Democracy Works" and "Anglo-American Solidarity," essays by Professor Gilbert Murray, A. B. Walkley (dramatic editor of the London TIMES), Arnold Bennett; poems by Alfred Noyes, John Drinkwater, Siegfried Sassoon and Louis Untermeyer.

In its essays and poems, THE YALE REVIEW has created a new standard in American current literature.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

THE YALE REVIEW is a quarterly, published January, April, July and October. The price is 75 cents a copy, or five numbers for \$2.50 if you subscribe before the first of January, 1920. After that the price will be \$3 a year.

Cut off and mail this order blank

THE YALE REVIEW,
New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:—For the enclosed \$2.50 please send me THE YALE REVIEW for one year and the January number free.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Asia.....

AMERICAN PRINTING COMPANY
FALL RIVER, MASS.

M. C. D. BORDEN & SONS

90 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK

Owners and Sole Selling Agents

PRINTED AND DYED COTTON TEXTILES FOR EXPORT

Manufacturers of the following well-known brands

American Prints
Olan Prints
Sentry Percale
American Cambrics
Hanlon Percale

Arizona Pongee
Pilgrim Prints
Work or Play Cloth
Argentine Percale

Bungalo Cretonnes
American Twill Draperies
Decatur Pongee
Concord Madras

Berkshire Robes
Rainbow Prints
National Prints
Challie de Mousseline

Scout Percales
Plaza Pongee
Nyle Pongee
Reliance Robes
Peerless Novelties

Also special fabrics for the Shirt Manufacturing Trade

Be sure that each piece carries this



It is there for your protection and
is a sign of quality and service

SMITH, HOGG & CO.

BOSTON, 144 Essex Street NEW YORK, 115-117 Worth Street
CHICAGO, 160 W. Jackson Boulevard

**STANDARD WOVEN COTTON FABRICS
for EXPORT**



THE TRION COMPANY



MASSACHUSETTS COTTON MILLS



EVERETT MILLS

Pin Checks
Plain Denims
Prescott Stripes
32 inch Fine Zephyrs
Double and Twist Denims
Print Cloth and Twills
Massachusetts Suitings
Brown Sheetings and Shirtings
Massachusetts Downap Blankets
27 and 32 inch cloths for garments
28 inch, 32 inch, 36 inch Work Shirt Materials

PRODUCED BY

MASSACHUSETTS COTTON MILLS
EVERETT MILLS
MASSACHUSETTS COTTON MILLS (Georgia Mills)
WARE SHOALS MFG. CO.

Eden Cloth
Brown Drills
Seersuckers
Dress Gingham
Cheviots
Cotton Ducks
Hickory Stripes
Osnaburgs
Brown Cotton Flannels
Checks and Plaids
Covert Cloth
Fancy Outing Flannel

YORK MANUFACTURING CO.
FLOYD COTTON MILLS
THE TRION CO.



YORK MANUFACTURING Co.

Advance Announcement

One hundred fifty volumes of
ASIA for 1919 are now being
bound.

You may place a reservation
now and thus be certain of your
copy. The book will be delivered
about February 1, 1920, and will
be bound in attractive durable silk
cloth—stamped in gold.

When this edition is sold, no
more can be bound, as the April,
May and August issues are entirely
exhausted.

We suggest, if you desire a com-
plete file of ASIA for 1919, you
send the reservation form at once.

ASIA PUBLISHING COMPANY

627 Lexington Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Enter my advance order and reserve for me a copy
of the bound volume of ASIA for 1919. Deliver it to me
when ready (about February 1, 1920). Enclosed is \$10.00.

(Price includes delivery in United States and Possessions only. On foreign orders transportation charges and duty are extra.)

Name

Address.....

City.....

United States

EXPORTERS OF THE PRODUCTS OF

CARNEGIE STEEL CO.
ILLINOIS STEEL CO.
AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE CO.
AMERICAN SHEET & TIN PLATE CO.
SHELBY STEEL TUBE CO.
AMERICAN BRIDGE CO.
THE LORAIN STEEL CO.
NATIONAL TUBE CO.
TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD CO.
MINNESOTA STEEL CO.

30 Church Street,
New York
U. S. A.

Cable Address: "STEELMAKER, NEW YORK"

Steel Products Co.

BRANCH OFFICES AT

ANTWERP
BARCELONA
BATAVIA
BIRMINGHAM
BOMBAY
BRUSSELS
BUENOS AIRES
CALCUTTA
CAPE TOWN
CHRISTIANIA
GENOA

GLASGOW
HAVANA
JOHANNESBURG
LIMA
LONDON
MEXICO CITY
MONTREAL
NEW GLASGOW
PARIS
PETROGRAD
ROTTERDAM

RIO DE JANEIRO
SANTIAGO
SAO PAULO
SOERABAYA
SYDNEY
TOKIO
TORONTO
VALPARAISO
VANCOUVER
WINNIPEG

SHANGHAI: Union Insurance Bldg., No. 4 The Bund

The Literature of Tomorrow

Scribner's Magazine announces for 1920 the most striking program of its entire history. No other magazine can offer:

ROOSEVELT'S
Own Letters

HENRY VAN DYKE
As a Contributor to Every Number

JOHN FOX, JR.'S
Last Novel, "Erskine Dale, American"

GEN. CHARLES H. SHERRILL
On Our Opportunities in the Orient

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
As His Intimate Friend Knew Him

THOMAS NELSON PAGE
Recently Ambassador to Italy

E. ALEXANDER POWELL
On the Awakening of the New States of Europe

JOHN GALSWORTHY
ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

And One Hundred Others

The coupon will bring you more than 1600 pages of the most interesting and instructive reading of the entire year.

SCRIBNER'S for Nineteen Twenty

Mail this Coupon.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE,
397 Fifth Ave., New York.

Gentlemen:
You may send us Scribner's for one year. When your bill comes I will pay you \$1.00.

Name

Address... Asia-1-20.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF ASIA, Journal of the American Asiatic Association, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1919.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Louis D. Froelick, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of ASIA, Journal of the American Asiatic Association, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, L. D. Froelick, 627 Lexington avenue, New York City; Editor, John Foord, 627 Lexington avenue, New York City; Managing Editor, L. D. Froelick, 627 Lexington avenue, New York City; Business Manager, None.

2. That the owners are: Asia Publishing Co., Inc. (Owners), 627 Lexington avenue, New York City; A. W. Fiedler (Trustee for John Foord, L. D. Froelick), 120 Broadway, New York City; G. H. Rennick (Trustee for Robert H. Patchin, Ira H. Patchin), 120 Broadway, New York City; Estate of Willard Straight, 120 Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: Estate of Willard Straight, 120 Broadway, New York City.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

LOUIS D. FROELICK,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1919.

ROBERT J. PHAIR.

(My commission expires March 30, 1920.)

Deering, Milliken & Company

Manufacturers' Agents

Brown Sheetings

Shirtings

Drills

Bleached Cottons

Flannels

Woolens

Printed and dyed Shirtings,

Voiles, Organdies,

Poplins, etc.

N U M B E R S
79 and 81 Leonard St.
N E W Y O R K



HENRY W. PEABODY & CO.

(Established 1867)

General Export and Import Merchants

FIFTY YEARS OF FOREIGN SERVICE

Long experience in foreign trade and an established reputation are absolutely essential to the successful handling of foreign trade under the present difficult conditions.

Our sixteen branch offices are today solving the problems of their clients, keeping them posted on trade conditions, and rendering them the same high standard of service which has made our name a guarantee for over half a century.

Publishers of the Exporters and Importers Journal

Cable Address—PAIBODIE

Main Office: 17 State Street, New York City

BRANCH HOUSES

Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.
London, England
Liverpool, England

Sydney, Australia
Melbourne, Australia
Brisbane, Australia
Wellington, New Zealand

Manila, Philippine Islands
Cape Town, South Africa
Johannesburg, South Africa
Durban, South Africa
Buenos Aires, South America

CONVERSE & COMPANY

SELLING AGENTS

79-81 Worth Street

Chambrays Pillow-cases
Outing Flannels Pillow Tubings
Ginghams Osnaburgs
Wide Sheetings Drills
Brown Sheetings Sheets
Cotton Dress Goods Ducks
Denims

Kelsey Fabrics

Bleached Muslin, Cambrics,
Nainsooks, Interlinings, White
Goods, Wash Goods, Shirtings,
Washington Prints, Percales,
Turkey Reds

THE ABOVE FABRICS ARE ESPECIALLY
ADAPTED FOR THE EXPORT TRADE
AND WE RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT
YOUR BUSINESS

New York Philadelphia
Baltimore Boston Chicago
St. Louis Minneapolis

J. P. STEVENS & CO.

Commission Merchants

NEW YORK
BOSTON CHICAGO

Standard Cotton Fabrics
for EXPORT TRADES

including

*Shirtings, Sheetings, Drills,
Twills, Print Cloths, Tick-
ings, Flannelettes, Crashes.*

Products of

PELZER MFG. CO. PEMBERTON CO.
BELTON MILLS ARAGON MILLS
METHUEN CO. DUNEAN MILLS
GLENN LOWRY WATTS MILLS
MFG. CO.

Cotton Goods for Export

GREAT FALLS MFG. CO.
DWIGHT MANUFACTUR-
ING CO.

LYMAN MILLS
HARMONY MILLS
JOHN P. KING MFG. CO.

Sateens
Twills
Anchor Sheetings
White Goods
Print Cloth
Sheetings and Drills

Minot, Hooper & Co.
NEW YORK BOSTON



Electric Motors

Before any Westinghouse Motor is recommended it is known to be right, not only as to speed, size, control and torque, but down to the last detail, even though the requirements may be most exacting.

Westinghouse Electric International Company
East Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

New York 165 Broadway

London—No. 2 Norfolk Street, Strand

Cuba Office Royal Bank of Canada Bldg.,
Havana

Japan—Takata & Company, Tokio

China—Gaston, Williams & Wigmore, Elec-
trical Engineering Corporation, Shanghai

Westinghouse

Do you want to know

the causes of industrial unrest in America and revolution in Europe? You need *The Nation*—America's foremost liberal weekly—to give you this information. Its International Relations Section, a weekly feature, presents original documents and facts obtainable from no other domestic source, the whole constituting the most authoritative foreign news service in America.

To be well posted on foreign affairs, as well as on happenings at home, you should read

THE NATION

Please use the blank below for subscription order:

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Please enter my subscription to *THE NATION* for a period of _____ for which I enclose \$ _____

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

Postpaid in the United States and Mexico.....per year \$5.00

Postpaid to Canada.....per year \$5.50

Postpaid to foreign countries in Postal Union, per year \$6.00

Special trial subscription, three months for \$1.25

sample copies sent on request.

Shorter terms pro rata.

Cable Address
"BOWRING"

Codes Used—Western Union,
ABC, 5th Edition, Bentley's

BOWRING & COMPANY

Exporters & Importers

17 Battery Place,
New York, U.S.A.

EXPORTS

Chemicals

Dyes

Machinery

Oils

Steel Products

General Merchandise

IMPORTS

Manila Hemp

Cocoanut Oil in Barrels

China Wood Oil

Copra, Bee's Wax

Dried Peas and Beans

Castor Beans

*Our facilities enable us to render Prompt
and Efficient Service at Minimum Charges*

International Banking Corporation

(Owned by the National City Bank of New York)

HEAD OFFICE, NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING

55 WALL STREET

NEW YORK

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS U. S. \$8,500,000

UNDIVIDED PROFITS U. S. \$1,054,000

H. T. S. GREEN, President and General Manager
W. M. ANDERSON, Vice-Pres. and Inspector
LAWRENCE M. JACOBS, Vice-Pres. and Treas.
L. I. SHARP, Cashier
M. D. CURRIE, Asst. Cashier

P. W. JONES, Asst. Cashier and Secretary
N. G. EVANS, Asst. Cashier
A. C. SHOREY, Asst. Cashier
R. F. CRARY, Asst. Cashier
J. L. HOGEBOOM, Asst. Cashier

London Office, 36 Bishopsgate, E. C.

Lyons Office, 27 Place Tolozan

San Francisco Office, 232 Montgomery Street

EASTERN BRANCHES:

CHINA: Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, Hankow, Hongkong, Canton, Harbin, Tsingtao

JAPAN: Yokohama, Kobe. PHILIPPINES: Manila, Cebu

INDIA: Bombay, Calcutta, Rangoon. STRAITS SETTLEMENTS: Singapore

DUTCH EAST INDIES: Batavia, Soerabaya

CARIBBEAN BRANCHES:

REPUBLIC OF PANAMA: Panama, Colon

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC: Sanchez, Santo Domingo, San Pedro de Macoris, Santiago, Puerto Plata

THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK

BRANCHES:

ARGENTINA: Buenos Aires, Rosario

BRAZIL: Bahia, Pernambuco, Porto Alegre, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Sao Paulo

CHILE: Santiago de Chile, Valparaiso

URUGUAY: Montevideo VENEZUELA: Caracas, Maracaibo

CUBA: Branches in Havana and 21 of the principal cities

PORTO RICO: San Juan

REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA: Medellin

BELGIUM: Brussels

ITALY: Genoa

SPAIN: Barcelona

RUSSIA: Moscow, Petrograd SIBERIA: Vladivostok

TRINIDAD: Port of Spain

We shall be glad of the opportunity to discuss any banking matters pertaining to your import or export trade and invite correspondence with our nearest Branch or personal interview regarding all classes of foreign and commercial banking.

Fifty-Fourth year in Steamship Service to Honolulu, Japan, China, Philippines

Pacific Mail Steamship Co.

Under American Flag



"Sunshine Belt" to Orient

NEW AND LUXURIOUS AMERICAN SISTERSHIPS

"Ecuador" "Venezuela" "Colombia"

SERVICE AND CUISINE OUR SPECIALTIES

SAILINGS AT REGULAR INTERVALS

*For Information Apply to any Railroad
or Steamship Agent or to Company at*

NEW YORK, 104 Pearl Street

SAN FRANCISCO, General Passenger Agent, 508 California St.

